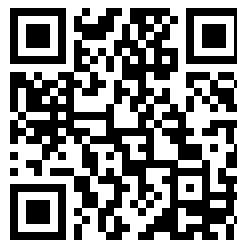

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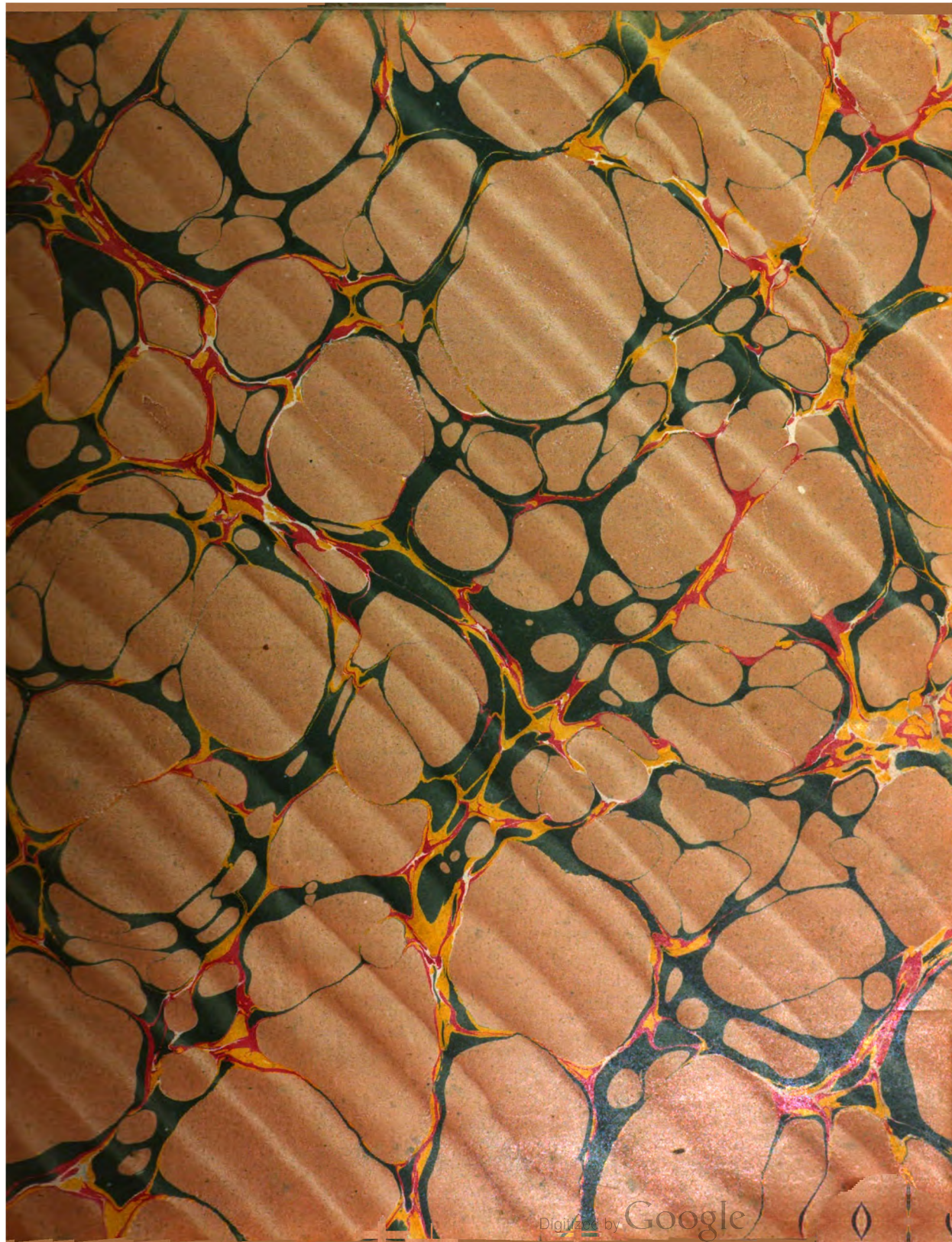
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Napoleon, Duc de Reichstadt.

from a Painting just finished at Vienna

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 87.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1831.

Vol. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF YOUNG NAPOLEON, DUC DE REICHSTADT.

PLATE THE SECOND.—A FANCY COSTUME, AN OLD ENGLISH FULL DRESS, AN EVENING DRESS FOR THE QUEEN'S PARTIES, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—AN EVENING DRESS, TWO MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS, FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, AND HEAD-DRESSES OF HAIR.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

" I saw a stream, where waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen ;
But gathering clouds ere fall of night,
Had darken'd o'er the scene !—
' *How like that tide,*
My spirit sighed,
' *This life to me hath been !* "

BERNARD BARTON.

As bursts the sun of life and light,
From clouds of darkling gloom ;
And comes with brilliance and delight,
The grateful world t'illumine ;
So bursts the young and buoyant Duke,
To fashions regal sphere ;
Spreads pleasures spells, and scorns rebuke,
And now the hours endear.

He comes with smiles and bright'ning eye,
With gallant step and mien ;
The grace of pleasure's witchery,
To animate the scene :
Enshrined within domestic peace,
Unknown to Fashion's world ;
He comes and bids our joys increase,
With Pleasure's flag unfurl'd.

Hail to thee, Duke ! Misfortune's child,
Son of a hapless sire ;
Thy infant cares soft tones beguiled,
No voice dared whisper ire : *
Born Gallia's heir ; *acknowledged heir*
Of her great crown and land ;
One stroke, swift laid thy fortune's bare,
The crown snatch'd from thy hand !

Thy sire a captive borne away,
The tenant of a rock ;
The rainbow creature of a day,
That sunk beneath fate's shock :
Torn from his throne, his queen, his child,—
That child more lov'd than all :
The land which held them pass'd his sight.
Then—then he mourn'd his fall ! †

those occasions by a distinguished commander, whose whiskers and moustache's were proverbial for size. The child upon beholding this hairy officer, screamed in an agony of fear. and MARIE LOUISA perceiving the cause, exclaimed, " It is you, sir, who terrify the infant. *" Retirez vous."* " *Restez,—restez !*" instantly rejoined NAPOLEON, " the boy shall not be spoiled,—from his infancy he must—" " *Mais—*" interrupted the Empress. " *Point de mais dans cette affaire,* rejoined NAPOLEON, with much asperity, but quickly added, smiling at the child, " *allons, Monsieur l'officier à moustaches vous chantez—* have the goodness to sing a song to my son." The officer was a remarkably sweet singer, and immediately consenting, he delivered a popular *chanson* in a manner which not only made the child cease crying, but delighted the Empress as well. To this circumstance, the officer owed his rapid rise in the army, and whenever he happened to be in the neighbourhood of the Court, and the child was unruly " *L'officier à moustaches*" was frequently sent for to quiet him.

† NAPOLEON was doatingly fond of his child : presuming upon this fondness, the nurse once placed a petition upon the boy's cradle, addressed to the *King of Rome*. When the Emperor approached and discovered the paper, he enquired who had dared to place it there. The child at that instant began to cry, and the nurse taking it into her arms, it was immediately quiet. The anger of NAPOLEON passed away, and, smiling, he unfolded the paper, and discovered it to be the petition of a state prisoner in the Château de Vincennes, who presumed to address the King of Rome, because he found it impossible to convey his supplications to the ear of the Emperor. NAPOLEON admired the ingenuity of the petitioner, and advancing to the cradle, exclaimed, " Now,

* We have heard the following interesting anecdote related respecting the infancy of the young Duc DE REICHSTADT. NAPOLEON was accustomed to visit the nursery, accompanied by one or two of his officers ; and upon one of
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Oh, who can tell a father's pain,
The grief that gnaws his heart;
When fate demands that child and him
Must part—for ever part!
There is a silent agony,
More dreadful e'en than speech:
He prov'd it when the infant's cry,
Echo'd its mother's screech!

They parted—and a gulph between
The mourning wand'ers lied;
His thoughts e'er rested on the theme,
He blest his child, and died!
Whate'er his faults or errors,—now
Green willows o'er him wave;
Let slander's baneful language cease,
And peace be on his grave!

His son still lives—a noble boy,—
Gay—joyous—bland and young:
For him now beams bright beauty's eye,
And rapture's on each tongue:
The voice of Praise streams fast along,
And Pleasure wreaths her spells;
For him is raised the tribute song,
And fame his fortune swells.

The rising star of Austria's Court,
The brightest in the clan;
The first in ev'ry mirth and sport,
A perfect gentleman.
Long may he live in high repute,
Long bear his cloudless name;
And wreath it proudly on the shrine,
The shrine of deathless fame.

Far, far away from noise and strife,
The fearful scenes of war:
That child bears on his bright career,
Nor sighs for Victory's car:
The fierce encounter cannot yield
Such joys as civil sport:
The sire won laurels in the field,
The son will grace the Court.

The chosen page of ladies' love,
He seeks not sword or lance;
He roams with beauty through the grove,
And bears her through the dance;
Fair eyes of light controul his heart,
Inspire his choicest powers:
War called the sire to bear his dart,—
We claim the son as ours!

Sire, what does your Majesty say to this request?—What no reply!" Then addressing one of his officers, he continued, "Silence gives consent; let the prisoner be discharged immediately, and allow him also to resume his former rank and station."

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

"I do not think, sirs, e'en disloyalty,
(Could it again uprear its craven-crest,
Would dare, with all its insolence of tongue,
To say *their lives were passed in indolence,*
Or *marr'd the country's good.* I do hold
Such ceremonies as the Court now keep,
Most comely in the stations of the great,
Yet healthful to the people."—LLOYD.

Kings we know, and as some people are very ready to affirm and soliloquize upon, are but men; formed like ourselves, bearing hopes, fears and passions, even as their subjects do; amenable to the same ills, liable to similar accidents, and equally unshielded from the power of disease, and the omnipotency of death. Yet who is there so obstinate to the influences of high station, and the distinctions of birth not to own, but that the actions of kings, princes, and rulers influence our curiosity, and agitate (for good or ill) our minds in a much greater degree than do the occupations of those who are placed in a lower scale upon the world's census, and who so toil that they may hereafter reap a crop from their industries?

Taking it for granted there be none who deny these truisms, we shall proceed as usual with our journal of royal hours and regal employments, noticing those which have had the *most* importance in the peoples' eyes during the month of June.

The 4th of June, a day hallowed in patriotic memories as the anniversary of a great naval victory for the red-cross flag of Britain, and in our loyal reminiscences for having been the birth-day of George the Third, was in part employed by THEIR MAJESTIES in adding to the gaiety and *éclat* of the Etonian's Regatta, and *voyage* to Surly-Hall,

"Where the feast is spread,
And the grace is said,
And they feast it merrily, merrily,"

annually upon this day held; since WILLIAM and his QUEEN honoured the holiday by their presence, and we doubt not felt, at beholding the happy and youthful countenances which looked respect upon them, that the best influences arising from potential station are those which contribute to the happiness of others.

The 5th of June was the birth-day of the DUKE of CUMBERLAND, and celebrated by a dinner given to their Majesties and the Royal Family, at his residence at Kew. The poorer neighbours of the Duke were also plentifully regaled, and thus charity and the affections of relationship were happily and consistently combined.

Wednesday, the 8th June, and upon every following Wednesday, his MAJESTY held a Levee at St. James's, conferring honours upon several distinguished characters at each, and receiving compliments and homage from numerous ambassadors, noblemen, statesmen, and distinguished characters at all.

HIS MAJESTY, applied to whose conduct it might without flattery be said, "there shall soft charity repair," after arriving in town from Windsor with the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and partaking of a *déjeuner*, visited the Bazaar opened for the benefit of the distressed Irish at the Hanover Square Rooms; and on the same evening gave a State Ball, (the

third,) at St. James's Palace, at which Monsieur Michen officiated as Master of the Ceremonies. The many arrangements were admirable, and the scale of liberality and munificence splendid. Both the Ball and Throne Room were occupied by the dancers, Collinet in the one and Weipart's excellent band in the other, breathing such melodies, as

"Taught gay beauties trip so lightly on,
As 'twere the Fairies orgies."

HIS MAJESTY, "if looks can give assurance of stout health," was such as his best friends (*all Englishmen*) could wish him; and HER MAJESTY, who was most becomingly dressed in white and silver, wearing a splendid bandeau of diamonds, added, through her good spirits and very condescending behaviour, greatly to the pleasurable characteristics of the evening. Supper was served for the Royal party at one, at the Queen's residence; for the general company in the banquetting room, after which dancing was resumed with much spirit, concluding at three o'clock with a mazurka.

The following day is noticeable for a very gay entertainment given at their residence, Pope's Villa, Twickenham, by Sir Wathen Waller and the Baroness Howe, at which their Majesties, the Duke of Brunswick, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, &c. were present, and for the arrival of the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta, her daughter (who were joyfully met on their landing by Prince George) from the Continent, at Cambridge House, Piccadilly. Visits of congratulation have, of course, been paid to her Royal Highness, by the several members of her august family since she became a sojourner among us.

Regarding the visit of their Majesties to Ascot Heath, and the beneficial influences of their presence there, as well as the liberality which the King has displayed towards the success of Hampton Races, we have in a more advanced page spoken; we arrive therefore at *Thursday the 16th June*, and find that there was then given a very extensive and elegant Musical Entertainment by their Majesties, to more than 200 fashionables, at St. James's Palace. The visitors, all of whom came in full court dress, commenced to arrive soon after nine, and were ushered into the Drawing-Room, where the Concert took place. A full length portrait of his Majesty, in his royal robes, recently completed by Sir William Beechey, was placed at the east end of the Ball-Room. About half-past nine, the Concert was opened with the Terzetto, "*Papa taci*," well sung by Signori Curioni, Santini, and De Begnis; this was followed by the Duetto "*Sundi nel picol legno*," cleverly executed by Madame and Signor Rubini. But we cannot follow the catalogue with any true spirit of delight, since we were disappointed that *both songs and singers were exclusively foreign*; not a portion of *native talent, of English genius, fancy, or skill, was suffered to contribute to the animation—the harmony of the entertainment*; and this we deplore the more, since quite convinced *we possess in our own country* all the talent and skill with which animation and harmony require to be supported. We are also naturally grieved, because it has been a cause of comfort for us to believe that *in the Palace*, if not in certain noble houses, a strong desire, a firm determination existed to encourage *British in preference to foreign exertion*. May we not therefore say upon the present occasion, "wherefore, why is this?" and add, in the spirit of hope, "that it may be reformed in future." We speak for the cause of England and Englishmen, and feel in *such a one* we shall find a staunch advocate in WILLIAM THE FOURTH of England.

The 16th Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, was selected on Saturday the 18th June, by His Majesty, to confer an appropriate present, and a richly deserved compliment upon the veteran, and persevering hero of that day's fearful, but to us and to Europe, finally triumphant fight. It is not necessary to add that we refer to the Duke of Wellington. The first of these compliments consisted in a most splendid sword made by Prosser, and which, further to enhance the value of the gift, was carried to his Grace by the Earl of Munster. The weapon is richly and exquisitely ornamented, and the bark of the branches of oak on the hilt display the words—"India, Copenhagen, Peninsula, and Waterloo:"—

"Names unto England, which do court
With Poictiers, Cressy, Agincourt;

A fadeless laurel'd rivalry,

Which in fame's annals ne'er can die."

His Majesty's arms, initials, and crown, appear on the top of the scabbard, and, altogether, the gift is worthy the donor and acceptor. The other compliment is found in the fact of His Majesty dining with his Grace (any thing but a Duke Humphrey on the occasion), who, as usual, gave a splendid entertainment to the most distinguished comrades of his dangers, toils, and glories on the field of desperate contest. The KING sat at the right of his Host, Earl Bathurst, as Secretary at War at the time of the battle, being next to his Sovereign; on the other side of his Grace was the Duke of Brunswick, son of him

"Who cheer'd his warriors to the fray,
The foremost champion of that day;
The first to fight, the first to fall,
By all rever'd, bewept by all."

Sunday afternoon, 19th June, their Majesties, the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, visited the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park; and, whilst all appeared gratified, the younger visitants were highly delighted with the amusing inmates of the well arranged exhibition.

Monday, 20th of June, His MAJESTY held a Chapter of the Garter for the purpose of electing his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick a member of that most ancient and noble order. The Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and a number of the Knights attended, all in their splendid robes of office. On reaching the Throne Room, the King seated himself at the head of the table, round which the Knights were arranged. The Duke was then duly elected and invested, the Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and their Ladies in Waiting, sitting at the left of his Majesty, and witnessing the ceremony. The KING afterwards held a Court, and at a quarter past five left the Palace, as did the Queen, with their several attendants, for the purpose of honouring Lord and Lady Ravensworth with their company at dinner, at the residence of the latter at Fulham. The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and Princess Augusta were also of the party.

In the evening her MAJESTY gave Mr. Greatorex the influence of her patronizing presence at his annual benefit concert; where we were gratified to find *native talent* not only was allowed to preponderate, but received great and deserved encouragement. Our English Stephens and Braham appeared particularly to interest the Queen by the tasteful exertion of their vocal abilities.

Tuesday, the 21st, will be long, very long memorable in the annals of our common country; for then William, its popular King, went in splendid procession to satisfy his people, by opening the new Parliament in person. The Park, every terrace, every window, chimneys, and house tops were occupied by anxious spectators, and money profusely rendered wherever that key to interest was deemed probable to prevail. It was a multitude, indeed, yet imbued with but one determination, that of evincing their loyalty to their Monarch, their approbation of his acts; and, truly, never were such feelings more enthusiastically expressed,—all tongues welcomed, all hands applauded; and his Majesty must have felt that he indeed reigned in the hearts of his people.

About a quarter before two, the latter entered the state carriage, drawn by eight cream coloured horses, admirably caparisoned, and accompanied by his suite in five other carriages, having six horses each, which proceeded by the Stable-yard, St. James's Park, and Whitehall, to the House of Lords. The enthusiasm of the populace was extreme, and it extended itself even to the well-dressed spectators assembled to witness the passing of his Majesty through the Painted Chamber and lobbies which lead to the upper house. The body of the house presented a splendid appearance, the robes of the Peers, and the rich dresses and plumes of the Peeresses adding greatly to the richness of effect. His Majesty delivered his speech in a clear, determined tone, and having concluded it, re-entered his carriage, and, amidst a repetition of loud and loyal greeting, returned to his Palace, having consummated what we truly hope will prove a "labour of love."

We might mention some other circumstances of the month, as connected with Majesty, but this great event has so placed minor matters in the shade that we feel it more complimentary to our readers now to conclude with the sincere wish that

"Honour still may sit upon the crown,
Type of its King's and England's pure renown."

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

THE QUEEN.—Much as we admire the courteous familiarity of her most gracious Majesty, in mingling with her subjects in society, and attending the public entertainments devoid of the pomp and state of royalty, yet upon considering the effect which such demeanour is calculated to excite, we cannot avoid characterising it as misdirected and ill-advised. Amiable and honourable as are the feelings which induce her Majesty to abandon the pageantry of regal state, yet that retired and unostentatious mode naturally injures the trade of the country, of which the rulers of the state have ever been considered the virtual patrons. "A Queen," as we have once before observed, "is not a private lady." Royalty cannot demean itself with the retiredness of domestic life; its movements must be associated with pomp and splendour, or the thousands of individuals who derive their support from those occasions, are thrown into a state of destitution. We therefore, respectfully beg to suggest, that in order to promote the interests of England, and the *trade* of English people, which is now, we are sorry to say (notwithstanding the gaiety of the season, and the splendid entertainments of

the nobility,) in a state of great depression; a more frequent participation in the splendours of royalty might be indulged in, with *benefit* to the country.

The lovely Miss GERTRUDE BRANDE, whose projected marriage we have the honour to announce in another part of our number, is at present enjoying the benefits of an Italian air, accompanied by her sister Mrs. COTTRELL.

BAZAARS.—One of the chief topics of conversation in the fashionable world, during greater part of the past month, was the *Bazaar*, held at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the patronage of her Majesty, and for the benefit of the distressed Irish. The great assemblage of beauty and fashion, engaged in the work of charity, imparting a spirit almost divine to the splendid scene, produced one of the finest effects that we have ever beheld; the great and the good, the lovely and the young, descended from their high stations to become humble *marchandes* in the cause of their suffering fellow creatures. This beautiful system of benevolence, cannot be too highly commended; under the semblance of pleasure and amusement, it effects a great work of charity, and affords equal gratification to the giver and to the receiver. Who is there in society that would not think an article manufactured by the hands of the Queen, desirable at any price, or that would not gladly embrace the opportunity of possessing a pencil sketch, from the fair hands of any of our most celebrated beauties? As we glanced over the rich stores displayed by the COWPER'S, Lady ROSEBERRY, the LONDONDERRY firm, and Mrs. NORTON, we selfishly wished for the ability to purchase *all* that we beheld. The splendours of the glittering *bijoux*, the presence of the Queen, the gratified looks of the company, and the sweet smiles of the lady traders, standing like angels of charity, engaged in their good work, produced one of the most brilliant appearances in the power of the imagination to picture. Never had we seen the noble Marchioness of LONDONDERRY so transcendently lovely; never had the beautiful face of Lady ASHLEY been irradiated with such divine expression; the bright eyes of Mrs. NORTON, seemed inspired with poetry and feeling, and the sweetest fascinations played round the beautiful lips of Lady EUSTON. The productions of her Majesty were sold by Lady ERROL and Lady MARY FOX.

What can be the motive of our noble friend and neighbour, Lord LOWTHER'S, solitary walks, every morning about eight o'clock, round that *beautiful* piece of water in the Green Park, known by the appellation of *Rosamond's Pond*, or what gratification can he possibly experience in *such* a ramble? We know his lordship to be a man of genius, sense, and taste: does his expansive mind find objects of contemplation in the remains of the unfortunate domestic animals, who daily meet with an untimely end in that piece of water, and for which it is so justly celebrated: does he delight in pondering over the wrecks of the ships, and small craft, that little boys have ventured and lost, the preceding day in the perilous pond; or does his noble olfactories delight to receive the exhalations that arise from the stagnant pool? We really cannot take upon ourselves to answer for the noble lord's predilection, but it is certain, that his lordship, every morning at the above-mentioned hour, may be found indulging in his accustomed ramble round the *very delightful* pond of Rosamond!

We have frequently noticed some very objectionable behaviour in a few of our principal vocalists, which as it is growing into a custom, calls for decided and unqualified reproof. At the theatres, and at concerts, if the audience honours a performer with an *encore*, should one single expression of disap-

proval be heard, the favourite instantly declines repeating the *aria*, and quits the stage. So general has this insulting behaviour become, that we are compelled to make an example, and in the hope that one instance may be sufficient to induce more creditable demeanour, we shall only mention the error of Madame Petralia, who at a concert a few mornings ago, having sung to the admiration of the audience, was called upon to repeat the air; the symphony was accordingly played, and Madame about to recommence, when one of the *orecchianti* in the front row, gave a solitary *hiss*, the lady instantly made her curtsy, and retired from the stage. This insulting behaviour from a *hired singer*, towards individuals of high distinction, the most inferior of whom had paid half-a-guinea to witness Madame PETRALIA, and others, exhibit for their amusement, ought not to be tolerated. Our fashionable friends should withhold their patronage from individuals who so far forget the respect which is undoubtedly due to them in a public exhibition.

We are quite surprised at the manifest improvement in the looks of LEICESTER STANHOPE since he has become one of the "blessed married ones." Matrimony has, unquestionably, refined him, and his very whiskers have been sobered down by the superior taste of his lovely bride.

The celebrated military dandy whose name has been familiarly connected with that of the fair daughter of a distinguished manufacturer of blacking, is characterised, in fashionable circles, by the appellation of "the *Polish Lancer*."

Among the many little sketches of Mrs. SIDDONS that have been repeated in society, we have heard, that upon one occasion, when that distinguished actress, (who did not abandon the solemn and dignified demeanour of the stage, in private life,) entered a linen draper's shop in a country town, where she was residing, for the purpose of making some small purchase, she actually frightened the shopman *into a fit*, by her mysterious look, and the sepulchral tone, in which she exclaimed, "Did you, say sir, that this piece of calico *would wash*?"

PAGANINI is an extraordinary musician, but really people make too much of him. DE BRONIS' exclamation, "*he is de devil*!" can only be equalled in absurdity by the *tears of LINDLEY* at one of the performances. If Mr. LINDLEY possesses such extreme sensibility, as not to be able to restrain his lachrymose ebullitions, he had better *avoid* occasions of rendering himself so perfectly ridiculous.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.—This popular spot of fashionable resort presents, at the present moment, a very charming and captivating appearance; the favourable state of the weather has induced the *élite* of the *beau monde* to participate in the enjoyments of the Elysian scene; and the presence of the young and lovely stars of Fashion, combining the power of their beauty, and the grace of their attractions, with the natural advantages of the gardens, produce an effect, as fascinating as it is singular and original. We can imagine no higher gratification, than that of associating with the myriads of splendid creatures upon the promenade of Kensington, the military band harmonizing the scene with some of the choicest compositions of modern masters, and rendering it a realization of the brightest imaginings of the poet, or the writer of romance. Fancy recalls the days of gallantry and chivalry, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, we feel inspired with energies sufficient to achieve knightly triumphs, to lay at the feet of the presiding deities of our happiness—the lovely women who float before us in all the pride and splendour of

their young attractions. It is a scene capable of producing the best feelings, the most honourable aspirations of humanity; of drawing the misanthrope from his seclusion, of, even, intellectualizing the dullest spirit upon the face of the living earth. A scene fit for the pencil of the painter, an enchantment worthy of the inspiration of the poet. We fancied we beheld the eyes of HAYNES BAYLEY, one evening, peering between a mass of thick foliage, and reposing upon the bright features of a smiling girl, whose blooming countenance, all sunlight and happiness, seemed to speak the purity and innocence of the heart within; but, as soon as the "lady's poet" found himself observed, he withdrew to the thickest part of the grove, perhaps to immortalize the bright object of his contemplations in one of his choicest wreaths of song.

We were equally delighted with the "*beauties of England*," when they quitted the promenade, and vaulted upon the saddles of their spirited steeds, with a grace and animation peculiar to them alone. There are no females in Europe better horsewomen than those of England; and in this particular they have enjoyed, and they must ever enjoy, the enthusiastic admiration of foreigners. Whether we regard the ease and elegance of their seat, or their spirited power of controlling the animal, our gratification is alike complete. At Kensington Gardens, we have an admirable opportunity for observing the different styles of the various lovely equestrians who grace the scene; each, however, calculated to excite the most pleasurable feelings. Among others, we may commend the graceful spirit of the beautiful Lady ASHLEY, and the dashing style of Lady SALISBURY; the Countess of SEFTON's admirable dexterity, and the elegance of Lady LEVESON GOWER. To these distinguished stars of Fashion, we might celebrate others equally conspicuous: the Ladies COWER, MOLYNEUX, LONDONDERRY,* and TANKERVILLE, Mrs. JERNINGHAM, and the Duchess of BUCCLEUGH; Mrs. LANE FOX in her pea-green habit, Lady INGESTREIR on her beautiful chesnut, and the accomplished *fiancée* of Lord RIVERS in her trowsers and boots. These ladies, with other distinguished females, have raised the reputation of English beauties, as *equestrians*, to the highest eminence of celebrity and attraction.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

That which has the power of attracting annually, for two or three days, to one centre, as it were, the whole *élite* of the fashionable world, with the most august leader of it, namely, our gracious SOVEREIGN, at its head, must surely demand of us a notice in these pages; and we, therefore, consequently address ourselves, even though we thereby look back to events now nearly a month past, with much *gout* to the *Ascot Race Meeting* of the present year. The good people of the north pride themselves, justly, it must be confessed, upon *Doncaster*—its St. Leger, their course, and their "Grand" Stand; whilst the holiday-folks of the City almost warm into eloquence whilst narrating the struggle for the Derby, the rivalry

* We may here be permitted to celebrate the gold-laced military jacket and cap, which this distinguished lady wore at a review, about two years since; it was one of the most striking and elegant costumes we ever beheld, and we need scarcely add, that it appeared to particular advantage upon the fine figure of the noble marchioness.

for the Oaks, the feasting, fancies, and fineries of *Epsons*. But, in our opinion, whether we consider the view the course affords of the running, the admirable regulations, and strict order preserved during it, the admirable run in over the straight mile, the assemblage of equipages and company, and the long array of beauty, and wealth-populated stands, *Ascot* surpasses *both* the great meetings their partizans so naturally exalt. Besides, here, at *Ascot*, we not only have the KING's NAME, but the KING's PRESENCE, circumstances of influence and honour enough to counterbalance any superiority which may be asserted of other rendezvous for popular amusement.

Following the examples of his sire and brother, both of whom were the constant patrons of the annual holiday we now commence to describe, WILLIAM THE FOURTH, though, as we imagine, no very enthusiastic turfite, not only held feast and festival at Windsor during the meeting, but went in state the two principal racing-days; the first being, Tuesday, the 31st of May.—With this we begin: 'Tis one o'clock, and a sight is before us animating in the extreme; surely old age would forget its crutch to contemplate it, and sorrow cease to furrow his cheeks with tears! But who is he so actively urging his willing steed adown the course, the forester's coat of green upon his form, and the gilded couples of the chace across his shoulders! 'Tis the gallant Viscount Anson, the Master of the royal kennel. Again look forth; he has turned his charger, and is returning, heading the splendid and appropriate cavalcade of THEIR MAJESTIES of England; who, amidst the loud, the sincere greetings of a unanimous multitude, approach their station in the Royal Stand, thence graciously to acknowledge the affectionate loyalty of their shouting subjects. In its way, and, *en passant*, we must observe, that we know nothing so appropriately interesting as this procession of royal and noble visitors to a scene resplendent and animated, such as that we are attempting to describe; there is a chivalrous consistency about it, which smacks largely of those ages for which our great politician Burke was so enthusiastic a champion, and when "tilts and wassail flourished." There are first the titled master of the royal-sport dogs, and his foresters in splendid green costumes, such as recal our recollections to the days of Robin Hood, when Sherwood resounded with the cheers of the chace; then the huntsman and his assistants, nobly mounted, and in their livery of the field; anon come the scarlet-coated and gold-embroidered grooms; and then the august and noble personages of the pageant themselves. These were in eleven carriages, his MAJESTY (in the first) being accompanied on Tuesday, by Lord Grey, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Albemarle; on Thursday, by the latter nobleman, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Prince Leopold. In her MAJESTY's carriage, we observed the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and her sons, and Prince George of Cambridge. The Earl of Munster and his brothers were conspicuous.

On Thursday, the 2nd of June, came to be decided, who was to add a *Gold Cup* to his collection of plate, adding thereby an adornment to the splendours of his side-board upon holiday occasions. A very absurd regulation, which is not to be continued, limited the "field" (our fair readers will understand this to mean the *number of horses*) to two only. These were Sir M. Wood's *Citrus*, and Lord Exeter's *Augustus*; 6 to 5 the current betting on the former, which was done at very heavy figures. It was a severe, truly run, punishing race, and won at last by a head only. THEIR MAJESTIES appeared to take great interest in the closely con-

tested, and, to the last, doubtful nature of this struggle. Lord Exeter, though defeated here, was fortunate in being the winner both of the *Royal Stake* and the 30 *Sovereign Sweepstakes*.

As a visit to Hampton Races is now amongst the occupations of the *fashionable* world, it must necessarily be a portion of *our duty* also to notice the sport which repaid such a visitation. These races have, for several years, enjoyed the countenance of *royalty*, for WILLIAM, DUKE OF CLARENCE, whilst residing at his favourite house and park of Bushy, gave them that support which, as WILLIAM, KING OF ENGLAND, he appears now willing to increase; nay, in order to enhance their attraction, his MAJESTY has graciously given a plate of 100 guineas, which was run for this year, and a similar prize and gift is to be annually continued.

PARTIES AND BALLS.

We do not remember any season when the entertainments of the fashionable world were more frequent, or conducted with greater spirit than the present: the impulse which the magnificent festivities of royalty has given to the social feelings of the community, having produced the most brilliant and unparalleled effects. Indeed so numerous have been the Parties and Balls within the last four weeks, that we are wholly unable to do that justice to them which they deserve, or even to advert to any thing like the whole of them. The observations made in our last, respecting *Foreign Dress-makers*, have evidently been productive of some slight advantages; but, we regret to add, that ladies of fashion still cling to the *magazines* of foreigners, instead of entirely abandoning them, and patronizing the people of England. We beg to repeat what we have before said, that English dress-makers are *quite equal*, and, in many instances, even *superior* to their foreign rivals: the *chasteness* of their style ought to render them the especial favourites, and we still cherish the hope, that ladies of England may speedily perceive the more honourable course of patronage and support, and leave the undeserving and indelicate foreigners to obscurity and degradation.

The splendid entertainments given by her MAJESTY, having been described in another part of our magazine, we shall pass on to the grand parties entertained by the nobility, which we regret not being able to allude to in more than general terms. The superb banquets of the Dukes of BEAUFORT, GORDON, MONTROSE, DEVONSHIRE, and ST. ALBANS, Lords KINNOUL, BROWNLOW, NORMANTON, SALISBURY, SEFTON, MANSFIELD, LONDONDERBY, and GOWER, were, respectively, attended by the *élite* of *ton*. The Duchess of ST. ALBANS gave a grand *Fete Champêtre*, at *Holly Lodge*, on the 16th, which seemed to realize the enchantments of a fairy tale. The Duke of WELLINGTON's *Military Banquet*, on the 18th, was replete with splendours. We attended the Countess de SALIS's opening ball, and were delighted with the brilliancy of the scene: upwards of five hundred of the nobility were present; choice exotics effused their fragrance in the corridors and the hall. The dancing was perfect.

The Countess of LISTOWEL's ball was well attended, as were also those of Mrs. W. CAMAC (Duke of GLOUCESTER present), Mrs. WENTWORTH, Lady MAYNARD, and Lady LANGFORD. Mrs. CAMAC's fancy ball, went off with great spirit.

We were delighted with the *petit souper* of Mrs. RAVENSWORTH; and also with the noble entertainment at Chandos House given by Prince ESTERHAZY.

The Duchess of ST. ALBAN'S concert was ably supported. The noble Marchioness of SALISBURY has maintained the reputation of her house by some choice parties; and the Marchioness of HERTFORD has added to her celebrity, by one of the most brilliant entertainments of the fashionable world.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Here are thy triumphs, Love!"

"Life, the frail offspring of a day,
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away;
Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies!"

BROOME.

The past month has not been so fertile in hymeneal celebrations, as in *promises* of those interesting and happy occurrences for the future; if our record, therefore, is light, the attached notices of "projected unions," may justify our readers in anticipating a "heavy calendar" of Hymen in our next. Proceed we, however, to note down the few matrimonial celebrations which have transpired during the month, commencing with that of the amiable and accomplished AUGUSTA CATHERINE, second daughter of Lady SARAH BAYLEY, with the gallant Captain DAVIDSON, of the 2nd *Life Guards*, to whom we beg to offer our best, and most heartfelt congratulations. Another gallant defender of his country has been made happy, by receiving the hand of her whom he loved, Lieutenant MASON, R. N. having become the husband of the charming ANNE, daughter of WALTER WHITEHEAD, Esq. of Teynham, Kent.

May Joy hover o'er the light steps of the bride,
And Pleasure and Peace roam along by her side;
May the bright sun of happiness shine o'er the years,
As the pilgrim's pass onward through life's vale of tears!

Other joy-inspiring favours, lying before us, recall to our memory the blissful union of CHARLOTTE, eldest daughter of G. THOMPSON, Esq., with H. E. BEVILLE, M. A., Fellow of St. Mary's College, Cambridge, and of the 5th Dragoon Guards, which was solemnized on the 16th ult., at St. Mary's, Marylebone; whilst another well-assorted matrimonial engagement, claims especial notice, from the estimation in which the respective parties are held; that between the Rev. W. S. COLE, and MARY, daughter of the Rev. J. MAULE, of St. Mary's, Dover.

The mournful part of our duty must commence with the record of the decease of that great actress, and highly respected woman, Mrs. STODONS, an individual who not only exalted the dramatic art to a splendid eminence, but by the unimpeachable integrity, of her character, wiped away much of the odium that was attached to the profession.

The amiable Countess of SPENCER, has passed from a world, of which she was an ornament; to irradiate brighter spheres. GEORGE, Lord TORRINGTON, has fallen a sacrifice to the last enemy, and the venerated Admiral Lord NORFOLK, full of years and honour, has also departed to his eternal rest. With the name of another regretted and vene-

rable individual, Sir JOHN HARRINGTON, we close our mournful chronicle, and pass to our list of "*projected unions*."

It is the prevailing opinion in fashionable circles, that Prince LEOPOLD will become the husband of the young and beautiful Miss J——, the niece of a deceased statesman, with a fortune of 10,000*l.* per annum.

Miss D'ESTE, the amiable daughter of the Duke of SUSSEX, is under a matrimonial engagement with Lord VALLETORT.

One of the most brilliant stars of fashion, whose loveliness has been frequently celebrated in the pages of this magazine, Miss GERTRUDE BRANDE, will shortly become the bride of Mr. SEYMOUR, Secretary of Legation, at Florence.

Lord ALVANLEY's sister, Miss ARDEN, is engaged to Mr. WARRENDER.

The beautiful Miss LETHBRIDGE is to be led to the hymeneal altar, by Captain FITZROY.

The Marquis of HASTINGS is said to be upon the eve of marriage with the Lady GREY DE RUTHYN. Her ladyship, who is a baroness in her own right, will shortly attain her majority. The Hon. Major KEFFLE is also about to enter into the connubial state with one of the daughters of Sir COURTS TROTTER.

We have also heard of "projected unions," between the Marquis of DOURO to a niece of the Earl of LIVERPOOL;—Lady CECILIA TALBOT and the Marquis of LOTHIAN;—Lord ENNISMORE and Mrs. WYNDHAM;—Sir J. OGILVIE and Lady JULIANA HOWARD;—Miss MONTAGUE (Lord ROKBY's daughter) and Lord RIVERS;—Miss RIDLEY and Lord CARRINGTON's nephew;—Lady M. BEAUCLERK and Mr. CRAVEN;—the Countess of SANDWICH, and one of the *attachés* of the Austrian embassy. These interesting events, as they occur, shall be duly noticed in our fashionable chronicle.

THE DRAMA.

"The most perfect gratification of a polished people."

ADDISON.

THE OPERA.—There has been no novelty in the stage performances at the *Opera* since our last, with the exception of a mutilated version of *La Bayardere*, which afforded TAGLIONI an opportunity for achieving fresh triumphs. PAGANINI has engrossed all the attention of the fashionable world, and to that extraordinary musician our remarks must be devoted. The very ill-advised *scheme* which PAGANINI first submitted to the public materially injured the effect of his opening Concert: the boxes displaying but little company, though the other parts of the house were well attended. Doubts had arisen respecting the high nature of the performer's talent, and hints had been thrown out that he was, after all, a mere *charlatan*, though a successful one. LALANDE, LABLACHE, SANTINI, &c. assisted the performance, but with little effect, the whole attention of the audience being directed towards the great musician. PAGANINI appears older than what he really is: having lost his teeth, his mouth sinks inwards, and his chin is very prominent. In playing, he crosses his elbows, and reposes the left one upon the right hand waistcoat pocket, when he intends producing any brilliant effect. His performances are so perfectly extraordinary that we feel it impossible to describe

them in a manner so as to convey a just idea of them to those by whom they have not been heard. His method of handling the instrument, the surprising tones which he produces by the mere touch of the bow or the finger, and the brilliancy of their effect, are as indescribable as they are beautiful and harmonious. The most difficult and intricate passages he accomplishes with ease and elegance, and the lightest notes he produces with a fullness and melody that surprise and delight the hearer. A violinist of high reputation, with whom we are acquainted, declared to us, that great as his own attainments were, he was compelled to acknowledge himself a mere school-boy in comparison with PAGANINI. Criticism has already spoken largely of those extraordinary performances, and we should only repeat what has already been said, by any farther observation. PAGANINI is a man of extraordinary and great talent, and, undoubtedly, the first violinist of the present day.*

An *Italian Tragedy* was performed on the 13th ult. in the *Concert Room*, for the benefit of Signor PISTRUCCI and Mr. WIGLEY. A more ludicrous representation we never witnessed. Signor P. enacted the hero, and evinced his possession of a wonderful memory and excellent lungs. Signor BERTINATTI skipped about the stage like an Harlequin. Signora NINA WIGLEY was very serious in her black habiliments, but she should have been a little more merciful, and have stabbed the sonorous old gentleman in a more decorous place. Two priests were introduced, to marry *Eufemio* and *Ludovica*, in a wood! We made inquiries respecting the names of those gentlemen, but which we were unable to ascertain. Did any of our readers ever see LISTON in *Mauvovorm*, or in *Dominie Sampson*? If so, they will be able to form some idea of the mirth-moving appearance of those two delightful priests. A *Concert* followed the Tragedy, in which Signor and Madame RUBINI, Miss MASSON, and Signora PETRALIA displayed their powerful abilities. Mr. WIGLEY and his sister played a *very long* concerto on the pianoforte and harp, which exhausted the patience of the audience, and Signor PUZZI gave a beautiful performance upon the horn. The extemporaneous song of PISTRUCCI was very indifferent; indeed, we more than once imagined we heard the Prompter. His poetry was rather better.

DEURY-LANE.—This theatre has closed for the season. We attended the performance of a piece called the *Battle of Waterloo!* than which, a more discredited production we never beheld: it was a complete mass of nonsense and buffoonery, and yet we were assured, that this very piece raised ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre to its present flourishing state!

COVENT-GARDEN.—MRS. NORTON'S *Gypsy Father* has been produced with much success: we have always considered this lady to possess great dramatic talent, and the result has justified our opinion. We wish that her talent had been exerted upon a more legitimate piece than a melo-drama, and trust next season to have the pleasure of reviewing a tragedy from so distinguished a pen. The present piece is very interesting and affecting; it is played uncommonly well, and the heroine by Miss ELLEN TREE is indeed beautifully enacted; the only alloy is the *outré* style of Mr. BENNET,

* During the performance, some music that laid upon a stand in the orchestra, accidentally caught fire. PAGANINI glanced at the conflagration, and continued playing, quite unconcerned and unmoved by the alarm that the occurrence excited.

whose performance might be softened to the improvement of the effect which the *Gypsy Father* is calculated to produce.

MR. JOHN MASON, a nephew of Mr. KEMBLE, has appeared here in *Romeo*. Notwithstanding every allowance for this gentleman's evident indisposition, we do not think that he will ever be able to support a first-rate line of business. His early scenes were tame and spiritless, and he destroyed much of the effect of the latter one, by the forced and unnatural manner in which he bore *Juliet* from the tomb.

THE HAYMARKET opened with the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, (in which Mr. W. FARREN performed *Lord Ogleby* in the first style of the art,) and a sprightly little vaudeville, called the *Widow Bewitched*, the plot of which turns upon the contrivances of an old officer, returned from the Indies after a long absence, to try the affection of his wife, who imagines him to be dead. The lady, however, discovers him, and in return for his unjust suspicions, resolves upon teasing him, by inspiring him with jealousy. The counterplot is at length discovered, and the parties are reconciled and made happy. Miss SIDNEY, who made so successful a *debut* last winter at the *Olympic*, personates the *Widow* in a very admirable and engaging manner: her scolding scene is exquisitely done. She sings a very mediocre air with considerable taste and sweetness. W. FARREN, as the jealous husband, is, as he always is, excellent.

The managers, in announcing the appearance of Miss LAND as the *Countess Almaviva*, stated it to be her first appearance upon any stage. We, however, happened to be at Southampton during the last summer, when, if we are not very much mistaken, we heard this young lady at the theatre there. She is a pupil of WHITTAKERS, and, we have since understood, has played at other theatres besides that at Southampton. This deceptive conduct on the part of the managers, does performers no good, but rather a great deal of harm, we wish it were entirely abandoned. Miss LAND made a successful *debut*; her voice is sweet and powerful, and apparently capable of difficult music. She sung *Bid me Discourse* with much brilliancy and effect. Miss WELLS, who appeared in *Susannah*, bears some slight resemblance to the charming KITTY STEPHENS; she sings well, and plays well, and will unquestionably become a favourite at this establishment. Her style of singing is rather too florid, but this may be remedied by attention. HARLEY, in *Figaro*, was light, lively, and agreeable.

MURPHY'S comedy of the *Way to Keep Him* has introduced to the stage a lady of great personal attractions, combined with much dramatic talent; when more accustomed to the stage, we have no doubt of her becoming a favourite. Mr. FARREN, as *Sir Bashful Constant*, presents one of those fine and faithful pictures for which this great artist is so justly celebrated. Mr. COOPER, in *Lovemore*, is gentlemanly and correct. The other characters are very creditably supported.

MR. BIANCHI TAYLOR has appeared at this theatre; he is a singer of very moderate abilities, and his success has been limited.

VAUXHALL GARDENS have opened for the season, but with little novelty. We are inclined to apprehend that this once favourite spot of fashionable resort is rapidly declining in public estimation; the entertainments are trivial and common-place, and some of the songs are the most stupid and nonsensical things that we ever heard. The fireworks are the only part of the entertainment that are worthy of applause.



Newest Fashions for July 1831
Fancy Costume—Old English—An Evening Dress for the Queen's Parties



*Newest Fashions for July 1831.
Morning-Dresses*



Newest Fashions for July, 1831
Evening and Morning Dress

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NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

FANCY COSTUME—OLD ENGLISH FULL DRESS.

An under-dress of white satin, finished round the border with a row of gold fringe, put close to the bottom, and surmounted by a plain gold band; above which, at regular distances, are two rows of white gauze *bouillons*, interspersed with knots of green gauze ribbon. The outer dress is an open robe of green *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is cut low, sloped in the stomacher stile, ornamented with a gold band disposed in lozenges, and a falling tucker of blond lace. *Bouffant* sleeves, half *gros de Naples*, half blond lace, and terminated by *manchettes* of the latter, the points of the fronts are trimmed with a row of gauze *bouillons*, and a gold band. The hair is combed up from the forehead, dressed in the *toupee* style on the summit of the head, and in heavy drop curls at the sides. White ostrich feathers, ornaments composed of green-foil, and ribbons hanging in the lappet style, decorate the *coiffure*. The jewellery is of massive gold.

EVENING DRESS FOR THE QUEEN'S PARTIES.

The petticoat is white crape, sprigged with silver, and superbly embroidered round the border in silver. The robe is Clarence blue *gros d'Orient*, embroidered down the front, and round the border in silver. *Corsage* trimmed *en mantille*, with blond lace. Sleeve of a perfectly new description, also ornamented with blond lace. Head dress, blond lace lappets, a large bouquet of blue and white ostrich feathers, and a tiara of diamonds. Necklace of diamonds.

FASHIONABLE HEAD DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Head-dress of hair, ornamented only with a very large tortoiseshell comb.

FIG. 2.—Head-dress of hair, decorated with gold bands, arranged something in the style of crescents, and intermingled with ostrich feathers.

FIG. 3.—A back view of Fig. 2.

FIG. 4.—A front view of Fig. 1.

PLATE THE THIRD.

FIRST MORNING DRESS.

An open dress of jacconot; the *corsage* and fronts, which turn back, are scalloped and embroidered in a light pattern. Sleeves of the usual form. The under dress is also of muslin, with a high *corsage*, finished by a ruff, and a small *pelerine*, *en cœur*, of blue *gros de Naples*. The hair is dressed in bands, and ornamented with a *Ferronière*, and two knots of Clarence blue ribbon.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A jacconot muslin dress, *corsage uni*, trimmed *en pelerine*, with a fall of embroidery. Sleeve, *à la Chevalière*, very richly embroidered, Rice-straw hat, trimmed with rose-coloured blond-gauze ribbons and flowers. The shawl, disposed *en boa*, is of printed cashmere.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

A buff coloured *gros de Naples* dress, *corsage en guimpe*, made up to the throat, and to fasten behind; it is trimmed round the lower part of the bust with a *pelerine* open on the shoulders, and which falls nearly as low as the waist before and behind, it is edged with soft silk fringe, sleeves *à la Medicis*. The head-dress is a *capote* of rose-coloured *gros de Naples* with a drawn brim and crown; it is trimmed with a mixture of gauze ribbons and blond lace.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1. A back view of the first morning dress.

FIG. 2. A back view of the third morning dress.

FIG. 3. A back view of the second morning dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *gaze d'Asie*, *corsage uni* cut low, and trimmed round the bust with blond lace *mancherons*, set on very broad and full. A wreath of roses mingled with vine leaves, embroidered in green and rose-coloured silk, adorns the border. The hair is dressed full at the sides and very low, and in long light bows on the summit of the head: it has no ornament. The ceinture and bracelets are of rose-coloured watered ribbon with gold buckles. The ear-rings are gold.

MORNING DRESS FOR THE PROMENADE.

A pelisse of lavender grey *gros de Naples*, *corsage en guimpe*, and sleeves *à la Medicis*. A *riche* of the same material trims the *corsage en cœur* and descends in a perpendicular direction down the front of the skirt. The *colletette* is of white *tulle*, *capote de pague-bot*—it is of Leghorn straw, with a square brim lined with green satin. The crown is trimmed with three bands of green ribbon and a full cockade in the centre. The neck-knot is also of green ribbon. Black *gros de Naples brodequins*.

SECOND MORNING DRESS FOR THE PROMENADE.

A pelisse composed of white chaly over a lemon-coloured *gros de Naples* dress. The *corsage* and *mancherons* of the pelisse are *à la Caroline*, the long sleeve is of the usual form. The skirt, which is open before, is embroidered round the border and up the fronts in a very light pattern. The head-

dress is a *capote* of lemon-coloured crape trimmed with Indian green ribbon. A *naud en tulipe*, from the centre of which rises an *esprit*, is placed in front of the crown. The *colle-rette* is plaited *tulle*, and the neck-knot white *gros de Naples*.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—*Coiffure à la Sevigné* ornamented with two golden arrows and a *ferronière*.

FIG. 2.—Back view, half-length of the first evening dress.

FIG. 3.—*Coiffure à la Maintenon* ornamented with golden arrows, a bandeau of pearls and a gold *placque*, with a large pearl in the centre.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A printed muslin dress, a white ground strewed with foliage and fancy flowers. The *corsage* is made quite high and plain, except on the bosom, where it is disposed in drapery *à la Grecque*. The sleeves are of the *demi-gigot* form. A single flounce, of moderate breadth, and cut in deep scallops at the edge, falls over the hem. The hat is *gros de Naples* of a dark citron colour, trimmed with white and lilac gauze-blond ribbon, and flowers. The *colle-rette* is blond net.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A white and rose-coloured printed muslin dress; the *corsage* is made half-high, and disposed in drapery. Long sleeves, moderately wide at the lower part, and of the usual size at top. *Canezou draperie* of jacconot muslin, very richly embroidered. The bonnet is of straw-coloured crape, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and ostrich feathers.

THIRD FIGURE.

A back view, half-length, of the preceding dress.

FOURTH FIGURE.

A back view of the bonnet of the first mourning dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A bonnet composed of lilac *moiré*, and lined with white satin; the inside of the brim is trimmed with a blond lace drapery, on which is laid an ornament, composed of ends of cut ribbons. Bows of ribbon, a blond lace drapery, and sprigs of rose-buds decorate the crown in a very tasteful manner.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

FIG. 3.—A half dress cap, composed of white *tulle*; the front arranged *à draperie*, and ornamented with *palmettes* of rose-coloured ribbon. A wreath of ribbon placed *en biais*, and bows of ribbon before and behind, decorate the crown.

FIG. 4.—A back view of Fig. 3.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A jacconot muslin dress; the *corsage* is made *en peignoir*, with a falling collar, and large round pelerine; they are bordered, as is also the front of the dress, with a row of *pattes*, lightly embroidered. The sleeves are of the Medicis kind. Two rows of embroidery, each surrounded by a deep tuck, adorn the skirt. The bonnet is of straw tissue, trimmed with green and straw-coloured ribbons, and a bouquet of yellow tulips. Green gauze scarf, with white and green ends, finished with fringe.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A dress of citron coloured *gros de Naples*, *corsage uni*. The *canezou* is of *tulle* and ribbon, to correspond with the dress. The *tulle* is disposed in horizontal bands, and the fulness confined by the ribbon. The collar, the lappel, and the epaulettes, are edged with pointed *tulle*, above which is placed a band of ribbon. Half-dress cap, of embroidered *tulle*, ornamented with bows and *palmettes* of reddish-brown gauze ribbon.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

A jacconot muslin *canezou* and pantaloons, with a rose-coloured *gros de Naples* skirt, and pelerine *en cœur*.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A rose-coloured *gros de Naples capote demi Anglaise*; it is trimmed on the inside of the brim, with *coques* of white gauze ribbon, and *mentonnaires* of blond net. Bows of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, and a bouquet of wild flowers and ears of ripe corn, adorn the crown.

FIG. 2.—A front view of Fig. 1.

FIG. 3.—A *chapeau demi capote of terre de Pologne moiré*, the lightest shade of that colour; the inside of the brim is trimmed, *en cornette*, with white gauze ribbon and blond lace *mentonnaires*. A trimming, partly of the material of the bonnet, partly of blue *gros de Naples*, and edged with blond lace, is disposed in drapery round the back of the crown, and forms *nœuds* in front. A bouquet of flowers placed on one side completes the trimming.

FIG. 4.—A front view of the head-dress just described.

FIG. 5.—A cap, composed of white *tulle*, and trimmed with grass-green gauze ribbons. The trimming of the front is arranged in the usual manner, but the back of the caul is ornamented with ends, *en écharpe*.

FIG. 6.—A front view of Fig. 5.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES OF HAIR.

FIG. 1.—The hair is disposed in full curls on each side, and in a wreath formed by bands on the summit of the head, the wreath is surmounted by a tortoise-shell comb.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1831.

Hail to thee, Goddess! Ever changing, and graceful in all thy changes! Well hast thou kept thy promise to thy fair and faithful votaries; for never did British beauty appear more resplendent than in the simple but elegant costumes prescribed last month by thy ROYAL ORDINANCES. But scarcely have those pretty novelties appeared, when others of a similar description, created by thy magic wand, spring up to dispute the palm of elegance and originality. Cast your eyes, fair subjects of our rainbow Queen, over the list we are about to present you, and you will see that we do not exaggerate.

HATS AND BONNETS.—First in our catalogue is the *capote à bec de Corbin*, which bears the seal of Herbaut, from whom Mrs. BELL has just received it. The form is perfectly new, the brim is cut in such a manner as to present a resemblance to the upper part of the beak of a bird, and the curtain behind, shaped and arranged with ribbon wire, forms the other part of the beak, the *bridés* pass through the opening close to the ears. These *capotes* are trimmed in general with a



Newest Fashions for July 1831—Morning Dress and Fashionable Millinery.



Newest Fashions for July. 1831—Morning and Fashionable Millinery.

knot called a comet, which it very much resembles; it is composed of two large bows, and some long ends of ribbon, which imitate a comet's tail. The form called *demis-Anglaise*, is still much in favour. Hats, though not generally adopted, are fashionable, particularly for morning visits. Watered *gros de Naples* is fashionable, both for *négligé* and half-dress. Grape, rice straw, and *tissu du paille*, are confined to the latter. Lilac bordering on grey is one of the most fashionable colours for undress bonnets, which are now trimmed in a style of less formality. Some are adorned with *coques*, or leaves of ribbon, which form a half wreath behind the top of the crown, terminating on one side of the front by a *marud*, and descending on the other side upon the brim, where it finishes by a bow and ends. Several half-dress bonnets are trimmed with bouquets, formed by a rose, surrounded by violets, a poppy or jessamine, or a wreath of blue bells round a yellow dahlia. Bonnets that have the brims sufficiently wide to admit of it, continue to be trimmed inside the brim. Those for undress have *coques* and cockades of ribbon placed on one side, or in the middle. *Coquilles* of blond lace, or light wreaths of flowers of various kinds intermingled, adorn half-dress bonnets. Both are worn placed rather backward.

We see a few, but as yet very few, Leghorn hats, with brims a little of the Pamela shape; that is, large, except at the nape of the neck, where they are cut very short; they are generally trimmed with straw-coloured ribbons, and bouquets of ripe or green ears of corn.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Gros de Naples* pelisses are very much in favour. The flower of marshmallows, green, and lilac are the fashionable colours for pelisses. A great number are made with pelerines in the shawl style. There are also several with two round pelerines, falling one over the other. The front of the skirt is trimmed with knots and other fancy ornaments.

LINGERIE.—A *chemisette*, with a large falling collar, trimmed with three rows of embroidery, or of festooned trimming, is indispensable with the pelisses last described. Mrs. BELL has just received some of these *chemisettes* of the newest and most beautiful patterns from Madame Minette. She has also some *canezous*, and other novelties, which our limits will not permit us to describe in detail.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Pelisses of lilac, blue, and citron coloured book muslin, lined with sarsnets of corresponding colours, have just been introduced. They are made with a double falling collar, which descends in the pelerine style upon the breast, and is trimmed as well as the border with English lace. We see also some jaconot India muslin, lined with coloured sarsnets, and with *corsages* made in the style of a *canizou à draperie*. The front of the skirt as well as the *corsage* is beautifully embroidered.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF A DINNER DRESS.—The materials are so numerous that we cannot describe them all. The silks that are most in favour are *moiré*, coloured *gros de Naples*, and the *foulards*. Among fancy materials, those of the half transparent kind, composed of silk and wool, are the most in favour.

Dinner dresses have the *corsage*, in general, made à la *Vierge*. Some are adorned with draperies, others have a fold round the bosom, à la *pelerine*. If the dress is silk, white transparent sleeves, over short ones of the material of the dress, are universally adopted. There are very few dresses

trimmed; and these are merely ornamented with three or four very narrow folds, placed immediately above the hem.

Berets and blond lace caps are both in favour in dinner dress, but the latter appear to have the preference. Some of these, which Mrs. BELL has just imported from HERBAUT'S, unite great richness with extreme simplicity and lightness, both in the form and ornaments.

EVENING DRESS.—Nothing new in materials. *Gaze d'Asie*, *aerophane*, and various other kinds of gauze, continue to be worn over silk. We still see, also, many dresses composed of *moiré*. Those last are generally worn, either trimmed, en *mantille*, with blond lace, or else with a *canizou* of blond lace.

We never remember a season when the bust and shoulders were so excessively exposed in full dress; and this mode is not less unbecoming than indelicate, because the shoulder-strap falling so very low, gives a flatness to the bosom, very disadvantageous to the shape. Sleeves are always short in full dress, and several are ornamented with a ribbon, placed on the inside of the sleeve at bottom, and drawn up on the shoulder, where it fastens in a bow and long ends, which fall over the sleeve. Where this is the case, the *ceinture* must correspond, and the ribbon be tied in bows and short ends at the side.

The trimming of dresses for grand parties are of great richness, as blond lace, lama, &c. Dresses for social parties have either no trimming, or else a very simple one, composed of cut ribbon or folds of satin.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES.—Flowers are still much in favour, but not exclusively so. Ribbon ornaments, which had rather declined in favour, have again become fashionable, particularly for social parties. We see many *coiffures* ornamented, in full dress, with a mixture of flowers and jewels, but feathers are more generally adopted.

The favourite colours are lilac, blue, citron, rose-colour, green, French grey, and straw-colour.

In whatever way the hair is dressed, the forehead is always encircled with a *ferronière*, which is either simply or splendidly ornamented, according to the style of the rest of the dress; if that is magnificent, the ornament is of diamonds or coloured gems, but of gold only if the dress is simple. *Guirlandes de Ceres*, sprigs of Iris, knots of ribbons, and *arcaths* or *bouquets* of all the flowers of the season, are all fashionable for *coiffures*; but the ornaments, of whatever kind, are always placed far back upon the head.

The Public (especially the Ladies) are requested to notice the following.

To Messrs. C. & A. OLDRIDGE, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing my thanks to you for the great benefit received by my daughter from the application of your truly valuable *Balm of Columbia*. The hair of my youngest girl completely came off different parts of the head, and there was also a total loss of hair from the eyebrows. She was induced, at the instance of a friend, to try your Balm, and after using two bottles the effects were most surprising, for in a very short space of time, the hair grew in a regular healthy state. I think it but justice to yourselves and the Public to add my testimony to the virtues of your truly inestimable Balm, and you have my full permission to give this letter that publicity which you think proper.

I am yours, &c.

(Signed) HENRY HAWKES.

Pen Street, Boston,
Lincolnshire. June 1, 1839.

Oldridge's Balm prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of Certificates of the first respectability are shown by the Proprietors, C. & A. OLDRIDGE, 1, Wellington-street, Strand, where the Balm is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Vendors. Price 2s. 6d. 6s. & 11s. per bottle.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The *capote* form is still prevalent, that there is now very little difference between those that are called French, and those that are called English, both being nearly of the same form, or rather forms, for round and square brims are in equal favour. Those most decidedly English, have received from the *marchandes des modes*, the whimsical appellation of *bibi*. The crowns of these bonnets are the usual shape, but the bonnets are shorter, and always square at the corners.

A favourite style of trimming for watered silk, or *pagne* bonnets, is a bouquet, composed either of rose-buds, small tulips, ranunculuses, or pinks, which is placed near the top of the crown. The greater number of those of Italian or rice straw, are trimmed with a bouquet of ostrich feathers, there are either five or seven employed, and they must be white, yellow, or blue.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Since the warm weather commenced, *peignoirs* of printed muslin, or of white *jaconot*, have been a good deal worn in promenade dress; there is nothing new in their form, which is that of a wrapper with a large falling collar, and large sleeves of equal width from the shoulder to the wrist. Robes, whether of silk or muslin, have almost all pelerines of the same material, they have either a festooned trimming, or else a very broad hem, surmounted by a small fancy trimming, either wrought silk or a cord, an embroidery, or a tuck. Pelerines are mostly made of the shawl kind, and to cross at the waist. Sleeves have not altered at the top, they are for the most part tight from the elbow to the wrist, but we still see some of the *demi gigot* shape.

MATERIALS AND FORM OF DEMI-TOILETTE.—Silks are always in favour, but not so much as *gaze Polonais*, *batiste d'Ecosse* and *mousseline de cashmere*. The *redingote* form is still adapted for silk dresses, but very partially; the greater number being cut half high in the *corsage*, and worn with *canezous* of embroidered muslin or *tulle*, or else of Scotch cambric, which are made with an embroidered shawl collar, edged with a triple row of trimming.

HEAD-DRESSES IN DEMI-TOILETTE.—There is more novelty in this than in any other part of half-dress. Some *merveilleuses* have lately appeared in *capotes* of *gros de Naples moiré*, of a rose so deep as to be nearly cherry colour; the top of the crown, in front, was formed of four rows of rose-coloured gauze ribbon to correspond, turned in a spiral direction, separated by blond lace, also in four rows, and set on with a little fulness.

Leghorn *capotes* may be worn in half-dress, but they must be of the most beautiful kind; the favourite trimming for them is either a long spray of marshmallows in flower, which is placed at the back of the crown behind, and winding round it, rises above on the right side, or else a bouquet of *épées d'eau*, placed on the left of the crown, which is trimmed besides with two bands of twisted green ribbon. The inside of the brim is ornamented with leaves of green ribbon, resembling those of a reed.

Some of the prettiest white crape *capotes* have the brim sustained by five bands of straw plait, placed lengthways; three similar bands surround the crown, which is round: a

large bouquet of snow-balls, or of the plantain in flower, is placed *en pompose* on the top of the crown before.

Blond lace is very much used to trim the inside of the brims of bonnets, it is generally arranged *en evantail* on each side, a little hollow in the centre, and the ends terminating *en mentionnière* under the *brides*.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—Although gauze and *tulle*, as well as fancy materials of silk and wool, are fashionable, they are not so *distingué* as India muslin. The general form of these dresses is a *corsage* in crossed drapery; the draperies are edged on each side by a row of open-worked points, and the sleeves, from the elbow to the wrist, have the fulness confined to the arm by three or four rows of embroidery to correspond. The skirt is embroidered above the hem in feather-stitch, in a wreath placed between two rows of open-worked points.

Scarfs of *organdy*, or coloured muslin, are much worn in evening dress; they are either flowered or of Turkish patterns. Those of a brown ground, strewed with *arabesques* or lozenges of green, lilac, *ponceau*, and other colours mingled together, have a pretty effect on a dress of one colour; but if there are different hues in the pattern of the robe, then the scarf is always plain. The most novel are those of white muslin, ornamented at the bottom in gold braiding, in exact imitation of the embroidery of a Polish lancer's uniform. We have seen some embroidered in silk braiding of different colours, but those of gold are most *distingué*.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—*Bérets*, blond lace caps, and turbans à la *Indienne* are fashionable, but only for ladies who are no longer of an age to appear *en cheveux*. There is a good deal of variety in the style of these head-dresses; some are in bands upon the forehead, and the hind hair braided and arranged upon the summit of the head, something in the form of a crown; others are à la *Chinoise*, and this style of *coiffure* is decidedly the most fashionable. We also see some, but not a great number, of *coiffures*, with the hair arranged in curls on the temples. The curls are much lighter than they have yet been worn.

JEWELLERY.—Fancy ornaments still continue fashionable; those of gold, also, of a light description, are much in favour. The most fashionable bracelets are those formed of gold chains. We see, also, mock diamonds, gilt ornaments, &c., which have been long out of fashion, now worn by many elegant women. This kind of jewellery is now brought to such perfection, that it is hardly to be distinguished from real.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Bottines* are now universally adapted for the promenade; the most fashionable are of *gros de Naples*, but we see a few in *croisoline*. The most fashionable gloves are of *tissu Anglais*, either white or yellow. Those of silk are also in favour, particularly those of the gauze kind.

The most elegant parasols are of white watered silk, the stick is finished by a crosier of *vermeil*.

Every article of a lady's dress is now manufactured in paper, and many *élegantes* have a fancy for wearing aprons, *fichus*, &c. of that kind at home; these articles are a most excellent imitation of muslin, silk, &c. &c.; but, as may be supposed, they only last a few hours. However, the fair wearers cannot complain, for the price is but a few *sous*.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXXI.—English Earls.

THE EARL OF ILCHESTER.

*"Of spirit ardent, and of generous heart,
Well on the world's wide stage has he played his part,
For never entering on a selfish cause,
His wise performance wins the world's applause;
Led by the motto of his titled race,
Deeds and not words his mortal pageant grace,
The latter all can use, the wild, th' unmeet,
But with the former there dwells no deceit."—S. J.*

Those who, like the writer of this sketch of the parentage and life of a British nobleman, have had an opportunity, through friends and the advantages of locality, of knowing the character, and witnessing the conduct of the present EARL OF ILCHESTER, will, without any further appeal on our part, readily, nay cheerfully admit, as applied to him, the truth, the justice of the sentiments contained in the eight lines of verse we have deemed it appropriate to affix to this article, and which pleasantly allude to the very *expressive motto* attached to the coat of arms of his lordship's family. Before, however, we allude more particularly to the biography of the Earl, it will be necessary to maintain the consistency of our plan by tracing the *Genealogy* of his race, calling up for that purpose the name and fame of his ancestors; in this instance, an effort which will neither disturb the solemn quiet of the dead, nor disgrace the reputation of the living.

HENRY STEPHEN FOX STRANGWAYS, then, Lord Ilchester, in the county of Somerset; Baron Strangeways, of Woodford Strangeways, in the county of Dorset, Lord Ilchester and Stavordale, and Baron of Redlynch, in the county of Somerset; was born 21st of February, 1787, and succeeded his father in the titles and honours of the family, on the 5th of September, 1802. He is, consequently, something beyond forty-five years of age, and the *third* EARL OF ILCHESTER.

We begin the ancestral glories of the *Strangeways* (a name certainly not *applicable* to the general demeanour of those we are acquainted with who bear it) with a celebrated knight, one *Sir Stephen Fox*, who, during the dark and dangerous hours of the life of the second Charles, not only proved himself a loyal subject and a faithful servant to that severely tried, even if imprudent monarch, but cheerfully shared his deprivations, and cheered his exile. Those who at Elba

watched and wept over the couch of their captive master, did not surpass in faith and affection the abiding trust which this worthy gentleman placed in his sovereign and the cause of royalty. But he survived with his king the hate of the latter's opponents, and the pursuit of their emissaries, having his reward, (the restoration being happily effected) in being appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury. But neither his fame as a loyal subject, nor his integrity as an officer of great public trust, so immortalized his character with posterity, as the fact that he was the original projector of that noble institution, that asylum for those who have fought our battles and contributed to our victories, namely, Chelsea Hospital. To this patriotic ark for those who might otherwise have been cast upon the wide waters of strife, he contributed thirteen thousand pounds; a sum which has since thriven prosperously, and through additions made to it by the force of humanity, shed an interest of happiness, dearer to valour and virtue, than his usuries to the money-lender, or his profits to the swindler.

Sir Stephen was twice married; and by his second wife, Christiern, daughter of the Rev. Charles Hope, of Naseby, in the county of Lincoln, had two sons, both of whom were dignified with the peerage: Henry, the younger, being elevated to the barony of Holland, and the elder,—

STEPHEN, created 11th of May, 1741, LORD ILCHESTER, of Ilchester, in the county of Somerset, and Baron Strangeways, in the county of Dorset. His lordship was, subsequently, January, 1746-7, created Lord Ilchester and Stavordale, Baron of Redlynch, in the county of Somerset, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, Henry Fox, Esq. Ten years had scarcely elapsed, when other evidences of honour and court favour, were conferred upon him, since we find that on the 5th of June, 1756, he was elevated to an earldom, as EARL OF ILCHESTER, with the same reversionary clause in the patent. This nobleman married, in 1736, Elizabeth, only daughter of, and heiress of Thomas Strangeways Horner, Esq. of Mills Park, in the county of Somerset, and eventually heiress of her brother, Thomas Strangeways, Esq. of Melbury Sanford, in Dorsetshire. His lordship's union with this excellent and wealthy lady, was productive of many of those ties which, in most cases, render, and in all should, the wedded life, one of reciprocal duty and affection, since three sons and four daughters were the beloved "olive branches" which formed the best ornament to their table, and the warmest comforts to their happy hearth.

His Lordship, who assumed upon his marriage the additional surname and arms of Strangeways, died on the 29th of September, 1776, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry Thomas, who thus became the *second* Earl of Ilchester. This nobleman, in 1772, married Mary Theresa, daughter of Standish Grady, Esq. of Cappercluin, in the county of Limerick, by whom he had issue

Henry Stephen, the present Earl; Harriet, married to L. Frampton, Esq.; Elizabeth Theresa, (who married, first, William Davenport Talbot, Esq., and, secondly, the Hon. Captain

P

Fielding, of the Royal Navy); Mary Lucy (married, first, to T. M. Talbot, Esq., and he dying, to Sir Christopher Cole, a captain in the Naval Armament of England; Charlotte Anne, married to Sir Charles Lemon, Bart.; and Louisa Emma, the present excellent and respected Marchioness of Lansdowne. His first lady being summoned to other realms, his lordship, we mean Henry Thomas, the second earl, in 1794, again selected a helpmate to aid the comforts of home. His choice upon this occasion fell upon Juliana, daughter of the Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham, by whom he had three sons, William Thomas Homer, Giles Digby Robert, and John.

This Nobleman died on the 5th September, 1802, and, as we have before shewn, was succeeded by HENRY STEPHEN FOX STRANGEWAYS, the present, and *third* EARL OF ILCHESTER.

It frequently happens that the "short and simple annals of the poor" are to the full as instructive, and to a certain extent as interesting, as the events which travelled with the career of the rich, the titled, or the powerful. It is not every one who is born great that desires to make what is vulgarly termed "a noise in the world," nor does every nobleman aspire to become famous as a public character, or distinguished as a politician. These trite observations will apply with much truth to the life and habits of the noble subject of our sketch. Although in earlier life characterized by the ardency of spirit with which he entered upon any occupation or amusement, he was bent to perfect or accomplish, and he seldom left it till he had done so; and although he is now, as then, respected where he mostly resides, and honoured by those who enjoy the greatest share of his society; yet, of late years, his has rather been the quiet of a liberal retirement, than a bustling participation in the varieties and changes of a political career, or a fashionable existence. This retirement has been, however, in a great degree, the result of severe accident and painful necessity. We will explain. His Lordship was greatly attached to, and a keen follower of the sports of the chase; as a fox-hunter few surpassed, still fewer equalled him. In fact, he was generally

"The first to lead the cry,
The last to quit the field."

Upon one occasion, however, when hunting in some of the low vales of Dorsetshire, where the country is heavy, the brooks wide, and the leaps strong, and nearly at the end of a trying run, the progress of the "*field*" was for a moment slackened by the fox taking a very broad water-course. The swiftest reined up, and the stoutest hesitated; but LORD ILCHESTER was determined to lead on, and essay the jump, formidable as it was. He rode at it, his horse attempted it, but the jaded strength of the fine quadruped was not sufficient to second the fire of its spirit, and the enthusiasm of its noble rider; for it just reached the opposite bank only to totter, fall, and with its weight nearly crush the latter. His Lordship was taken up greatly mutilated, with his leg and thigh severely fractured, and thus did that, which was his delight, prove the cause of after years great deprivation and acute suffering!

"Oh, where is he, so oft we saw
Fly on with lightning pace,
He, the bold spirit of our hunt,
The leader of the chase?
Oh! he hath laid on bed of pain,
And bid farewell to spur and rein."

As a country gentleman, a magistrate, or personage of authority, his Lordship is energetic, useful, and respected; and in all these influential characters, as well as those of neighbour and friend,

"His wise performance wins the world's applause."

The Earl married, in 1812, Caroline Leonora, daughter of the Right Honourable and Right Reverend Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's, by whom he has issue, his heir,

Henry Lord Stavordale, born 7th January, 1816; Stephen, born 21st March, 1817; and two daughters. His Lady died in January, 1819, an event also calculated to increase a desire for quitting the pomps and vanities of a fickle world.

"By *their deeds* shall ye know them," saith the book of holy writ, and spiritual encouragement, the same sacred source informs us, that "good works" are preferable to many professions, and the parable of the Publican, "who stood afar off, and would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven," beautifully illustrates the fact. Now, the *Motto* of the *Ilchester* family, forcibly and expressively maintains the same doctrine. In fact, it is a noble sentence, a brief commentary upon our duty through life, full of large meanings and sound sense. It is "*Faire sans dire*," in other words, and in its free and enlarged meaning—*DEEDS not WORDS*—performances and not merely *promises*. Here is a lesson for deceit to learn and falsehood to con; here is a homily to comfort sincerity, and make generosity proud of its name; Here is a text which his ancestors have affixed to his escutcheon, and which the EARL OF ILCHESTER practises; for

"Led by the *Motto* of his titled race,
Deeds and not words, his mortal pageant grace." *

"I'VE SEEN HER SMILE."

I've seen her smile—and thought it bliss
To bask within such sunlight rays,
To catch the graceful features move
Upon the lovely face to gaze.
I've seen her smile, and all around
Confess'd the rapture smiles inspire,
Each tongue delighting in her praise,
Each look betraying inward fire.

I've seen her weep,—the large bright tear
Stood sparkling in her eye of blue;
Her quiv'ring lips were cold and pale,
Her cheeks had lost their roseate hue,
But still so lovely did she seem,
So beauteous, e'en in sorrow's fears,
That let who will have Sylvia's smiles
I covet, only, Sylvia's tears!

* *

* The creations of the family were—Baron, 11th May, 1741; Baron (with extended limitations) 3rd Jan. 1746-7; Earl, 5th June, 1756.—The town residence of the Earl is 31, Old Burlington-street; his country seats, Melbury House and Abbotsbury Castle, Dorsetshire, and Redlynch Park, in the county of Somerset.

MARIA,
A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth just bursting on the wing;
Elate and joyous as the lark, when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.

"Years came and went—we met again, but what a change
was there!

The glassy calmness of the eye, that whisper'd of despair:
The fitful flushing of the cheek—the lips compress'd and
thin—

The clench of the attenuate hands—proclaim'd the strife
within!"

Maria was in the possession of all that birth and fortune could confer; she was the only daughter of affectionate parents, by whom her every wish was anticipated, and every delight bestowed: through the first eighteen years of her existence she had passed without a single care, without experiencing a single regret. Amiable as she was good, every one loved her; and Maria loved all that partook of that divine essence of virtue, from whose fountain her own heart had been supplied. Then she was happy,—*then she was innocent*,—but, alas! the scene changed; a serpent nestled among the flowers of her path, and its poison vitiated all that was so lovely,—destroyed for ever the happiness of poor Maria!

I was present the very first night Maria saw Captain Sydenham; he had returned from the Peninsula full of glory and honour; his name rendered him welcome to every society, and his bland and courteous demeanour soon established him a favourite with all men. He was the fellow-soldier, too, of Maria's brother; had experienced with him the perils of warfare, and with him returned to his native land to enjoy the reward of his dangers and his toils. I saw him on that eventful night, when he first entered the family circle at —; that family whose happiness he was destined to destroy,—whose fairest object was to be the victim of his artifices, and to sink from her exaltation down to the very lowest scale of misery. Never looked Maria so eminently beautiful as upon that night;—she listened to the perils of the warrior, and the tear-pearls, starting from her eye-lids, evinced the interest she felt in the narration, and more forcibly set off the natural pensive cast of her complexion. What breast could have harboured feelings of evil towards her?—what being could have cherished thoughts deadly to the purity and holiness of that spirit which pervaded her fragile frame? *Sydenham was that man.*

I marked the attention which was paid her,—the gallantries which Sydenham exerted; they were respectful, and the half-blushing girl, welcoming even while rejecting the incense that was offered at her shrine, evinced that her young heart was not indifferent to her admirer. On that night I parted with Maria; the next morning I quitted —, and returned to the metropolis.

Still the recollection of what had transpired the preceding night haunted me as I proceeded on my journey; the innocence of the blushing girl, and, what to me appeared, the honourable admiration of Sydenham, served to excite a train of the most pleasurable reflections. I beheld, in anticipation, Maria enjoying the love of her affectionate husband, and imparting that pure felicity to her *own* circle in after years, of

which she was now a principal instrument in her father's. In this manner I passed away the time; but other thoughts soon erased the incident from my memory, and Maria and her lover were thought of no more.

Three years had elapsed since that period, when one winter's evening, as I was sitting alone in my drawing-room, my servant announced that a strange-looking female desired particularly to see me; she was represented as being in a state of complete destitution, and so feeble as scarce able to raise her foot upon the threshold of the door. Unable to conceive who the stranger could be, I descended to the hall, but in what terms can I express my feelings, when I discovered in the person of the wretched wanderer—*Maria!* Maria, she whom I had once beheld enjoying all the happiness of life,—*Maria*, the innocent, the beautiful Maria, knowing no guile herself, and dreaming not of guile in others; unacquainted with aught but good, believing no evil could exist in the feelings or imaginations of those with whom she was connected. Poor mistaken girl, she learned the bitter truth by sad experience; her pure spirit became vitiated by the contact of a fiend in human shape,—too truly she believed,—too early was a victim!

The tale of Maria is soon told. Sydenham, the gallant Sydenham, was a villain; he won the heart of the guileless girl,—he bore her away from her home of innocence—of happiness; and for a time she enjoyed the dream of felicity, but that dream soon vanished, and the dreadful reality of her situation became apparent. Too late she awakened to the delusion,—too late she found her error; that she had been betrayed when she thought her happiness most secure; that her hopes had been placed upon a fragile reed, which, now that the storm and tempest of suffering burst upon it, broke, and all her joys were dispersed, and scattered away to the winds of heaven,—perished, as though they had never been!

"Thus, thus too oft the traitor, man, repays fond woman's truth;—

Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth:

And sad it is, in grief's like these, o'er visions loved and lost,

That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer most!"

Sydenham was a gamester, and he experienced the gamester's luck,—he was ruined, lost his commission, and became a beggar. and *Maria was forsaken*;—she who had once drunk only of the bright cup of life, was now destined to pay the forfeit of her error, and to drag on her weary existence in shame, in penury! The home of her father would even then have received her,—a drooping mother even then would have welcomed back the wanderer,—and her penitence have partially redeemed her crime. But the distracted girl dared not revisit the scenes of her *innocence*,—she *could not* meet her father's eye,—she could not bear the gentle tones of her mother's voice; no, no, her heart was breaking, she was perishing,—she could not *now* bear the meeting of her parents!

What had Maria left then,—but to die! She was abandoned,—was forlorn; "she could not work,—to beg she was ashamed." In this state, she sought my house; in this state of wretchedness she wandered through the sleet and snow of a winter's night, chilly, homeless, without a friend in the wide world to whom she dared apply for succour. It is impossible

to describe her appearance,—it was evident that her spirit was fast progressing to its last home, and that ere long she would be mingled only with those that had once been. “*Maria!*” exclaimed I, in astonishment. The afflicted girl shrieked at the mention of her name, and fell, in an agony of grief, upon the ground; tears prevented her utterance; she pressed my hand with fevered emotion,—strove to express her sorrow,—but her words were absorbed in her agony,—her aspirations buried in her shame! She was immediately conveyed to a chamber, and every assistance procured that was conceived she needed. Imagining the fearful truth, I sent an express to her parents; they arrived but to receive the last words of the dying girl,—to award to her their forgiveness,—to press her once more in their aged arms,—to kiss once more that pale cheek which had *once* bloomed so brightly,—to soothe her, comfort her, *pray for her!* If the penitence of the guilty is of avail,—if the prayers of the righteous can absolve the errors of their suffering child,—the spirit of poor Maria has been received to that blessed sphere, where neither care nor sorrow is known,—where the spirit of innocence, purified from its earthly taint, rejoices again in all its brightness,—where the beautiful and the good commune together,—where the wicked troubleth not, and the wanderer is at rest. *Maria is in heaven!* * *

A FRAGMENT.

With me—with me,
Love, wilt thou roam?
Wilt thou venture on Life's gay sea,
Alone—alone?
I proffer thee all the bright sunshine of pleasure,
That beams on me now in my chequered career;
I proffer thee all of my life's varied measure,
A share of each smile,—aye, and e'en of each tear:
For true hearts will each have their meed and proportion,
Of joy and of sorrow,—of pleasure and pain;
And when patiently bearing the weight of misfortune
We pray that life's sunshine may waken again;
And the dark valley past, then how welcome the sight,
When we break into scenes of joy, rapture, and light! * *

THE ALBANIAN GIRL.

It was Sunday, and one of the finest days of May; and the sound of the turret clock, as it vibrated through the valley, was the signal for a village *fête*. The maidens ran hastily with their white bonnets in hand; the game-keeper walked soberly, with his bright-barrelled gun resting on his arm; the youngsters carried between them baskets of flowers, and some of them were engaged in tying up garlands to the porch of the parish church, composed of periwinkles and daisies, which floated beneath the ponderous ornaments of its frontage; the swallows, too, described their large circles in the clear blue sky, as if they joyously partook of human pleasure, and scented the perfumes which exhaled around.

But at the manor house another picture was exhibited! The view of this ancient edifice presented to the traveller the assurance of an opulent resident, with family pictures and their large courts open to all comers; from the grandly painted quarterings on the coach of the neighbouring noble, to the simple landau of the industrious merchant—to the beggar carrying his wallet; and to the poor artist who, travelling on

foot, is glad to repose himself beneath the skies of this beautiful and smiling country.

The mistress of this domain was as hospitable in her capacity, as the habitation of which she did the honours was beautiful. She was still handsome, and possessed a degree of *embonpoint* which ensures the continuance of good looks: her gray hair was tastefully arranged underneath a lace cap; it was pleasing to see, amongst those silvery curls, a few artificial roses, which set ridicule at defiance. In fact, satire would have disgraced the lips of any man who encountered the benevolent and affectionate smile of Madame de Robert, and when he had pressed her plump white hand, it was impossible to refrain from that sympathy with virtue, which existed in the atmosphere surrounding this exemplary woman.

With those splendid talents and high character which is required in a civil magistrate, Aurelian de Robert had all his mother's personal charms and goodness of heart. A firm resolve, or, in other words, a strong attachment determined him to espouse a young person, neither distinguished by name or fortune, but one whom the rich and powerful family de Robert could not reject, without entailing on themselves the charge of injustice.

There she shone in all her native grace, unaided by diamonds or *paint*, wearing only the orange blossom in her hair (the bridal flower), and a transparent gauze veil,—the picture of grace, of poetry, and of youth. Laura was no longer a child, she had a knowledge of the world; nevertheless, in the midst of the solemn circle of relatives that were assembled, she felt an awkwardness of restraint that betrayed her love of liberty, and which in *her* appeared as a new grace. If she fancied she was neglected, or treated slightly in company, she could assume a different appearance; her thoughtful aspect became imposing, and the sweet seriousness of her countenance partook of the modest consciousness of intellectual superiority.

It was an affecting scene to witness the love and respect with which Madame de Robert and her son treated Laura,—the poor deserted orphan whose claims on them were cemented by the heart, ere the ritual of the *law* gave it a sanction.

Aurelian was mayor of the district; and not being able to perform the *civil* ceremony *himself*, had summoned his assistant, an honest farmer, who was totally out of his place in such society, and sighed grievously for the moment when he should be released of his starched cravat and his dignity. But that there might be no pause between the acts of the civil and religious minister, the agonies of the good civilian were prolonged, because the curate was not returned from visiting a dying person who resided at some distance. This necessitous absence incommoded more than the poor magistrate, for the company who were fully prepared to play their parts in the amusements of the day, were disconcerted to see their plans so subverted.

Laura could not resist feeling this inconvenience, although she had learnt to submit to circumstances. She walked out upon a terrace beautifully ornamented with flowers, where, leaning upon the balustrade, she cast a pensive glance over the surrounding country. From henceforward it was to be *hers*, within whose boundaries all her affections, aspirations and hopes were to be centered! To her noble and free spirit, the dominion of the world would scarcely afford breathing space, how should she then ever be able to limit her thoughts to this simple spot of earth; her steps to paths which would always lead to the same point!—A low chamber to shelter

every night a head full of ardent imaginings,—panting for travel and associates of genius!—A climate, bringing in regular succession both heat and cold, without her having power to hasten or retard the effects of either! In one single hour all would be concluded! and a mortal shiver came over her heart.

Then she thought of Aurelian. Love is like magic: it renders the most improbable things quite easy and natural. The artist became again *woman*, and the anticipations of another species of felicity effaced the futile regrets for that which had passed away.

Where shall we seek to find a mind sufficiently sceptical to doubt the promises of love, to repulse those flattering vows poured into the ear, and which sink so quietly into the heart? If *there does* such a mind exist, at least it is not *WOMAN'S*! Laura's reflections, being once turned to love and happiness, was absorbed in the contemplation, when the hasty steps of some one, grated harshly on the gravel. She turned and beheld a traveller covered with dust, his disordered hair fell over his fallow forehead, his beard was thick and black, and his large eyes shone bright and luminous as the stars of heaven.—“Oh, my God! it is you?” cried Laura, as she threw herself into his arms, “It is you—who have come to make this the most delightful day of my life!”—“My sister, my child!” said the stranger, as he caressed her, and her beautiful ringlets fell over his face, “I am not come too late then?”

“No, no; you will assist at my wedding; you will see the church and the altar, and you will make a splendid picture of the ceremony, will you not? Oh! how well you must paint by this time!”

“And you, dear Laura, have you abandoned the art?”

“Oh, no! he loves to see me employed at my easel!”

“*The Cit!*” murmured the stranger in a low tone of voice, “are we alone here?”

Laura turned pale, and threw an uneasy glance across the park; then, after a moment's hesitation, she led her brother into the apartment she inhabited, and, having shut the door, sunk in afright into a chair, faintly requiring an explanation.

“My child,” said her brother, “twenty years seniority gives me the right to call you so, and to consider you as my daughter; have you reflected sufficiently on the step you are about to take?”

“Reflected? yes, Carlos! I do love him.”

“Ah, woman!” cried he, and stamped his foot, “to love a mere cit! You, my sister, to love an expositor of the written law; a man of business, one who measures out his life by the compass, and who will condemn that man to the scaffold whose span is an inch more or less than his! Listen to me. You are free, and I love you; you may marry, and I will not quarrel with you; what I wrote you from Rome, I now repeat; choose for yourself. But I am arrived, a little too late I perceive; and it is not when your brow is adorned with the bridal coronet that I can hope to restore you to liberty. You shall hear my parting words, and then I will sign my name to your marriage contract. I will submit to circumstances, and love you better than ever, because you will need it then, my poor child!”

Laura was overcome by his expostulation, and covering her pure white forehead with her delicate hand, a tear which she vainly endeavoured to restrain, fell upon her bouquet of jasmine and orange-blossom.

Carlos, who paced the room in silence, stopped suddenly to

look at his sister. “Beautiful as the Virgin of Corregio!” said he, “and with such poetry of motion, such vigour of soul, such genius in the fingers, to think of vegetating amongst lawyers and calculators, who know nothing but how to get fortunes; and you, my sister, are to be the upper servant to one of these men! Oh, Laura, Laura, without doubt they have taken pains to prove to thee, that woman was not born a free agent, and that the love of distinction was dishonourable to her; they must have sprinkled water and ashes over the sacred fire which burnt in your veins! My sister, my child, my pupil is lost, for ever lost!”

“No, Carlos; such as God made me, they have caressed and loved; far from sacrificing to them my tastes, my independence, and my love of the arts, it is he and his mother who have sacrificed for my sake their prejudices, to draw me into the bosom of their family; to make me a partaker of their pleasures without debaring me of my own.”

“They have deigned then, to pardon thy excelling genius! Tell me, does thy husband pardon thee, also, for having the beauty that Vandylke was in search of? Has he not commanded thee to put those rebel curls under the hand of a *friseur*? to brace thy Andalusian waist with irons? to subdue the lustre of thine eye, and to use cosmetics to change the oriental tint of thy skin? Oh! calm thy anguish, dear one—thy spouse is charming! thy mother-in-law all perfect! They resign their tastes to your's; they admit you to their honours without reproach. Do you know, however, what duties your condition imposes on you? Do you know what slavery is? Have you spent an entire hour in a prison; and do you not know that life is of a long date? Dost thou see those dry ditches, those broken bastions, that bridge which they no longer draw up? it was by those restraints they formerly guarded their wives. In the court-yard were men at arms, and preparations for battle; outside the wall existed war, dangers, murders, ravishers, crimes and infamy. These were but trifling troubles after all, if there was a handsome page in the castle, and a husband in Palestine! Now a-days there are stronger trammels for woman's bondage than mailed soldiers and fortified walls—prejudices, customs! These are your ties, and *woe* to the person who breaks through them? The women despise him, and the men neglect him! Farewell, then, to liberty!—The failing crops, or the minister's friendship,—or, thy mother-in-law's gout; or, the care of a rich uncle's heritage,—or, perhaps, when thou art on the point of giving a son to thy happy spouse, and fearing that he may be disappointed of that dearest hope (for a woman in your station must not be treated like a *common person*), rigid prudence will condemn thee to a tiresome confinement of six months, and they will sacrifice, without pity, that lovely youthful face, to the birth or uncertain hope of a little Viscount.

“Farewell my hopes of the future! Farewell the laurels of victory! Farewell Italy!”

“Aurelian wishes to visit Italy us much as I do. Did I not write you that I would meet you there?”

“Yes; posting it with an escort of soldiers to protect your movements in the Appennines, and your places at the theatre, in the ambassador's box. Adieu to our intellectual repasts, where the painter's imagination revels in the charms of the opera dancer's graces, as she skips like a bacchante to the frenzied song of the inebriated! The inebriation of the artist! It is the fiery exaltation of a sublime delirium, the burning sensation of intellectual delight!

An irruption of celestial fire, which shewed itself on the palette of Salvator, and under the bow of Tartini.* Go! where, in the circles which await thee, enthusiasm is the cause of scandal; and cold and vapid of mind, you must renounce all the pleasures of imagination, and those nocturnal walks we used to delight in amongst the relics of antiquity; and the silent extacies which enshrined us under the gothic arches of the temples of the middle ages. Piety is the duty of a mother of a family; thou wilt go to church to pray to God, and may be, experience such transport as I have seen thee express, when thou wast living by the inspiration of thy pencil. Call to mind our residence together in Paris, our house on the deserted quay, the old city, the renowned of history. Call to mind those two towers, rival sisters, raising their luminous points in the air, while the moon coyly played among the branches of the trees, forming silvery festoons in their aerial galleries! and now thou wilt live, Laura, in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, amidst newly-raised streets, strait as classic verse, white as the hand of idleness. And what wilt thou do, Laura? thou a wandering sultana, in the midst of a vulgar herd, whose scent will overpower the odour of thy perfumes, and whose young men will shout aloud the praises of thy beauty, in spite of the shining broad-sword hanging to the belt of thy footman."

"Stop, Carlos! stop, I beseech thee! your observations disquiet me," said Laura, the rapid palpitations of whose heart were scarcely bearable; "for pity's sake do not compel me to look back upon a period past beyond recall; lovely as youth, and like it too, irrecoverable!"

"And thou dost think so," said the artist, as he seized his sister in his arms, and his eyes emitted sparks of fire, "thou dost think that we can never be happy again! Who then has broken the cup, and hidden the fragments? What fetters bind thee? These alone—" and he hastily snatched the *bouquet* of orange-flowers from her brow, and crushed it to pieces!"

"Carlos, I have sworn—"

"Man has no right to take an oath, since he is not master of the means to keep it. Madman, to bind himself to the morrow! as well might he expect that every day should be equally fair."

"But I am a woman, dear brother, and want something to love. I was alone in the world, and I have found a family; I dreamed of love, and I have been so happy as to inspire it."

"Genius, Laura, is of *no sex*. The woman born to perpetuate the species, and the artist who creates a species of our own, are distinct beings. The world has claims upon the artist; the details of common life were not created for her. Soon must disgust and weariness—a weariness the most painful and tortuous, terminate the futile promises of happiness she looks forward to. Ah! how often have you promised me never to be any thing but an artist. You were so proud of your freedom, of your pure and unconstrained manners, tranquil in the consciousness of innocence! It was not worth while to refuse Menriquez, who adored thee, and would have placed thy image in all the inventions of his rising talent. But you abandoned him for your mutual benefit; and now that he has obtained renown under the sky of his native land,

he blesses thy decree; he dreams still of thee beneath the walls of the Alhambra; he weeps, while he blesses thee for having saved him! Dost thou remember the day when his pale face expressed the agony of his soul at thy refusal; and how his enthusiasm lit up those features like a shining lamp, at the dazzling picture of a painter's life, which thou openedst to his view? 'She is right!' said he to his companions, 'Alvarez, Guñtan, Bragos, to Spain!' 'To Spain, to Spain,' cried some of them; 'To Rome,' exclaimed others. And a poor plaster-cast, which represented Cupid with his arrows and his bandeau, was broken in shivers as a holocaust to liberty. Ah! how much my pupils loved you! what respect they felt for your candour! At the sound of your footsteps the models were all laid aside, and the benches upset! and when by chance you sat down on the fragment of a column, your black hair flowing on the Mantilla, in less than a minute you were represented on twenty easels, as if the studio had held twenty mirrors to reflect your figure.

"Ah! how their hearts palpitated, and their imaginations became heated, when they saw thee! what a spirit thou infusedst into their pencils! what a vigour was diffused through their works! And that passion with which you were surrounded was pure and holy in all those young minds captivated by my Laura."

"Now, alas! you are going to be the object of a peaceful quiet affection,—an affection devoid of jealousy or reverence, devoid of enthusiasm or devotion! Then it will be said of you, she was celebrated, but she has fallen into obscurity; she had a grand destiny in perspective, but she has obliterated it by *household duties*; she has abandoned *glory* to obtain *respect*! O misery! it is as much as to say, she turned our brains, and we cried out when we saw her—on your knees, O people! She was, as a star in the heavens, and we have stolen her brilliancy to ornament our diadem; the world would have claimed her, but we have stolen her from thence! Let her be grateful, then, that we have deprived her of the renown of history, and have nestled her in our humble station. And if they should suspect that one passing regret reigns in your heart,—if they should surprise an unbidden tear stealing down your cheek,—the barbarians will make it a crime. For, my sister, the melancholy of a wife *dishonours* her spouse; to be virtuous *to the letter*, she must renounce tears."

Carlos wept as he thus spake to his sister, who threw herself into his arms, and was embraced with an ardour that seemed to fear she would instantly be snatched from him.

"Rest thee here," said the painter, pressing her to his bosom, the tears falling on the head of the bride. "Child," added he, "thou who wouldst have a family, say, hast thou not the world? Thou who adoptest it for thy country, dost thou find it too vast? Of what consequence to the Bohemian is the land which his errant steps tread over, or the sky under which he reposes his independent spirit? The earth—is it not his? does not the sun shine in all places of the globe? Thus it is with the artist; the universe is his family—his country is the climate which inspires him. And canst thou complain of being alone in the world?—alone! ungrateful girl! and Carlos, thy brother, still alive!"

"My brother," uttered the young girl, as she threw her white arms round the painter's neck.

"Weep," said he, "weep, my Laura. I saw thy birth, I cradled thee on my knees, I have sung thee to sleep, and thou hast forgotten it all! Thou increasedst in stature by my side,—I nourished thee by my tender care,—I brought forth

* This is the inspiration which produces the extraordinary effects of Paganini's genius—electrifying and delighting to madness.—Ed.

thy youthful talent, and thou leavest me! I fashioned thee for freedom, and behold thou art a slave! Supported by each other, we set futurity at defiance!—each of us had a heart for the other; yet thou sayest, thou wast alone.”

Again Laura embraced her brother.

“Curse on it!” cried he, “why didst thou not tell me thy wishes sooner? I would have formed thy mind for the world in which thou desiredst to live; I would have abridged the bands of fellowship, and speedily naturalized thee into the society which is so attractive, thou wouldst not then have lived amongst them as a stranger, awkward and timid, in the centre of a circle where thou must not speak thy own tongue. But it is useless to talk now, the branches are obedient to the hands that bend them—the tree bends not, but breaks! Go, then, and be consumed with misery and disgust; go and vegetate on this unworthy soil, where space will be wanting for thy footing, air for thy lungs, and independence for thy attractions. And I!—I who have only thee, my sister, I will toil my weary days away, far from thee, who *could* have rendered them so happy!”

“Ah!” cried Laura, as she tore the bridal *bouquet* from her bosom.

“See how clear the sky is, the balmy air is intoxicating, the horizon is expansive,” said Carlos, his countenance dazzling with joyous hope; see how beautiful the country appears! It is all our own—the universe is ours!”

Again they embraced each other with fervour.

“Freedom!” said Carlos, enthusiastically.

“Freedom!” repeated Laura, drawing a long breath.

She instantly sat down, and wrote a few words, and enclosed the white wreath which she took from her brow, and placing it on the table, she cast a last look round that room she was about to quit for ever—“Let us go!” said she, as she caught her brother’s arm.

The curate was returned, the tapers were lit upon the altar, the books of registry were opened, and the company were ready to repair to the church, when Aurelian, having vainly sought his bride in the park and the gardens, repaired to her chamber; when he shuddered at the sight of the crushed flowers, which lay upon the floor. With a trembling hand he caught at the note, and coronet which lay beside it,—“I restore this bridal wreath,” said Laura, “I never shall be yours—I never will be anothers!”

“Laura! where is she?” asked Aurelian, in the voice of a maniac, of the guests, who were already waiting on the terrace.

“My daughter!” said Madame de Robert, in alarm.

The party looked at each other in astonishment. Meanwhile, at the extremity of a long and dusty road, a travelling carriage was observed to post rapidly along; the smack of the postillion’s whip, and his loud verbiage was yet to be heard, and the heavy rolling of the carriage wheels threw up clouds of dust behind it.

Aurelian became seriously ill; a brain fever had nearly robbed the country of one of its brightest ornaments.

In the following year he regained his mental powers by means of a *mercurial* dose, which seldom fails. His friends considered it a duty to rouse him by proportioning the eulogy of his merits, to the extent of his misfortune and his talents. It was the first consolatory tribute he received, and he enjoyed it in spite of himself.

In the succeeding year Madame de Robert was ill, and Aurelian nursed his mother with devotion and anxiety. When

she had recovered, Aurelian understood the value of the blessing that was left to him, by the agonies of grief he experienced when he thought he was about to lose his parent for ever. His powers of feeling had not all been exhausted by the flight of Laura, but his powers of loving had ceased; he lived that year solely for his *mother*.

In the next year, he married a young lady of good family, whose portion was 30,000 livres; and by the power of continual repetition, “that Fortune has a direct influence in the constitution of happiness,” he was brought to believe so.

The following year he became a father, and attached himself to the mother of his child.

And in the next year he took his family to Paris. One day he set out to see those *chef d’œuvres* of art, which Horace Vernet had just sent to Paris. The crowd was extreme in the gallery of the Luxembourg, for the portrait of a young Albanian girl attracted every eye. Her robe was of a pale rose colour, the lace with which it was ornamented was white as the May-blossom, thus assimilating in a novel manner, the deep tone of his warm colouring with the shadows of his foreground. “What delicacy of skin!” said the beholders; “what modesty in the brow! what a cast of face! what thoughts are buried under that devout look! what passions hidden beneath that calm, meditative aspect! no Frenchwoman ever inspired the idea of that tender but ardent subject.”

Aurelian walked nearer to the picture of the beautiful Albanian. It was the portrait of Laura he beheld. Surprise and admiration overcame his feelings, and he fainted!

Aurelian is a worthy man; he will be a peer of France if the country becomes elective; or minister—and the ministry will become more constitutional.

THE PERISHED GIFT.

The flower is perished!—All its leaves
Forsake their fragile hold;
Like hopes that blossom for an hour,
The next, in death lie cold.

But even then the steadfast heart
Still holds to those prized things;
Though faded all and past away,
To these it fondly clings.

Such this poor flower, though perish’d quite,
And all its incense gone;
Still shall be cherish’d, lov’d and priz’d,
Still at my heart be worn.

’Twas given by one, whom Fate’s stern power,
Call’d to the stormy main;
His parting gift, my only dowry,
’Till he returns again.

ELLEN.

MARY THE PRUDE.

Mary was a very pretty, a very interesting girl, nay, a very amiable girl,—but Mary was, nevertheless, a *prude*; and prudish too at an age when the young spirit generally bounds to the syren minstrelsy of pleasure, and expands beneath the radiant sun of unchequered life. Mary was cold, precise, and formal; a pattern and model of decorum herself, she neither excused, nor would allow of any thing beyond the strict and formal etiquette of society, and boasted frequently of platonic

affection and reciprocal esteem. Mary had a younger sister, who, unfortunately, had a very different disposition; warm-hearted, generous, affable, and kind,—but as good-hearted a little creature as ever rambled across a lawn, or plucked wild roses from the hedges, or gathered buttercups in the fields and meadows. These were the characteristics of the girls in childhood; they grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength; and when Mary had arrived at the womanly age of twenty-one, and Lucy at the more juvenile period of eighteen, the one was a downright prude, the other a merry good-tempered little soul, with a lover, a *boudoir*, and a spaniel dog. Mary eschewed these things,—the *boudoir* was too careless and toyish, the spaniel was too noisy, and as for the lover—Dear me, the poor girl was alarmed at the very mention of the word. Though Madame Rumour did tell a very strange story of Mary Woodbine having been seen one evening reclining upon the arm of a military gentleman, walking down the hawthorn lane leading to G—, looking prettier than ever, and so happy! But Madame Rumour tells fibs very often,—and who could ever suspect Mary?

Lucy had a lover, a good, kind, affectionate lover; their passion was mutual. The giddy girl, though she delighted to tease her faithful Edmund, and make him look very foolish, or very wise, as lovers generally do when their ladies have the inclination to tantalize, which they often have, (whether to their credit or not I will not say, we must not be the first to blame our sex) still Lucy loved him, tenderly and truly, and who could have the heart to sever two such faithful ones?

Mary had.—I will not say what occasioned her conduct, but it is certain that her guardian had taxed her severely about the rumours respecting the military gentleman in the hawthorn lane, and to shift the burthen off her own shoulders, she placed it upon her pretty sister's directly, revealing the whole course of love, and all the meetings and appointments, which were in consequence immediately broken, for Lucy was confined to her *boudoir*. Mary was again thought a model of propriety; she lectured Lucy upon the indecorum of her attachment, and delivered a sage discourse upon the ridiculous nature of love, and the sublime tendency of platonic affection; she ordered all the pretty books in the house to be locked-up in her own apartment, and delivered to her sister "The Whole Duty of Man," "Seneca's Morals," and a few other virtuous books of the same description. Lucy, with a heavy heart, received the books, and threw them down in a pet after her sister had quitted the *boudoir*, when, lo and behold, what should peep out from between the leaves of one of the large moral books, but the edge of a little note, nicely folded! Lucy immediately opened the volume in extacy, and a neat bath-wove gilt-edged billet revealed itself, which the pretty prisoner had the curiosity to read, for it began with "*My dearest Mary!*" and finished with "*thine ever truly and affectionately, Alexander!*"!!! Here was a discovery!—and to Mary too!—whoever would have thought it?

The bell was instantly rung, and, at the request of Lucy, Mary shortly entered the *boudoir*, with a look and aspect of gravity. "My dear, dear, dear sister Mary," joyously exclaimed the enraptured romp, as she sprang upon the neck of the prude,—"*how is A—lex—an—der?*" "Alexander!" rejoined the astonished girl, "I do not understand you Lucy."

"Oh no, *you* have no notion of the tender passion; love is a very ridiculous thing, *very* ridiculous,—and platonic attachment the most divine affection upon the earth; but still we

all—now and then—like a little—*Alexander*. Now and then, sister,—eh?" And a merry laugh completed the meaning of the gay girl?"

"Sister Lucy, sister Lucy—" exclaimed Mary, with a look of austere gravity.

"Sister Mary, sister Mary," rejoined Lucy, imitating the serious tones of the prude, "what a naughty thing it is for young ladies to allow young gentlemen, and *officers* too, to write pretty hotpressed gilt-edged billets, teeming with vows and protestations, and *esprit de rose*, so very tender, and so sweetly scented—ha! ha! ha! my pretty prude, look here!" and with a laugh she revealed the note.

"Lucy!" exclaimed the detected prude.

"Oh Mary, Mary, you lent me *good* books!—very *pretty* books indeed for a young lady's contemplation!—But here's my hand, sister; effect my release, and make peace between me and my guardian, and I'll say no more about it."

"My good kind Lucy, I am ashamed—but I will instantly endeavour to procure your pardon," and the pretty blushing Mary hastened out of the *boudoir* as speedily as possible.

Hour after hour elapsed, and Lucy became impatient for the return of her sister with the promised pardon, until at length she rung the bell; the servant who attended the summons, replied to Lucy's enquiry, that Mary had not been seen since she quitted the *boudoir*; that she instantly proceeded from thence into her dressing-room, and, taking her bonnet and shawl, had left the house the next moment. Lucy became alarmed, and her fears were increased when her guardian, entering the *boudoir*, enquired whether Lucy could throw any light upon her sister's elopement; but Lucy was relieved from betraying the cause of Mary, by the arrival of one of the servants, who had seen Mary Woodbine, *the prude*, lifted into a travelling chariot that was waiting at the top of the hawthorn lane, by a gentleman in regimentals! This idea was truly alarming; the fugitives were instantly pursued, and people sent in all directions: but Mary Woodbine had been seen by the family for the last time, for, on the ensuing morning, she returned as *Mrs.* —, having become the wife of the "gentleman in regimentals" on the day that she completed her twenty-first year, and her fortune became her own.

"I never will believe that there is such a thing as a *real prude* in the world!" exclaimed Lucy, as the happy party assembled at the breakfast table, forgiving and forgiven,—"*since I have been deceived in my sister, my own sister Mary!*"

LAURA PERCY.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Fair and gentle reader!—so called from time immemorial; you, who beguiling the hours in the shadowy splendour of your *boudoir*, or the brighter glories of your drawing-room, throw your eyes (*brilliant* we doubt not) upon the "lettered pages" of "THE WORLD OF FASHION;" and, amidst their varieties, glance upon our right genuine critiques, have you, or have you not an idea of the confusion, the perils, and the fatigues, which a *reviewer* must experience, before he can indite an article which, combining solidity of judgment with raciness of fancy, strict impartiality with due leniency, and sobriety of reflection, with a little effervescence of humour—sometimes 'ycleped *satire*—is worthy of being offered for your perusal. You raise your glass languidly, and with an

air of surprise enquire, to what Herculean labour we allude? Sufficient—we perceive that you are as unacquainted with the whole affair as *Paganini* was with the present spirit of our countrymen; but we will throw some light upon the matter, and pray you to believe that “the path of the true critic is not always interwoven with flowers.” Imagine then, courteous reader, a reviewer—we will say a *little elderly* gentleman, averaging at fifty, with something of the bachelor’s preciseness about him, broad brimmed hat set rather *coxcomically* on one side, powdered hair, silver spectacles, keen grey eyes, and a somewhat—yes, a *somewhat* satirical curve of the lip, linen of sparkling purity, a suit of reverend black, and a pair of *Hoby’s* refulgent, with “*Warren’s best*,” imagine him thus looking and thus attired, winding his way, cautiously, for in spite of the comely outline of his right foot he may, perchance, enjoy an occasional twinge of the gout,—winding his way cautiously up the stone stair-case of *Somerset House*, visiting successively the *Antique Academy* and the *Library*, and at length arriving, *via* the anti-room, at “the great room,” as it is laconically, yet descriptively, termed in the catalogue, edited by the *R. A.’s*. Our friend is somewhat later than he intended, and a bevy of beauty, youth, grace, and fashion, opens upon his ken as with the staid air of an *elderly bachelor*, he makes his *entrée*: five hundred creatures, glitteringly and fancifully arrayed, shedding perfumes as they hover round, and looking more like the sylphic creations of the poet’s brain than the beings of this earth, dazzle his imagination in a moment, and it is, consequently, some time before he can recover himself sufficiently to discover that there are other things in “the great room,” besides hats and ribbons, gems and flowers, pretty feet and still prettier faces. At length he breaks the charm, and rallies his ideas; *Elty’s* divine picture arrests his eye, he turns hastily to inspect it,—a voice whose tones are *very questionably* gentle, interrupts him,—“*Excuse me, sir*,”—he moves to apologize, and finds that he has *merely*, by his sudden evolution, given the bonnet of rice-straw, late on his fair neighbour’s head, a comfortable resting-place upon her shoulders. Had the owner possessed a profusion of exquisite ringlets, such as we read of in romance, she might have, privately, uttered a *thanksgiving* for the accident; but, alas! the affair has published to the world, that the golden curls which embellish her brow, claim no affinity with the rusty locks on the top of her pericranium. The critic bows, deprecatingly, to the lady who, with the aspect of *Tyriphone*, pushes on her bonnet, *blonde* and all, and mutters, “*Do not mention it, I beg*.” Her condescension demands another bow; it is made;—the critic turns away and treads heavily upon something. “*Good gracious! mamma, that old gentleman has nearly broken my instep*!” He turns again;—a fair girl, beautiful as an angel, with an expression of agony, draws up her delicate little foot, and leans upon a stately Dowager, dressed in all the extravagance of the mode. “*My dear Augusta! let me lead you to a seat—really the crowd is frightfully—abominably ill-bred—I wonder at such rudeness*!” Another apology! the heart of the critic is melted, and he expresses his sorrow in *earnest*, a soft blush of diffidence, and a sweet smile of courtesy reward him; with a lingering glance he withdraws; but for many seconds after, the fair features of the girl beam upon his fancy. At length he seriously sets to work; draws forth his tablets, takes out his “*Mordan*,” and consults his catalogue;—so, so—“grouping admirable,”—“outline pure,”—“colour rich and transparent,” &c. &c.; the pictures pass in array

before him, each receives some comment, his ivory is nearly covered, and his catalogue bears numerous hieroglyphics quite as intelligible to other eyes, as the inscriptions on the tomb of *Ismendes*. In the mean time, the numerous remarks of blunderers fall upon his ear, and now and then an aristocratical tone, or the voice of one who speaks from a knowledge of the subject steals beautifully in, and comes as refreshing to the critic as the waters of a fountain in some green and shady nook are to the pilgrim of the desert; while ladies who secretly examine each other’s finery in the crowd, and gentlemen who fix a tailor-like glance upon their neighbour’s linen or broad-cloth, look vacantly upon the splendid productions before them, and positively marvel at “*what people can see in painted canvas to praise it so highly*.”

The crowd thickens—group after group of *elegantes* throng the rooms; and the first point, as concerns the pictures, is to recognise the portraits of themselves and their friends.—“*There, what do you think of our pictures?—Phillips has done us justice, has he not?*” “*Mamma, there’s a portrait of Charles, and it is very like*.” “*Dear me! that’s her ladyship,—well, Emmeline, my love, it is nature itself*.”—But here we must pause, for our critic, after having met with the nine hundred and ninety-nine interruptions peculiar to an Exhibition, takes out his watch, and finding that it is actually twenty-five minutes past four, deliberately replaces it, calculates that he has been exactly five hours and a quarter in the rooms, feels overpowered with fatigue, and recollects that he must repeat his visit a second, a third, and a fourth time before his object is answered. The result is that he, sedately, puts up his tablets, his “*Mordan*,” and his catalogue, and with a farewell glance round the storied walls, makes his unceremonious exit. Then—when the article is “out”—come the railings of professionals—the denouncement of the unfortunate reviewer, and the acrimonious *critique* upon the critic;—he did his duty, mingled praise and censure as was due, *strove to draw merit from obscurity*, but—“*he did not take notice of every picture, drawing, model, and enamel in the Exhibition, and therefore he did wrong*.”—Reader! what think you now?

1. “*Margaret at Church, tormented by the evil one*.”—33. “*Faust preparing to dance with the young witch, &c. &c.*” R. WESTALL, R. A. No less than *eight* performances are this season exhibited by this popular artist, and, we think, that there is no decrease of his powers. No. 1, is conceived with much poetical grace, and coloured warmly and effectively. 33 displays the academician’s ability as a draughtsman, and both form important illustrations of the translation of *Faust* by Lord Francis Leveson Gower.

7. “*Subject from the Merchant of Venice*.” G. S. NEWTON, A.—*Bassanio*, with a disturbed countenance, peruses the letter from *Antonio*, while *Portia* earnestly yet playfully seeking to engage his attention, reminds him that she is privileged to share the contents of the paper. The messenger, cap in hand, waits for the reply. NEWTON has, here, succeeded in producing a very interesting picture; the figure of *Bassanio* is well drawn and coloured, and the expression is good. There is infinite grace and tenderness about *Portia*, who, standing beside him, takes hold of the blue ribbon round his neck, and looks pleadingly into his countenance; her fair hair, glittering with jewels, falls upon her neck, but we have rarely met with tresses of such pale golden hue, connected with eyes of that mellow hazel which the artist has bestowed upon the lady; and from the strong resemblance between

this *Portia* and his *Cordelia* (152) we have a suspicion that, like *Parris*, he has a partiality for an individual model—some fair friend or other—which partiality leads him, lover-like, to embody her features continually upon canvas. It is, however, productive of an error which he must be careful to avoid; a variety of countenances is as necessary in the works of the painter, as a diversity of characters in the productions of the writer. 152. "*Lear attended by Cordelia and the physician*" is in some points superior; the figure of *Cordelia* is exquisite, and the interrogating glance of her blue eyes, shining through their tears, eagerly yet timidly endeavouring to interpret the expression of the leech as he feels the pulse of the patient, her bending attitude, and the nervous solicitude with which she also struggles to detect the vibrations of life in the bared wrist of her father, are beautiful and touching epitomes of natural emotion.

18. "*Hunt the slipper.*" A. E. CHALON, R. A.—The good old holiday game, once indulged in by gallant cavaliers and high-born damsels but now rarely liberated from the nursery or the boarding-school, gives the subject of CHALON's principal production, and truly it may be said that, like the courtly revels of WATTEAU's airy and elegant imagination, this has lost nothing by its present adoption. The enlivening sport is carried on by a gorgeously dressed circle of ladies and squires, and a youth is hurrying round the glittering ring in search of the object of pursuit, a little fairy *pantoufle* of emerald green, embroidered with gold, which, doubtless accompanied by a soft whisper, is adroitly passed by a cavalier of noble mien to a fair haired girl beside him. While this is going on, the looks and gestures of the other members of the game mislead the ideas of the slipper-hunter, and mirth reigns upon every countenance. An attractive picture, full of that richness of invention, elegance of fancy, and grace of outline, which are inseparable from the works of this fascinating painter. The colouring is gorgeous, perhaps to excess, at least our eyes, although shielded by *Dolland's pebbles*, seemed to wish for some repose as they dwell upon the scene: the touch is rich and sparkling, and the feathers, jewels, chains, ruffs, silks, and gauzes, no less than the bright tresses, eyes, cheeks and lips of the merry-makers are gifted with an air of illusion. The old duenna seated above, and quietly enjoying the pastime of which she is a spectator, is a capital figure. Several captivating sketches of our female aristocracy, in the artist's usual style, beam like spells upon the walls of the antique academy. 471 and 478 are particularly charming.

25. "*The venturesome robin.*" W. COLLINS, R. A.—Four or five village children, having entered into a combination to deprive the bold robin of its liberty, by the ancient though somewhat *dubious* stratagem of putting salt upon its tail, are here seen about to carry their design into execution. The intended captive is represented, confidingly hopping towards a plate cunningly strewn with crumbs and savoury morsels; its twinkling eye is reconnoitring a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, who, with a little urchin and her sister much younger than herself, watches the growing confidence of the bird, and endeavours to beguile its attention, while a couple of arch plotters, creeping cautiously behind it, with the open salt-box at hand, prepare to take due advantage and sprinkle the feathers of the unsuspecting robin. The intense glee of the minor conspirator, a curly-headed rogue in petticoats, can scarcely be expressed, as he seems hanging in expectation upon the moment when the little prisoner shall be, triumphantly, conveyed into the battered cage made ready

for its reception: a green lane, with a well, and the distant huts of the village, constitute the scene of this conspiracy. A beautiful specimen, which, from its illustration of innocent and childish simplicity, it is impossible to look upon without an interest awakened by the memory of infant adventures. How many times have we, ourselves, armed with our grandmother's recipe, sallied into the green wood, or hazel copse, and stealthily approaching the happy songsters as they hopped upon the mossy banks or forest paths, have, in the moment of anticipated success, beheld them take flight to the topmost bough of some majestic beech or elm, where, fluttering from spray to spray, they have burst into what always sounded to our ears like a song of defiance and ridicule.—138. "*The Morning Bath*" is another subject of juvenile bearing, treated in the felicitous style of the painter.

28. "*Sir Pierris Shafton and Mysie Happer,*" from "*The Monastery.*" H. LIVERSEGE.—*Liversege* is a young artist of considerable promise and evidently of much application. Spirit, taste and feeling are the features of his style, and we shall be happy to find that he meets with the patronage he deserves; the present picture is a clever and animated little sketch; and 72, *A scene from Hamlet*, in which the spirit appears to the Prince of Denmark, during his interview with his mother, is thrillingly effective.

32. "*Lord Byron reposing in the tent of a Turkish fisherman, after having swam across the Hellespont.*" W. ALLAN, A. In parts finely painted it is true, but upon the whole this specimen by no means fulfils the promise held out by the former works of the artist. The colouring is cold and disagreeable.

55. "*The progress of civilization: the Ancient Britons instructed by the Romans in the mechanical arts.*" H. P. BRIGGS, A.—A commanding picture, finely grouped, and painted with considerable force; the characters are well contrasted, and the colouring is warm and powerful. Still we opine that *Mr. Briggs* is deserting his *forte* in his late choice of subjects. Are we correct?

56. "*Mary Queen of Scots meeting the Earl of Bothwell between Stirling and Edinburgh.*" A. COOPER, R. A.—This is, unquestionably, a fine picture, but it is not without striking defects; and, perhaps, one of the principal consists in the cold Indian-ink tone that pervades the whole. There is little beauty in the features of the fair Stuart, and the expression is unpardonably tame and passionless; for whether we give credit to the enemies of that unfortunate Princess, or incline more mercifully to Bishop Whittaker's irrefragable vindication, we would expect to find tokens of marked surprise and indignation, feigned or unfeigned, upon her countenance. The animals are equal to *Wouwermans*.

58. "*A doze after dinner.*" E. F. LAMBERT.—A clever little picture. We take this opportunity of noticing with admiration a large picture, recently painted, upon commission, by this rising and assiduous artist, upon which he has been occupied for many months, and which displays his abilities in a prominent point of view. The subject is the "*Anniversary Dinner of the Licensed Victuallers,*" (a society established for the promotion of a charitable object, and honoured with the immediate patronage of HIS MAJESTY): like the village festivals by our modern Teniers, the scene, judiciously divested of formality, is laid in the open air, and an immense multitude of figures are introduced. The skilful arrangement of the groupes, the variety of characters, the humour of the incidents, the mellowness of the colouring, and

the delicate sharpness of the touch, render it the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist, and must, when brought before the public, acquire for him a high degree of reputation. MOORE, the publisher, is we understand, about to bring out an engraving from this picture.

62. "*Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst.*" D. WILKIE, R. A. An admirable picture of her ladyship, painted with amazing depth; but, possibly, touched in too *coarsely* for the subject. With what pleasure we would greet a renewal of *Wilkie's* unrivalled domestic scenes.

64. "*Sir Calpurne rescuing Serena.*" W. HILTON, R. A. From *Spenser's "Faerie Queen."* We are rejoiced to hail once more, the productions of this Artist's classical, but we fear neglected pencil, and we only hope that since he has recommenced painting, he will not relapse into his former capriciousness, and keep from us the fruits of his easel: 64 is a superb specimen; the delicate form of *Serena*, extended upon the fatal pile of sacrifice, contrasts beautifully with the sinewy might of her rescuer, and the rude proportions of the savage Druids disturbed at their horrid orgies. The drawing is pure, the attitudes are finely conceived, and the colouring is vivid and harmonious. We trust that this noble picture, if not already sold, may speedily meet with a purchaser.

65 and 66. "*Portraits of their Majesties,*" painted for the Corporation of the Trinity House, by SIR W. BEECHEY, R. A. We regret that these whole-length representations of the King and Queen are but little calculated to do justice to the illustrious personages they delineate, or to reflect honour upon the labours of the artist. The King's is deficient not only in royal dignity, but in that spirit of noble frankness which illuminates the countenance of our "sailor" Monarch, and which gives so much character to his portrait by *Lawrence*, when *Duke of Clarence*. In the Queen's we in vain looked for grace, dignity, or sweetness; the drapery is stiff and liny, the colouring is cold and unpleasant, and the whole picture requires serious consideration. *Wilkie's* portrait of his late Majesty was viewed with feelings of general disappointment—will Sir William Beechey's picture of the *present* prove more gratifying? We fear not.

71. "*An Italian Family—costume of Cavi, near Palestrina.*" C. L. EASTLAKE, R. A.—Full of beautiful character. 125 is a pathetic interest told with much feeling; and 300, "*Haidee,*" is the original from whence the engraving that decorates one of our "Annals" was taken.

78. "*The Maid of Judith waiting outside the tent of Holofernes,*" &c. &c. W. ETTY, R. A.—We cannot look upon this magnificent picture without being transported in idea to the most triumphant periods of Italian art; and we glory in the reflection that in Etty we possess an artist, who, having carried historical painting to the highest sublimity which it is capable of attaining, is a proud instance of the genius of our countrymen, and a living refutation of the calumnies of foreigners. Nothing can exceed the grandeur and beauty of the scene presented to the eye in this superb production. A sky of midnight solemnity, illumined by a single star, looks down upon the sleeping camp of *Holofernes*, where every sound is hushed; and so drear is the apparent silence, that the spectator might imagine the light rustling of the feathery palm as it waved its branches in the air. The giant sentinels slumbering upon their arms, present images of unrivalled majesty; and the woman, fearfully crouched upon the earth, her fore-finger extended, and her ear inclined towards the tent, in which she knows the deep tragedy is to be gone

through, is a perfect embodiment of intense and harrowing expectation. In fact, nothing finer can be conceived, and, notwithstanding the *affected apathy* of the *wise ones*, who cunningly shrug up their shoulders, and suppose that *to evince judgment, it is necessary to censure*, we do not hesitate to say that the *Scottish Academy of the Fine Arts*, has acquired in the series of pictures, of which this is the third and conclusion, a treasure of art of the *very highest value*. Etty has several minor specimens of a cabinet size, some of them exhibiting the imperfections of his more sketchy style, but all teeming with poetry and genius.

86. "*Interior of a Highlander's House.*" E. LANDSEER, R. A. *Elect*. An old Scotchman tempting one of his faithful canine companions of the chase with a piece of oaten bannock; in his left hand he holds the pipe which he has taken from his mouth. His daughter, with a bowl in her hands, is approaching him with refreshment; and, in the back-ground, the "*gude wife*" is busy tending her cookery. A heap of game (exquisitely painted) lies upon the floor, against which a poor dog, tired with the sylvan labours of the day, is sleeping soundly. Nos. 146, 147, 293, and 301, are additional proofs of *Landseer's* brilliant abilities. 147 is a perfect gem.

92. "*Circe.*" H. HOWARD, R. A.—A poetical composition, glowing in colour, and graceful in conception. This artist has, also, some clever portraits.

98. "*A sailing match.*" W. MULREADY, R. A.—Across a sedgy rivulet, two boys are endeavouring to propel their mimic skiffs; the elder, in the ardour of the contest, is stooping down, and performing the part of *Boreas* through a roll of paper, while his companion trusts to the simpler exertion of his lungs. A little lagging schoolboy, with satchel upon his back, is tardily passing the plank that forms the rustic bridge; his eyes, and evidently his heart, are fixed upon the nautical affair, and were it not for the ill-timed escort of his elder sister, just verging upon womanhood, who urges him forward, it is quite plain that the domicile of his schoolmaster would not be honoured with his presence, at least, for some couple of hours. A simple incident, told with all the skill of this enchanting artist; exquisite in colour, and transparent in tone.

105. "*Portrait of Miss Eliza Cowper.*" Sir M. A. SHEE, P. R. A.—Painted with great purity of tint, and elegance in the disposition. The President has two or three other fine heads in this exhibition.

113. "*The Dinner at Mr. Page's House,*" &c. C. R. LESLIE, R. A.—From the dimensions of the picture, the subject adopted, and the number of figures which it includes, we may presume that the artist has laboured upon it as one of his most important productions, and that it will be considered as such is without doubt. The effect is, however, hard and black, notwithstanding the introduction of much rich and brilliant colour, and we fear that time will not improve this tendency. The whole story is inimitably told, the characters are admirably depicted, the attitudes varied, and the grouping is easy and natural. Better figures than those of *Palstaff*, *Justice Shallow*, and *Slender* cannot well be imagined. The costume appears to have been minutely studied.

162. "*Caligula's Palace and Bridge.*" J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.—This is a splendid specimen of *Turner's* gorgeous pencil in its chaster mood, and lays claim to more of the simplicity of nature than the many strange and incomprehensible things which he has recently given to the world. *Land-escape* is his *forte*; what, in the name of consistency, can,

therefore, induce him to attempt *historical subjects*, when his utter ignorance of the human form must prevent his rising beyond caricature? To what singular whim are we to attribute (178) his *Medea*? and (263) his *Lord Percy in confinement, visited by his daughters*? Surely the palpable failure which attends his departure from his own especial province, ought to deter him from any further injury of his reputation. *Rembrandt* drew the figure imperfectly, and had no ideas of grace or beauty; but his magical power of *chiaroscuro* concealed his defects: *Turner's* glow of light flings his errors preposterously and glaringly upon the eye. Besides, *Rembrandt* imparted a character to the head which has never been surpassed.—*Turner* can but travestie the human face.

169. "*Salisbury Cathedral from the meadows.*" J. CONSTABLE, R. A.—We have one suggestion to offer to Mr. Constable, and that is to study nature rather more accurately than he has done in this landscape: the effect is broken, scattered, and exaggerated, and we question whether the artist's passion for the tearful face of nature, will not lead him into a total neglect of her smiles, and her more winning aspects. *Mannerism*, in any degree, is unpleasant; but when carried to the extreme is a positive evil. We confess that this picture would have lost nothing, in our judgment, had the touch been less spotty; the sky is quite as mystical as any that "ever grew" beneath *Turner's* fantastic pencil.

197. "*The corn-fields.*" W. F. WITHERINGTON, A.—Worthy of the artist whose poetical imagination gave birth to that most exquisite composition, "*The Naiades green isle,*" in the present exhibition at Suffolk Street.

204. "*The water-mill.*" C. R. STANLEY.—A beautiful study from nature: the rustic mill, shut out, as it were, from the world,—the embowering trees that shade it,—the dark and plashy stream, and even the solitary duck floating on its waters, unite to compose a scene of singular loveliness.

215. "*Pere la Chaise.*" J. INSKIP.—A girl habited in the weeds of mourning, with a black rosary suspended from her neck, is seated, with a book upon her knees, in an attitude of deep affliction, in a grassy nook of this romantic cemetery. The spot is railed in, and the green sward, rising into a swelling mound, points out the resting-place of mortality; wild flowers bloom around, and the blossoms of the white convolvulus twine round the simple paling that protects the lonely place. Told with infinite pathos, and we are convinced that no one can look at this unaffected picture without emotion.

226. "*Lady Macbeth in the chamber of Duncan.*" R. F. BONE.—Vigorous in conception and colour, and forming one of the best productions of the artist's pencil. Perhaps the countenance of *Lady Macbeth* might have admitted of a little more sweetening and elevation of feature.

265. "*The Father's admonition.*" W. BROCKEDON.—Much richness of colour, truth of expression, and elegance of idea are displayed in this illustration of the old fable.

281. "*Mr. Young in Hamlet.*" G. CLINT.—The actor's resemblance is good, but let Mr. Clint reconsider his "*Ophelia.*"

312. "*Tapping the ale-barrel.*" A. FRASER.—One of those domestic incidents in which this admirable painter excels. Unfortunately, it is placed rather too low to favour a minute inspection of its details.

321. "*The Bride.*" E. T. PARRIS.—A fair-haired girl, sumptuously attired in white satin, and decked with gems, is

submitting her beautiful tresses to the tasteful arrangement of her friend, who proceeds to adorn them with a costly ornament of pearls. A magnificent toilette table, covered with jewellery, is stationed near, and, with other gorgeous accessories, denotes the high rank of the lady. A most exquisite production, which no doubt enviously attracts every bright eye in the exhibition. It is painted with all the grace, purity, delicacy, and sparkle of this artist's pencil; but we must caution Mr. Parris against an over-fondness for one model: the features of "the Bride" may be traced in "the Bridesmaid," in his picture at Suffolk-street, and in some others; and, however beautiful they may be, they cannot be too frequently introduced without detracting from his merit.

342. "*The little masquerader.*" EMMA JONES.—A finished study from nature, highly honourable to the fair artist; freedom of drawing, great vivacity of character, and considerable boldness of pencil, are visible in this very clever little production.

355. "*The stolen interview.*" A. G. VICKERS.—A cavalier falling at the feet of his youthful mistress, is sealing his faith upon her hand; the old duenna, in the back-ground, is hobbling forward to interrupt the lovers. Graceful, and very beautiful.

380. "*The commencement of the Massacre of the Innocents—alarm of a Hebrew Family.*" R. REDGRAVE.—A scene fraught with the most startling and pathetic interest: the work of destruction has begun, and at the very threshold of his door, a horrified father beholds the inhuman attempts of a ruffian to tear an infant from the maternal arms, and immolate it on the spot: his own child flies to its mother for protection, and an elder boy, whose quicker ear has discovered the descent of two assassins by a back stair-case, raises his head with shuddering emotion. Powers of a high order are indicated in this picture.

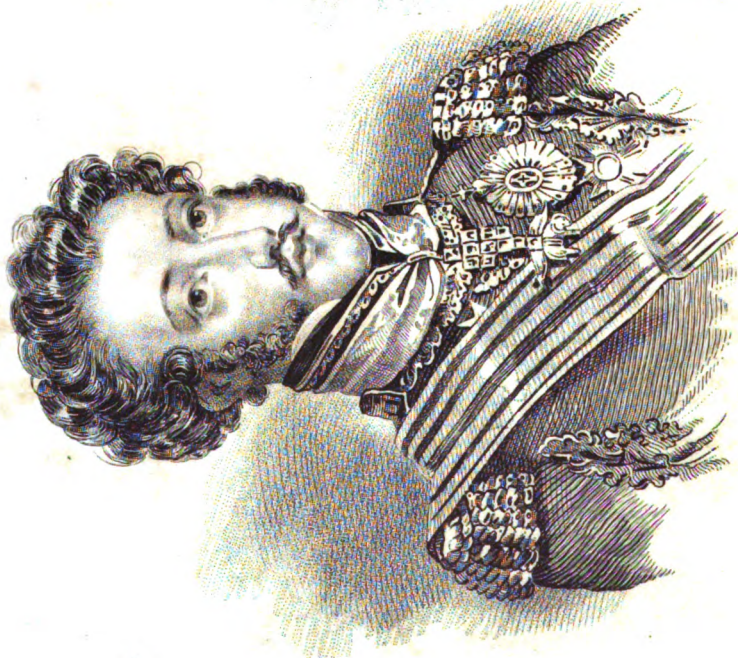
391. "*The Biter Bit.*" R. W. BUSS.—Is replete with humour, and represents the wonder, fright, and mortification of an old officer, some seventy or upwards,—who, having hovered assiduously round a fashionable belle, finds in the moment of his most passionate declaration, that he has seized the hand of a fat and glossy negress, who, unveiling, turns upon him her mahogany countenance, with a ludicrous expression of tenderness.

* * * * *

We must terminate by observing that in the various branches of art, there are still several pictures entitled to the highest encomium. *Phillips, Rothwell, Reinagle, Drummond, Pickersgill, &c. &c.* have many superb portraits; *Colcott* exhibits three or four beautiful transcripts of nature; *Hart* has a fine composition, superior, in our opinion, to his picture in Suffolk-street; *Bone*, the enameller, submits two or three invaluable memorials of his art; and *Essex*, also, contributes to this fascinating department. The miniatures include many gems as may be anticipated, and the architectural drawings present some of imposing grandeur. In the Model Academy, the works of *Westmacott, Behnes, Baily, Sievier, Rossetti, Chantry, &c. &c.* sustain the character of this year's sculptural display.



*Amelia Bragança
Ex-Empress of the Brazils.*



*Pedro II
Ex-Empress of the Brazils.*

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

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VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—PORTRAITS OF THE EX-EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE BRAZILS.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE THIRD.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A MORNING DRESS, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—A SPANISH COSTUME, TWO MORNING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—A MORNING DRESS, A DINNER DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

THE ROYAL EXILES,

DON PEDRO AND DONNA AMELIA EUGENIA OF THE
BRAZILS.*

What speaks the pale and drooping flower?

Of joy—that withers in an hour!

What speaks the balmy breath of eve?

Of sighs so sweet—that could deceive!

What speaks still ocean's glassy breast?

Of peace as brief,—as false a rest!

What speaks each wave that laves the shore—

Of days that pass—to come no more!

Welcome, Exiles, to our land,

Free from terror—free from fear:

Liberty extends her hand,—

Royal exiles welcome here!

* Don Pedro, Ex-Emperor of the Brazils, eldest son of the late John, king of Portugal, and Charlotte Joaquina, sister of Ferdinand, king of Spain, was born on the 12th of October, 1798, and, until the death of his father, was distinguished by the style and title of Pedro, Prince of Brazil and Alcantara. When only 19 years of age, he was united to the second daughter of the Emperor of Austria, Leopoldina Caroline, by whom he has five children, Donna Maria da Gloria, Donna Janaria, Don Paulo, Donna Frances Caroline, and Don Pedro. It will be recollected, that the Ex-Emperor resigned the kingdom of Portugal in favour of his eldest child, Donna Maria, who excited so much interest in fashionable circles upon her late visit to this country. Leopoldina died in December, 1826, and upon the 2nd of August, 1829, Don Pedro, then Emperor of the Brazils, was united to the Princess Amelia Eugenia, daughter of Eugene Beauharnois Duke of Leuchtenberg, and late Viceroy of Italy, and niece to the King of Bavaria. On the first of December, 1822, Don Pedro was crowned Constitutional Emperor of the Brazils, the throne of which he has lately resigned in consequence of popular commotion. Don Miguel, the Portuguese usurper, is about three years younger than Don Pedro.

VOL. VIII.

England scorns the hostile feeling,
Shewn to thee by rival powers,
Darkest views and thoughts revealing,
Truth and honesty are ours.

To *foes* distress'd and sorrow blighted,
England's sons bestow a home;
Succour e'en the wretch benighted,
Stay the care-worn pilgrim's roam:
But to *friends*, our hearts bound lightly,
Whilst we spread fraternal arms;
Bosoms burn, and eyes beam brightly,
Swift dispel their souls alarms!

Dark is the web of human fate,
And suddenly it oft uncoils;
Those that reign to-day in state,
May sink at night in strongest toils:
The lion raging through the woods,
Glorying upon his prey;
The monarchs of the air and floods,
Are but creatures of the day.

Pow'r and splendour they maintain,
Which lesser beings view with awe;
But pow'r is empty—pride is vain,
When comes the cry and shock of wars.
To-morrow's sun may view their fall,
The giant prostrate in the dust;
Hearts beat no more at clarions call,
And swords are cover'd o'er with rust.

The thunder rolls,—the stately oak
Is shiver'd by the lightning's blast;
Its iron trunk all black and broke,
Its pride, and power, and beauty past!
The choicest and the fairest things,
Are transient as the murmur'd breath,
Vain as hope's best imaginings,
Which e'en in birth sink into death!

Q

Thus—thus the state—the pomp—the pow'r
 Of this unhappy exil'd pair;
 They reign'd—the children of an hour,
 And then abandonn'd to despair.
 The voice of friendship spoke no more,
 And flatt'ry fled its radiant shrine;
 No hand the cup of incense bore,
 No slaves presented mantling wine.

All—all had fled!—The palace walls
 Now echoed shouts of loud dismay;
 In vain on *friends* the monarch calls,
 The friends are *gone*—all fled away!
 The word was spoken! Swift as thought,
 Homage and loyalty were hush'd;
 The crown too; made the people's sport,
 The Emp'r's power all broke and crush'd!

In that lorn hour his boat was launch'd
 Upon the foaming ocean's swell;
 With aching heart, he turned once more,
 To take his last, his long farewell!
 Then fled from *all* the joys of *home*,
 In search of peace, of hope, of rest;
 But finding none where'er he'd roam,
 'Till Britain's happy shores he prest!

Pleasure once more wreaths her chain,
 Royal Exiles, now, for you;
 Music pours its choicest strain,
 Where its choicest strains are due.
 Fair Amelia!—Sons of England
 Welcome thee to fashion's sphere;
 Banish care, 'tis no delusion,
 Joy and happiness reign here.

Welcome, Exiles, to our land,
 Free from terror, free from fear;
 Liberty extends her hand,
 Royal Exiles welcome here!

* Imagination, only, can depict the distress of the hour of parting from all that Don PEDRO, and his amiable consort, held dear to them. Under ordinary circumstances, separation from persons to whom we are attached, inspire painful feelings, but such a separation as that which the imperial exiles have experienced, cannot be described. Compelled to abandon scenes of their brightest enjoyments, and their *dearest* and *tenderest* connexions, who, also, must feel the acuteness of sorrow for the fatal event, and murmur in the language of poesy—

Ah, when wilt thou return?
 Along thine own pure air,
 There are young sweet voices borne—
 Oh! *should not thine* be there?

Still, when the prayer is said,
 For thee kind bosoms yearn;
 For thee fond tears are shed—
 Oh! *when wilt thou* return?

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

"Nay, then, beside th' amusement *from such royal theme*,
 We hold, Sirs, that instruction also flows;
 For who, devoid of self-conceit, but sees
Example spring from actions of the great,
 And if they're good, *encouragement*!"—GORE.

At a period of time when the conflicts of political partisans are at a stormy height, when the opinions of those who are placed above the cares of humble station, run violently counter one to another; when questions of vast national importance remain in doubt as to their final adjustment; it is indeed a glory, an honour in the Ruler of a great Nation, so to fashion and perform the duties of his august station, that all shall be content with his actions—satisfied beneath his sway. Such a Monarch, considerate and wise withal, is William the Fourth, who by an active series of kingly and courtly actions, continues to give animation to the town, and encouragement to the people. Let us, in pursuance of a pleasant periodical duty, pass in review the most interesting of these which contributed so much to the bustle of the month of July.

A considerable regret we must, however, first mention, was caused at the commencement of the month, from the somewhat severe indisposition of her MAJESTY, which prevented for a while, her participation in the public amusements. It is known to our readers that to this country has come, under the title of the Duke of BRAGANZA, DON PEDRO of PORTUGAL, and, till by his recent abdication, EMPEROR of the BRAZILS. To do honour to his arrival, to shew the utmost respect to one who sacrificed power to the interests of legitimacy and the constitution, his MAJESTY entertained the *ex-Monarch* at a splendid banquet, given expressly for the occasion, which at once had the effect, in conjunction with his just cause, to raise him up friends in all quarters of our water-walled kingdom.*

On the evening of *Thursday the 7th*, the grand ball at Drury Lane theatre, for the charitable purpose of affording succour to the thousands suffering by famine in Ireland, took place under the immediate patronage of their MAJESTIES, which produced a considerable augmentation of the funds collected for the objects of compassion. Between eleven and twelve his MAJESTY arrived in state, through dense masses of the population, collected to cheer and behold their King. The reception of the Sovereign in the theatre, if not so boisterous in acclama-

* As it is pleasant to hear generous sentiments from Princes, and witness in them determined and disinterested actions, we may be pardoned here for quoting a portion of Pedro's letter to *his* friend, and the friend of freedom, the Count of Villa Flor, which is dated on board the *Volage*, the 30th of May: "As a natural guardian of my daughter, as a true constitutionalist, and an old and affectionate friend of your Excellency, I avail myself of this happy occasion, to give you a proof of my respect for so much valour and constancy, and of my gratitude for such heroic sentiments of honour and fidelity to the sovereign cause of legal liberty, and in the name of her most faithful Majesty, I authorize you to make known to all the brave defenders of her undoubted rights, the high consideration her Majesty will always entertain of their glorious services."

tion, was equally sincere as that he received without, and upon his taking his seat in the box sumptuously fitted up for his reception, the national anthem was sung with enthusiasm. Dancing then commenced, and the whole evening's and morning's entertainment, (for such it was,) passed off to the entire satisfaction of its generous projectors.

During the month, Lord and Lady Farnborough were honoured by the company of his Majesty and suite, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and other members of the Royal Family, at a grand *dejeuner*, given by them at their residence at Bromley, and which caused the neighbourhood of the Kent-road to present a scene of the most lively and interesting bustle. A similar honour was also conferred upon the Commander of the Forces, the gallant Lord Hill, who gave an entertainment "worthy of an Emperor's tasting," to a very distinguished as well as a very numerous party of royal and noble guests. The Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Princess Augusta, and other members of the Royal Family also, severally gave parties during the month, thus proving the continuance of that good understanding with each other, which so happily exists among them. At length there is no longer doubt existing, or speculation busied respecting the *Coronation*, orders to that effect having been issued for crowning their MAJESTIES on the 8th of September. With a considerateness, however, which has marked the whole of his kingly career, our Monarch has expressed his desire that the most expensive parts of the pageant be dispensed with, thus relieving the country of a very considerable draught upon its finances. This prudent resolve to sacrifice pomp to patriotism has, if possible, enhanced the popularity of our Ruler, and will cause the people with one accord to unite in the anthem hymned on the day of the coronation to the effect that "the King may live for ever!"

At length PRINCE LEOPOLD of *Saxe Coburg* is become a Monarch; "LEOPOLD THE FIRST KING OF THE BELGIANS." He has left England and gone to his new territories; and is among his new people. His conduct on the occasion has ensured him the respect of all interested in the great affair, and secured a reception as gratifying to his feelings, as it is honourable to his character. At Calais the French authorities were rejoiced to pay him honour; and at Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, &c., enthusiasm marked his progress; so that we have no doubt but that this propitious beginning of his reign, will lead to one of glory to himself, and benefit to his subjects.

Nor must we forget to proclaim energetically, that with respect to his annuity—property none could take from him—he has acted most nobly. After some natural and just *reservations*, based upon the best feelings of human nature, he has determined that the residue of his grant should be restored to the public exchequer; for, as KING OF BELGIUM, it behoved him not to fetter England with charges for his advancement. This is, indeed, doing greatly, and entitles him, who so nobly makes the sacrifice to the epithet of public benefactor! "Goodness and he will fill one monument."

We have omitted all notice of the *Levees*, held at St. James's, every Wednesday, the KING coming up from Windsor for the purpose; but this, as they are so similar to each other, is of trivial import, especially as we have the defence of being by the omission, enabled to fill our pages with more interesting matter.

Their Majesties have continued much at Windsor, receiving

visits from most of the Royal Family frequently during the month; the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince George, &c. &c. being, whilst we are penning this, sojourning at the castle.

His Majesty, after the *Levee* of the 20th, when Sir John Byng was invested with the insignia of the order of the Bath, immediately upon the breaking up of the Court, repaired to Richmond, to honour with his presence the grand entertainment given at their residence, by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh. The Duchess of Cumberland, and other distinguished personages were also present at the costly banquet.

Another condescending intention of their Majesties is, that of attending the ceremony of opening the new London Bridge on the 1st of August. They purpose for their greater convenience, proceeding by water, and mean to embark and disembark at Whitehall. Preparations upon the most liberal and extended scale, (the citizens are apt at these festivities,) are being made to ensure a becoming reception for the august patrons of the undertaking, and tents and marquees provided with refreshments, will be erected on the wide space over the dry arches, for the especial accommodation of their Majesties and suite.

In fine, at home and abroad, those who are of our Royal House, the reigning house of England, are "winning golden opinions from all kinds of men;" and their reign cannot but be glorious; their triumph sure, and their popularity complete.

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

We cannot but regret the continued countenance which is given by the fashionable world to *foreigners* of every description, in preference to our own country people: we have repeatedly shewn the equality of the latter in point of *talent*, and urged our distinguished readers to adopt a course of patronage more in agreement with the feelings of the British sovereign. We have now to exhibit the *foreigner* in another light, by no means false, nor exaggerated, and to which we beg to call the attention of every individual who has the least regard for the moral propriety of his establishment. During a long residence upon the continent, we made it our study to ascertain the true character of persons, who, by the nature of their professions, were allowed an unrestrained intercourse with the younger branches of respectable families; the result of our inquiries was the conviction that nine-tenths of those individuals used the privilege of their profession for the *worst purposes*. Is it to be supposed, then, that the conduct of these people, when in their own country, is altered by the mere passage across the Channel? And yet many English families appear to think so, for *foreign dress-makers, foreign hair-dressers, &c.*, are allowed to enter the *chambers of young females*, and also to enjoy an unrestrained intercourse with them. Delicacy prevents our saying what we wish, upon a subject of so much importance, or adducing evidences of the justness of our observations; what we have said, however, may be the means of inducing the heads of families to investigate the characters of those persons upon whom their patronage is, so unadvisedly, bestowed. We place the patronage of *foreigners* in a moral point of view, and leave the rest to the judgment and feelings of our readers.

In addition to the list of fair fashionables, distinguished for their equestrian science, which we gave in our last num-

ber, we may mention the name of Lady Dacre, who is allowed to be one of the first horsewomen of the present day. Her ladyship's beautiful niece, Miss GERTRUDE BRANDE, also, displays much ability in the management of her steed.

Lord Harrington has quitted his residence in the Stable-yard. Among the numerous articles that were taken away, we were much surprised at beholding *two waggon loads of snuff*, in jars, cannisters, and boxes, each labelled according to the nature of its contents! Now, being aware that Lord Harrington is not a *snuff-taker*, we cannot possibly imagine what could have induced him to "lay in" so large a quantity, unless it was for the purpose of entertaining his guests with "*choice exotic dust*," as well as the good things of his *cuisine*. If so, it must certainly have been a very singular sight to behold each of his lordship's friends in the course of an agreeable *soirée*, holding out a *tabatière* for the purpose of having it replenished from the well-stocked cellars of Harrington-house.

Matrimony has certainly induced the Earl of Harrington to accomplish fresh triumphs in the fashionable world. He has just launched a new carriage, of the most splendid description, and which is calculated to excite general attention and admiration. The whole of the appendages are very elegant,—the postillions look well, and the liveries are extremely handsome. We suppose his lordship has benefited by the fine taste of his charming Countess, who, evidently, enjoying her eminent situation, looks happier, and, consequently, more handsome than we remember to have seen her at any previous period. It is very gratifying to witness this distinguished couple riding about town in the social manner they do.

Under what professor of the art did Lord Castlereagh learn to dance? Whenever we see his Lordship displaying at any Terpsichorean assembly, we are irresistibly led to imagine that he must have taken lessons from a *posture master*, who endeavoured to make his pupil's style as extraordinary, and *outré* as possible. Really, this young *whirligig* ought to practise a little more refinement. We heard a young star of fashion, at the Drury-lane ball, characterize his Lordship's peculiar method of dancing, as the *Castlereagh jump*!

We regret to see a very indelicate *foreign taste* adopted by some ladies of distinction, in their evening dresses for parties, but which, we sincerely trust, may not be of long continuance. *English ladies* have always been admired for their chaste and modest style of costume, and we, therefore, respectfully, allude to the *impropriety* of their present mode of allowing the dress to fall so far over the shoulders, a mode which we are sorry to find adopted, not only by young females, but by matronly ladies as well.

Where did Cresset Pelham obtain the terrible bad beaver that he is accustomed to wear in his morning rambles? We advise him to procure a newer and better one without delay, or he will inevitably forfeit the smiles of all his fair acquaintance.

When the amiable Duke of ——— last visited Paris, he was shown in the Museum, among other curiosities, the anatomy of a remarkably large donkey. His grace appeared particularly attracted by the object, and remained for some time contemplating it. At length he turned to his friends with a sigh, and exclaimed, "*Alas! we are fearfully, and wonderfully made!*"

The termination of the distressing altercation between Lady C. N. and her husband, Mr. N——, which, unfortunately, commenced within the short space of a fortnight from their

wedding-day, has relieved the minds, and must afford the utmost gratification to her Ladyship's large circle of friends. Lady C. N. we are happy to say, has returned to the society and home of her husband; the peculiar correspondence which was exhibited in the late proceedings, is therefore not likely to meet the public eye.

The march of improvement is proceeding, certainly, with very rapid strides; we have now a public conveyance from London to Brighton, which not only professes to carry passengers to that fashionable watering place in six hours, but, also, has "*an agreeable library*" for their amusement, "*with comforts and luxuries both inside and out.*" Now, what sort of a "*library*" this *intellectual* coach possesses, we really cannot tell; neither for the life of us, can we imagine aught of the "*other luxuries and comforts*," which the proprietors emphatically allude to. Surely, they do not mean a *larder*!!

The patronage that is so liberally bestowed by the fashionable world, upon *Morning Concerts*, ought, really, to ensure a little better management. It is seldom that one-half of the music advertised is actually given, and not unfrequently the whole *scheme* of the concert is altered altogether. We attended the delightful little Fanny Woodham's entertainment, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 8th ult., at which Pasta, Curioni, and Rubini had *promised* to assist; but when the morning came, Pasta was at the King's Concert Room, singing for Torri; Rubini was *indisposed*, and Curioni confined to his bed! The foreign singers are really becoming extremely impertinent, and their arrogance may spread to an alarming extent, unless the fashionable world determines upon curbing down their high and domineering spirit. The English nobility ought not to be insulted by individuals who derive the bread they eat from their support.

Why is the Duke of Devonshire like Granby Calcraft's *divorce suit*?—Because he wants *hearing*.

By the bye, poor Grauby is sadly disconcerted at the protracted proceedings in his serious case; he seems to have lost all his high spirit and vivacity, and become the very picture of "*the melancholy man*." He was detailing his misfortune to Alvanley one day, when the wag, with a serious face, and sympathetic gravity, exclaimed, "*Ah, my dear boy, 'the course of true love never did run smooth.'*"

Capt. Nixon, of Dublin, has lately received a present from the gentlemen of Rathfylland; the *Dublin Times* very sagely tells us, in recording the circumstance, "*that Capt. N. was presented with a splendid gold snuff-box, inimitably inscribed and entertained at a sumptuous dinner.*" This is the first time we have heard of a gold snuff-box being invited out to *dine*.

We were highly delighted by the performance of the Hon. Miss Jervis's opera of *Siroe*, at Mrs. Cuthbert's, in Grosvenor Square; and are happy in being able to yield our testimony of the great talent which Miss Jervis has displayed in the composition. Some of the airs are, indeed, delightful, and the whole piece is deserving of very high praise. Miss Jervis also sings with great taste, sweetness, and effect; we particularly admired a duet between this highly talented young lady and Miss Otway; it was admirably composed and executed with corresponding skill. The concerted piece, "*Giusto Re*," has, also, very powerful attractions. We understand that some portions of this charming composition will be given, by permission of Miss Jervis, at Oury's concert.

The Marchioness of Sligo is one of the heartiest *laughers* in the United Kingdom. No one is more capable of appreciating the merits of a broad farce than her ladyship; and at

the theatre it is quite pleasurable to witness her enjoyment of the drollery of the scene.

Much consternation has been experienced during the month by the intelligence of Miss F. Worsley having eloped with a *butler*! The report was *true*, with the exception of a *slight* inaccuracy, the gentleman being the *Rev. Mr. Butler*, son of Archdeacon B., to whom she has since been united.

We understand that Crockford is endeavouring to obtain the *Opera House*.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that the *archery fete*, which possess so much attraction at the present moment, owe their revival to the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, who, nearly forty years ago, instituted archery meetings in the vicinity of the village of Arden.

The Duchess of St. Alban's, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Marquis of Hertford, are supposed to expend more money upon their entertainments than any other members of the fashionable world. It is pleasurable to allude to those instances of the spirit of nobility, especially when we find a *few* of our fashionable friends so *very* parsimonious in their expenditure at a time of such national distress.

Lord R. was lately conversing with one of his tenants respecting the purchase of some lands, when his Lordship had occasion to say to the countryman—"but did you pay for it *ultimately*?" "No, my Lord," quickly rejoined the other, "I paid for it in *ready money*!"

The family concerts at Kensington Palace are extremely delightful. The Duchess of Kent is an excellent musician, and sings with considerable taste and sweetness. *MOORE'S Melodies* are her favourite subjects, many of which her Royal Highness delivers with the most exquisite effect.

Don Pedro (Duke of Braganza) is quite a favourite in fashionable circles; he enters into the spirit of every amusement, and is particularly devoted to dancing. He has attended every Wednesday at *Almack's*, and frequently expresses his admiration of the fashionable assemblies of that elegant *salle de danse*.

We have authority to state, that the Duchess of Berri's splendid collection of pictures, which were consigned to this country for public sale, *will not be sold*, the Duchess not having the power of disposing of the property of her infant son.

We regret to hear, that an action has been brought by a nobleman of distinction against a lady of rank, respecting the loss of some diamonds. This unpleasant affair has for some time past been the subject of much conversation in the fashionable world, and the step which his Lordship has thought proper to take in vindication of his character, has considerably heightened the excitement.

The last interview between Prince Leopold and his sister the Duchess of Kent, previously to his taking his departure for the Continent, is said to have deeply affected both parties. The young Princess Victoria, who was present, also shed tears.

Clermont Palace will now be the occasional residence of the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. The house, the gardens, and the grounds, have all been much improved by Prince Leopold, who is said to have left that quiet mansion with extreme regret.

CORONATION.—The interior of Westminster Abbey now presents a most curious appearance—that of an absolute ruin. The preparations for the ensuing Coronation are upon a more extensive scale than even the last, and accommodation for a greater number will be provided. Seats for 6000 persons

will be erected, an arrangement involving a consumption of at least 700 loads of timber. The monuments are all cased, to protect them from injury, which we should think must be an affair of some difficulty. Their Majesties will be crowned upon a platform raised twelve feet, and immediately in the centre between the transepts. A covered way will be erected from the House of Lords to Poets' Corner, for the accommodation of the Peereesses, who will assemble there, and a similar platform is to be put up from the north door, through St. Margaret's Church-yard, to the iron railing, where the carriages will set down. From the circumstance of this gorgeous pageant being confined to the Abbey, and the additional splendour attached to it from the presence of the Queen, tickets are expected to be exceedingly scarce, and the Earl Marshal is determined to enforce the strictest arrangements.

DON PEDRO.—This illustrious personage is a man of studious habits and refined tastes. His knowledge of music is very great, and he sings with extreme taste and expression. He writes poetry, and has composed various pieces of music, among which there are some of church-music of great merit. It is stated that he has lately finished an opera.

The Earl and Countess of Harrington are seldom seen out of each other's society. The noble Earl, in conversation the other day with a very old friend, who is a Bachelor, said, "my dear fellow, if you wish to be a happy man, marry,—I never knew what bliss was, previously to my taking a wife."

HYPERBOLE.—As we advance towards the South, we invariably find an increase of exaggeration in the figurative language of ordinary conversation. An Englishman, to signify that he is extremely wet, says, that he is "*wet to the skin*." A Frenchman goes further, and asserts that he is, "*Mouillé jusqu'aux os*." (wet to the bones); but a Spaniard beats them both hollow, and announces that he finds himself, "*Mojado haita los tuétanos*," (wet to the very marrow.)

The Lord Mayor will be created a Baronet at the opening of New London Bridge. Another worthy Alderman, on whom it has long been understood a similar honour was intended to be conferred on that occasion, must, owing to recent *hallucinations*, for the present, be contented to wait.

TITLES.—Charles IV. of Spain was remarkably fond of playing at hand-ball, in which exercise he consumed a great portion of his time, whilst the cares of the nation devolved on his favourite Godoy. The King having heard of a young gentleman, a native of the Biscayan provinces, as a first-rate performer, expressed the most ardent wish to be a witness of his proficiency. A trial took place, and Charles was so well pleased with the performance, that, in a fit of admiration, he conferred the title of Count of Torrealta on the "fortunate youth," a title which he bears to this day. This person is now a general officer in the Spanish army, having been faithfully attached to the party of Ferdinand during the short period of the constitutional government.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—The architects appointed to report to the Committee of the House of Commons upon the estimate, expense, and appropriation of this palace as a royal residence, have brought their duties to a painful termination. We have heard, that owing to the improvident substitution of iron instead of timber, and the way in which it is applied in the construction of the roofs and floors, portions of this building are considered in a state of danger and insecurity; and that extensive works are necessary to strengthen and up-

hold the structure, and render it safe for the purposes for which it was originally contemplated. The King, we understand, will never hear this building spoken of as a royal palace, with complacency; and the Princesses Sophia, Augusta, and Hesse Homburg, express great dissatisfaction at its arrangements. Our readers are not, perhaps, aware, that a great number of persons obtain admission to view this Palace on Mondays and Fridays. The Picture Gallery contains, at present, a noble collection of pictures, which belonged to George the Fourth, and will alone amply repay the trouble of a visit. Tickets are to be obtained from the Lord Chamberlain, and from the Surveyor-General of the Board of Works.

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

The rents of country lodgings, in the environs of Paris, are so reduced, that one at St. Cloud, Auteil, or Meudon, which would formerly have let for sixty-five francs a month, may now be had for two hundred francs a year.

The bouquet of natural flowers that a fair fashionable holds in her hand, is composed of a row of jessamine and rose-buds, another of pinks, a third of heliotrope, and two of exotics. The flowers being all placed in the same level, the bouquet is quite flat, and about the size of a small dessert plate.

The Countess of B., who is, in some respects, as sensible as she is amiable, has the most singular fancy in the world, that of desiring to know, whether her friends lose or gain flesh during their visits to her. She has placed beside the garden-gate of her country house, in two elegant pavilions, *fauteuils-balance*. The guests are weighed when they arrive, and when they depart; but that is not all, they must oblige the fair hostess by being weighed every now and then, and if they appear to have lost flesh, her cook receives orders to exert his whole ingenuity, in order to tempt them to eat heartily, that they may regain it.

Formerly, a young lady trembled like a leaf at the sound of a pistol, that was when vapours and faintings were the fashion; but that is all gone by, and our young ladies fire at a mark, with as much spirit and dexterity as a gentleman, or even soldiers.

At Louèche, in Switzerland, although the ladies and gentlemen bathe together, there is no indecorum takes place. The gentlemen are enveloped in flannel mantles, the ladies in dressing gowns of the same material, which are fastened round the throat, and reach to the heels. There are four baths, separated by bridges, with balustrades; there are benches in each bath, and the bather, when seated, is up to the neck in water. Small cork tables float on the surface of the water; they are covered with vases of flowers, or fruits, handkerchiefs, books, playing cards, glasses; and thus you can breakfast, read, and sit at your ease.

The new sect of the St. Simonians is making great progress in Paris. They preach up the perfectibility of human nature, and avow their intention to remodel society altogether. When they have established their church upon a firm foundation, they intend to abolish all hereditary rights, and to divide mankind into three classes—the learned, the ingenious, and the laborious. In one or other of these classes, Nature, say they, has placed every man, and we will assign him his place. The priests will occupy the first class, and they are to have a degree of power, such as their order never even dreamt of aspiring to; the second class will occupy themselves in the

pursuit of the arts and sciences; and the third in manual labour. All property will be in common, that is to say, each will have a sufficiency allotted to him out of the common stock for his wants. The ladies are to play a great part in this new order of things, as they are to be eligible to all functions of church and state. We can conceive enthusiasts forming a scheme of this kind, but that Infidels should join them in it is curious enough; the fact, however, is so, and can only be accounted for by the supposition, that these worthies all hope to officiate as priests to their deity, whom they style the God of Improvement, &c.

One of the preachers of the St. Simonians has recently brought out a comedy in rhyme, in which the doctrines of the sect are strongly enforced; it has been, however, very coldly received.

The new money coined in Paris has the head of Louis Phillip, crowned like Napoleon's, with a laurel wreath.

The new theatre, in the Palais Royal, is already in a state of bankruptcy.

Fashionable writing paper, in Paris, must be very thick, and highly glazed; last year it was of a blue white, this year it is yellow, and thicker than ever. We should observe, that as postage in France is paid by the weight, the provincials find it rather expensive to keep up a correspondence with their friends in Paris.

Ecrans d'albas are now the most fashionable ornaments for a chimney; they are composed of paper, and of the form of a dahlia. Our *élégantes* amuse their leisure in making them.

Clear muslin curtains are now the fashion for bedchambers; they have a very broad hem all round, and an open worsted trimming of the colour of the furniture, placed above the hem.

Flowers, placed in China vases, are used to ornament the corners of all the fashionable saloons.

Table napkins, for breakfast, are now of twilled damask, with a highly raised coloured border, and the cypher of the family in the centre of the napkin.

PARTIES AND BALLS.

Tuesday, the 5th, Lord Mansfield gave a magnificent banquet to a distinguished party, especially invited to meet the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg. The fashionable votaries of Terpsichore were amply gratified at the *Ball* given by the Hon. Mrs. Barton in Park-square; and again on the following Monday, at Lady E. Fielding's *Quadrille Party*, which was honoured by the presence of the Duke of Braganza. The Marchioness of Bristol gave a very delightful *déjeuné* at Roehampton on the 9th; and, on the same day, *Gunnelsbury Park* was fashionably attended, an ample entertainment having been provided by Mrs. Copeland for her distinguished guests. Sir John de Beauvoir's very agreeable musical *déjeuné* has also elicited many and just encomiums.

The splendid portals of *Northumberland House* were opened to the fashionable world on Wednesday the 13th, when the *élite* of *ton* assembled in the magnificent saloon of that princely mansion, the interior of which, splendidly illuminated, presented an entire blaze of light. The massive services of plate were particularly conspicuous; the large chandeliers, also, excited universal admiration; and the whole entertainment

was of that high character which is calculated to maintain the reputation of the hospitality of Northumberland House.

The return of the noble Marquis of Hertford from his continental ramble, has been celebrated by one of those unique *fêtes* at his Lordship's villa in the Regent's Park, which have hitherto been so universally admired. Upon the present occasion, the entertainments were equal in brilliancy and effect to those of any previous season; a very large assemblage of individuals of the highest distinction attended, and the *fête* went off with *grand succès*.

This magnificent entertainment was succeeded on the ensuing Wednesday, by another of a very attractive nature, given by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh at their villa near Richmond Bridge. The beautiful lawn reaching to the Thames was fancifully studded with marquees, and in the interior of the mansion splendid accommodations were also provided for the distinguished party.

A great number of fashionable dinner parties have also been entertained during the month; among which, we may particularize those of the Duchess of Kent, Duke of Beaufort, Marquis of Salisbury, Duke of Montrose, Earl of Verulam, and the Earl of Falmouth, as possessing the most eminent attractions.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"The bride has left her parent's arms to prove her weal or woe!"

"Weep not for the spirit that's fled,
Her course though transient, was bright;
Though the spirit may rest with the dead,
It shall rise us an angel of light!"

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

As the month's roll on, we are called upon to add to our chronicle of life's smiles and tears, fresh names of beings that have entered into Hymen's laughing state, as well as of those consigned to the cold dark tomb, the resting place of all. The name of the venerable Earl DUNDONALD, who expired at Paris, in the 83d year of his age, must first be inscribed. His Lordship is succeeded by that gallant and meritorious officer, Lord COCHRANE, now Earl DUNDONALD. It is a Scottish peerage, created by Charles the First, and by him conferred upon Sir WILLIAM COCHRANE, of Cowden, in return for his friendship and assistance: his descendants have become allied, by intermarriages, with the noble and distinguished families of *Hamilton, Montrose, Cassillis, Tweeddale, Eglinton, and Dunmore*.

Another distinguished individual has swelled the triumph of man's last enemy, and gone to his eternal rest with the myriad dead. We allude to Sir GEORGE MONTGOMERY, Bart. who expired on the 10th ult. in St. James's Square.

At Hellingdon, Middlesex, the venerable and much-respected Lady KATHERINE WALPOLE, daughter of the first Earl of ORFORD, has breathed her last sigh, and become a denizen of another world. We have, also, to mention, with regret, the decease of JAMES NORTHCOTE, R. A. in the 86th year of his age.

Now, brighter scenes claim our attention, and a lighter

theme demands our pen: the bells are ringing merrily, and the smiles of happiness lighten the blooming countenances of the bridal attendants, whilst songs of joy are breathed around. On the 4th ult. at Hatfield, the Reverend son of Sir WM. HORNE, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, became the husband of the young and captivating ELIZABETH, daughter of J. H. BUSK, Esq. of Herts. And the rejoicings are yet continued, which were inspired by the happy union of NEILL, son of N. MALCOLM, Esq. of Portllich, Argyllshire, with the charming HARRIET MARY, daughter of the Rev. Sir F. C. JERVOISE, Bart. of Idsworth Park, Hants.

"Forth from her home goes the blushing bride,
And that is her husband who roams by her side;
So happy they look,—those looks raptures reveal,
Like *pictures of joy*, but substantial and real!
Ah! Blessings be on the bright bridegroom and bride,
May such rapture be e'er with their fortunes allied!"

Again we hear the marriage greetings in the halls of fashion, where the minstrel's harp is raised, and the song is sung in homage to the beauty of the fair ARABEL, daughter of C. G. COLLETON, Esq. of Haines Hill, Wilts.

"Oh, truly delightful, and sweet 'tis to gaze
On her bright sun-lit eyes, as they dart,
From under her tremulous lids, their soft rays,
And glances for glances impart!"

So thought the respected W. GAMBIER, Esq. eldest son of Sir JAMES GAMBIER, when he led this fair girl to the holy shrine, and there received the treasure of her hand.

LOUISA, daughter of Sir M. W. RIDLEY, Bart. M. P. has become the bride of M. S. SMITH, Esq. M. P. nephew to Lord CARRINGTON.

We may, also, congratulate C. J. W. ELLIS, Esq. of the Middle Temple, upon his union with EMILY, daughter of the late J. RAILTON, Esq. of Hertford Street.

To the list of projected marriages which we had the honour of publishing in our last. We may add that of Sir CHAS. MONCK, and the Lady MARY BENNET, sister of the Earl of TANKERVILLE, which is expected to be solemnized in the course of a few days.

THE DRAMA.

"Precept, alone, dogmatic schoolmen preach,
'Tis by *example* that the players teach!"

DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.

THE OPERA.—DONNIZETTI's long promised opera of *Anne Boleyn*, was produced for the benefit of Madame PASTA, and has since been repeated. Entertaining a favourable opinion of the merits of DONNIZETTI as a composer, we must enter our decided protest against his palpable plagiarisms from some of the most popular operas of ROSSINI, CIMA-ROSA and other masters; and those adaptations are so well known to English audiences, that their present introduction cannot but excite very unfavourable ideas of the DONNIZETTI's talent. We have airs that have become familiar to

the commonest ears in the metropolis, by the means of barrel organs and hurdy gurdy's; among others, *Sweet Home*, and the *Swiss Boy*. We must add, that PASTA, in the character of the heroine, has accomplished another triumph, her execution is truly electrical; the powers of her splendid voice, and its unequalled flow of melodious grandeur, demand the highest, the most unqualified commendations. LABLACHE is not at all happy in the monarch. A Madame GAY, from *La Scala*, made her *debut* in the part of *Jane Seymour*; her voice is a high soprano, of a very pleasing character; she promises to be successful. RUBINI, in *Percy*, affords the most powerful support to the piece.

ENGLISH OPERA.—From the Italian, we turn to the English opera, the company of which establishment, have again resorted to the Adelphi theatre, in consequence of the destruction of their own edifice. The first novelty, was a melodrama called *The Feudal Lady*, written by Mr. BANIM, but altogether unworthy of his high reputation in the literary world. The talented little Miss POOLE, from Drury Lane, and Miss KELLY, sustained the principal characters with much energy and effect, but their exertions were unavailing upon a piece of such unworthiness, and it has been, in consequence, withdrawn from representation. Mr. JOHN REEVE appeared in the farce of *Comfortable Lodgings*, in the character hitherto sustained by Mr. LISTON, and which he enacted with infinitely more *real* humour and drollery, than its original representative. Mr. REEVE is a valuable acquisition to this talented little company. He has since personated *Lord Grizzle* with the most laughable effect.

A piece called the *Haunted Hulk*, full of mystery and nonsense, has not met with more success than the *Feudal Lady*. Mr. ARNOLD's judgment certainly failed him when deciding upon offering those inferior dramas to the patrons of his establishment, but the error may certainly be pardoned, upon considering the many difficulties by which he is at the present moment surrounded. The plot of the *Haunted Hulk*, is old and threadbare, and, therefore, not worthy of detail; we have a lady spectre, indulging herself in a boat at midnight, and O. SMITH, in a very mysterious character; but both are ineffective. Even JOHN REEVE failed to make us laugh, and we were only restored to good humour by his irresistible drollery in the farce.

Another new piece called *The Old Regimentals*, has been more successful; it is a very clever and interesting drama, and is supported with corresponding talent in the performers.

HAYMARKET.—A silly piece called *A Friend at Court*, having been withdrawn by the managers, we shall pass it by without observation, for the purpose of noticing the admirable comedy of *The School for Coquettes*, which has been produced with the utmost success. We are happy in being able to add our testimony to the pleasing talent which Mrs. CHARLES GORE has displayed in the production of the many and varied characters in this comedy, so admirably contrasted, and producing such excellent effect. Some little objection may be advanced upon the score of plagiarism, but we can readily pardon this error in a first production, when its original portions are fraught with such real and powerful talent. We hope to see Mrs. GORE again in the character of a dramatic authoress, and trust that her present success will inspire increased powers and ability for a future attempt. The performers did justice to their

respective characters: that personated by FARREN, (*General Lumley*), was hardly worthy of him, but he, nevertheless, imparted to it the whole weight of his talent. COOPER, as *Lord Marston*, was gentlemanly and correct. Miss TAYLOR, as *Lady Honoria*, and Miss SYDNEY, as *Amelia*, were extremely interesting and effective. Mrs. TAYLEURE's *Miss Starchwell*, was too palpable an imitation of Mrs. CLIFFORD in *Quite Correct*. The *prologue* to this comedy, by Mr. BERNAL, was rather mediocre; LYTTON BULWAR's *epilogue* was somewhat better, but he should have refrained from political allusions; people do not go to the Haymarket theatre to hear the business of the House of Commons.

The *petite* piece of *A Day after the Wedding*, has been revived for the purpose of introducing Miss SYDNEY in the character of *Lady Free love*. We had but a few evenings before, upon a visit to the City Theatre, seen Miss ELLEN TREE in the same part, and her exquisite performance had left too strong an impression upon our memory, to allow us to entertain any very high opinion of Miss SYDNEY. She is not elegant enough for the part; her ease is that of a *soubrette*, and the light tripping gait which she assumes, is more characteristic of village life, than of fashionable society. Miss SYDNEY's performance, however, is exceedingly clever, and by attention and care, she may become an established favourite. A little more attention to the *chasteness* of her attire, might be attended with beneficial effect.

Could not the manager of this theatre procure a better male vocalist than Mr. BIANCHI TAYLOR? It is perfectly ridiculous to place that gentleman in the character of *Captain Macheath*.

We were quite delighted by our visit to Mr. CHAPMAN'S CITY THEATRE. ELLEN TREE is rising into a star of the first magnitude; her *Florence de Mirevale*, in an interesting piece called, *The One Fault*, (translated from SCRIBES drama of *Une Faute*, which LEONTINE FAY lately rendered so popular at the Haymarket,) is equal to her charming sister's *Clari*, and even superior to Madlle. FAY's performance. We feel great pleasure in directing our readers attention to this delightful actress, who in addition to her great professional reputation, enjoys that "immediate jewel of the soul," a good name, which the breath of slander has never sullied, and scandal shrinks from in awe. When the stage presents so many instances of direliction, it is truly delightful to advert to the merits of an individual, whose unimpeached, and unimpeachable conduct, renders her AN HONOUR TO THE NAME OF WOMAN.

THE SURREY THEATRE, in consequence of the death of Mr. ELLISTON, is, at present, conducted by his son; the management and performers remain as before. Several established pieces have lately been represented in a very able manner, and the house appears to be well supported. We were much pleased with the singing of Miss SOMERVILLE, one evening, in the *Seige of Belgrade*, and the spirited acting of Miss VINCENT. HORN was the *Seraskier*, he was in fine voice, and delivered the "Austrian Trumpet" song, with beautiful effect.

We have been given to understand, that the lady who performed *Cinderella* with such success at Covent Garden last season, under the appellation of Miss INVERARITY, is the wife of Mr. WILSON, of the same theatre.







Fashions for August, 1831. Spanish Costume and Morning Dresses.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESS.

A printed muslin dress, *corsage à draperies*, with a *chemisette* of English lace, trimmed round the shoulders, and back of the bust, with a row of lace, which falls partially over the *corsage*. The sleeve sits quite close from the elbow to the wrist, the upper part, excessively long and wide, falls over a little in the Mameluke style. The hat is of fawn coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed on the inside of the brim, with a green *esprit*, and *coques* of green gauze ribbon. Long light bows of ribbon, and an *esprit* decorate the crown.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A back view of the next figure.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

A dress of white jaconot muslin; the *corsage* is cut square at the bust, and small plaited; it is finished round the top with a band, lightly embroidered in points at each edge. The sleeves are of the *imbécille* kind. The skirt is trimmed round the border with four *entre deux* of embroidered muslin. The apron is of blue *gros de Naples*, with a *corsage en cœur*, formed by bands, and ornamented with bows and ends on the shoulders and behind. Cap of embroidered *tulle*, of a singularly novel and pretty form, trimmed with knots and a wreath of blue gauze ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of a *capote Anglaise*, with a square brim, and a crown higher than they have recently been worn; it is composed of rice straw, and ornamented with white gauze ribbons, and a bouquet of pink ostrich feathers, placed perpendicularly in front of the crown. A row of *coques* of ribbon, and a butterfly bow, ornament the inside of the brim next the face.

FIG. 2.—A front view of the above head-dress.

FIG. 3.—A white gauze *béret*, trimmed with a band, and knots of rose coloured gauze ribbon, and a bouquet of wild flowers placed on the left side.

FIG. 4.—A back view of Fig. 3.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape, pointed in detached bouquets, and at some distance from each other. The *corsage* is in crossed drapery, over a *chemisette* of *tulle*, à mille plis, finished round the top with pointed blond lace. The sleeve is à l'*Imbecille*, with *mancherons*, cut in *dents*; there are two falls, which also

go round the back of the bust. The hair is dressed in high bows on the summit of the head, and full curls on each side. A half wreath of roses, of very small size, crosses the forehead, and a sprig of full-blown roses, inserted behind the bows of hair, surmounts them. The jewellery is gold and pearls.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.—EVENING NEGLIGEE.

A muslin dress; the *corsage* is crossed over a *guimpe* of the same material; the sleeve is excessively large from the shoulder to the wrist, where it is confined by a bracelet of blue watered ribbon; epaulettes, of the pelerine kind, richly embroidered round the border. The *corsage* is also finished by a light embroidery, and a very rich one adorns the skirt. The hat is of white crape, trimmed *en évanail*, with white gauze ribbon inside the brim; and with a bouquet of white crape flowers attached to one side of the crown, and another to the opposite side of the brim. *Ceinture* of blue watered ribbon, and blue gauze scarf.

MORNING DRESS.

A muslin dress, printed in a running pattern, à colonnes; *corsage uni*, and sleeve à la Marie. *Canezon* of fine cambric, very richly embroidered. The bonnet is of rice straw, trimmed on the inside of the brim with a bandeau, and rosette of evening primrose and white gauze ribbon. A bouquet of fancy flowers is intermingled with the knots that adorn the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the second evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the first evening dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the morning dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress, a high *corsage*, with a falling collar, and sleeves à l'*Imbecille*. The collar is lightly embroidered at the edge, and the skirt is furnished with a rich embroidery above the hem, which is not so deep as usual. An open pelisse of plain *gros de Naples*, of the colour called *poussière de Paris*, is worn over this dress; it is of the *peignoir* form. Bonnet of pale rose-coloured *gros des Indes*, trimmed on the inside with a rosette of rose-coloured gauze ribbon. Ribbon foliage, mixed with *marabouts*, and a blond lace drapery, adorn the crown. This is an elegant morning carriage dress.

SPANISH COSTUME.

A blue silk dress; the border is decorated with Vandykes of blue moss, and blond lace, surmounted by ribbon stars, with a rose in the centre of each. Fancy *corsage* of white satin, cut in deep scollops, which descend below the waist; they are bound with pink, and the *corsage* is lightly embroidered in the same colour. The bust, which is cut low and square, is trimmed with an antique falling tucker of point lace. White gauze sleeves, which come considerably below the elbow, and are surmounted by short and very full blue ones. The hair is gathered in a knot at the top of the head, within an antique gold circlet; it is dressed in floating curls, à la *Sybil*, at the sides. Bright gold neck-chain, to correspond with the circlet. Pearl bracelets. Fancy silk scarf.

MORNING DRESS.

An open dress of the pelisse kind, of white jacconot muslin. *Corsage à double Schall*, and sleeves of the Medicis form. Both the capes of the *corsage* are trimmed with canary-coloured silk *guimpe*; this trimming is continued down the fronts, and round the border, in the tunic style. The cap is of *tulle*, ornamented with knots of canary-coloured gauze ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A high dress of jacconot muslin, with an embroidered *canezou* of the same material; and a close morning bonnet of white *gros des Indes*, trimmed with dark grey gauze ribbons, and fancy flowers to correspond.

FIG. 2.—Also a high dress, with a *canezou fichu*, of French cambric, scalloped at the edges. *Capote Anglaise*, of rice straw, trimmed with two green *esprits*, and green and white gauze ribbons.

FIG. 3.—A side view of a bonnet composed of green *moire*, and trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, a blond lace drapery, and three short white ostrich feathers.

FIG. 4.—A back view of a white *moire* bonnet, profusely trimmed with bands, and *nœuds* of blue gauze ribbon.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A printed muslin dress, green and white stripes, the latter figured in rose colour and violet flowers. Plain *corsage* and *Medicis* sleeves. Cambric *canezou à draperies*. White *gros de Naples* bonnet, the crown is trimmed with two bouquets of full blown roses, and the inside of the brim is ornamented with ends of cut ribbon. A pointed Cashmere shawl is thrown carelessly, in the scarf style, round the shoulders.

SECOND-MORNING DRESS.

A muslin dress, a fawn coloured ground, strewed with bouquets consisting of a single damask rose and foliage. *Canezou en cœur*, of thin jacconot muslin, very richly embroidered. Bonnet of rice straw, of a close shape, trimmed with rose coloured ostrich feathers, ribbon to correspond.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

A *gros de Naples* high dress, of a new and peculiar shade of green. *Corsage à la Marie*, and sleeves à l'*Imbecille*, with round *mancherons*; the skirt is trimmed round the border with three rouleaus disposed in slight waves. Bonnet of white watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, tipped with violet and green,

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of a muslin high dress, with the hat of the third morning dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the second morning dress.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A white muslin dress, the *corsage* is high and richly embroidered, as is also the front *en tallier*, as far as the knee, from whence the embroidery turns back round the border. The pelisse worn with this dress is open in front, the *corsage* made *en cœur*, the fronts and border of the pelisse are cut in deep points. Bonnet of white *moire*, the brim square at the corners, and trimmed next the face with puffs of rose-coloured gauze ribbon; long light bows of ribbon, and white feathers trimmed with rose colour, adorn the crown.

DINNER DRESS.

A printed *gros de Naples* dress, a pale gold colour in a running pattern of foliage. *Corsage à revers*; the *revers*, which is open in three places on the shoulders, forms *epaulettes*; the sleeves are of the *demi-gigot* form. *Chapeau-capote* of white crape, trimmed under the brim with white *tulle*, disposed *en barbes*; a bouquet of roses and ears of ripe corn is mingled with the *tulle* on one side and sprigs of roses with their foliage adorn the crown.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A front view of the half-dress bonnet, of *rose de parnasse moire*, the inside of the brim is trimmed with *coques* of green gauze ribbon, and *mentonnières* of blond net. A drapery and rosettes of blond lace, with a tulip of green gauze ribbon, in the centre of each of the latter, adorn the crown.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the dinner-dress.

FIG. 4.—A back view of Fig. 2.

FIG. 5.—A front view of a half-dress cap; the trimming of the front, more voluminous than it has lately been worn, is arranged *en papillar*, intermixed with lemon-coloured gauze ribbon. The caul is formed into a helmet shape, by twisted rouleaus of gauze ribbon.

FIG. 6.—A back view of the above head-dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1831.

Of all enchantresses, our ABSOLUTE QUEEN is surely the most powerful; she more than realizes the mythological fable of the cestus of Venus, since even the charms of Britain's lovely daughters are increased by her magic influence. But let her beauteous votaries beware, for if those changes which she every month ordains, are not made under the auspices of her faithful councillors, Taste and Fancy, the spell is void. It is for this reason, that we, the ministers of her sovereign will, point out so clearly to our fair subscribers, the costumes by which the *élite* of fashion, are distinguished from the crowd of pretenders to her royal favour.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The revolution has commenced, the *Capotes Anglaises* present this month very little of their original form; they are wider, and the crowns are higher. Some have the brim still square at the ears, but the greater





number are made rounded. Among those which Mrs. BELL has just received from Paris, are several composed of rice-straw and Leghorns; many of the latter are trimmed with tufts composed of the tips of ostrich feathers. Others have a single large flower, placed in the centre of a blond rosette. Those of rice straw are lined either with gaufréd satin, or crape; the former is set in plain, the latter drawn in bias quills. Some are ornamented with light sprigs of flowers, intermixed with blond gauze ribbons, but the majority are trimmed with feathers, either *en bouquet*, or else two or three of different lengths placed together, and drooping to one side. Those composed of watered silk or crape, are trimmed equally with flowers or feathers. Among Mrs. BELL's last importations from Paris, are some bonnets peculiarly adapted for very young ladies; they are trimmed with a single knot of gauze ribbon on one side of the crown, and a small rosette placed on the other, inside of the brim; they are cut out a good deal behind, and the curtain is short, so as to show the nape of the neck. Hats are of the *chapeau capote* form, they are trimmed in the same style as bonnets, but are more generally finished with a curtain veil of blond lace at the edge of the brim.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—A few open pelisses composed of iron-grey watered *gros de Naples*, have been seen upon elegant women, but silk is, upon the whole, less generally adopted than *palymriennes*, or printed muslins. These dresses are all worn with *canezous*. The assortment of these, and every other article of *lingerie*, which Mrs. BELL has procured, is certainly unrivalled for taste and elegance. The most novel for morning dress, are composed of the finest cambric, trimmed round with several rows of double *dents*. For morning visiting dress, those made *en cœur*, by a lappel on each side of the front, which forms a pelerine behind, are most in estimation; the trimming of the arm-hole is deeper than it has yet been worn. These *canezous* are always of India muslin, and very richly embroidered. Pelerine *canezous* are worn both in dishabilles and half-dress, they are very becoming to the shape; the prettiest are of cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Scarfs and *sautoirs* have been, in a great degree, superseded by ribbon collars, and neck-knots. The first are composed of puffs of gauze ribbon, which stand up in the style of a *ruche*, the others are made of ribbon, cut in the shape of oak leaves, there are two on each side, one very large, the other smaller.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF MORNING DRESS.—Silks are very little seen in dishabille, the few that are worn, are made with *corsages*, a three-quarter height, partially covered either by the collar of the *chemisette*, or by a cambric or embroidered muslin pelerine. Dresses of white jaconot muslin, the *corsage* made nearly, but not quite up to the throat, with an embroidery round the top of the bust, at the waistband, and round the border, are coming much into favour; and printed muslins are in very high estimation. These latter are always worn with a *canezou*.

Small silk aprons are indispensable in morning dress; some are embroidered in different coloured silks, others are trimmed with a *ruche* of the same material, cut to resemble a wreath of wild endive. The pockets are of different forms, and are ornamented, some with acorns, others with rosettes, or tulip knots.

Morning caps are no longer trimmed with bows, placed in

all directions, they are decorated with two round knots of the cockade form, inserted in the trimming in the front.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—Crape, *gaze polonoise*, and *tulle*, all worn over sarsnet or *gros de Naples*, are the materials most in favour; the most novel form is a *corsage uni*, trimmed round the bust with three folds, arranged *en schall*, placed one above another, and edged with narrow blond lace, set on with very little fulness. A row of *dents*, of a very novel form, edged with blond lace, is placed immediately above the hem. We have seen a few crape dresses, trimmed round the border with two flounces of the same material, cut in *dents de loup*, and edged with satin rouleaus of the smallest size. Long sleeves of *gaze de Paris*, or blond lace, are more generally worn in evening dress, than *berets*; many of the former have the upper part, *en mameluc*, the latter have not altered in shape or size.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—Besides the head-dresses of last month, which remain in favour, a new one, of a most original description, has just been introduced by a distinguished *élégante*, it is a cap composed of *tulle*, quilled in front, in such a manner as to form a *demi-capote*; the *tulle* is edged with a narrow blond lace of a very light kind; this trimming is sustained by a wreath of flowers placed inside; it is very small upon the forehead, but forms a tuft on each side. The caul, which is of the shape of the head, is crossed by bands of ribbon, one of which falling loose at each side, forms *brides*.

BALL DRESS.—The materials above mentioned are all fashionable in ball dress, but nothing is so *distingué* as white *gaze-satinée*, painted in wreaths of coloured flowers, which form columns; these wreaths are crossed irregularly by silver threads. These dresses are all made with a *corsage à schall*, which opens in three or four parts on the shoulders, in such a manner as to form jockeys in falling over. A trimming of blond lace, arranged *en coquille*, is placed above the hem. The trimmings of other dresses are composed of gauze, or blond lace, intermixed with flowers.

BALL HEAD-DRESSES.—Feathers are much worn at grand parties, with jewelled combs, or *ferronière*, with a jewelled ornament in the centre. Flowers are worn in the same style, but not so generally.

Fashionable colours are *gris lilas*, cabbage-green, wild rose colour, pearl grey, and different shades of yellow, fawn-colour, and blue.

The Public (especially the Ladies) are requested to notice the following.

TO MESSRS. C. & A. OLDRIDGE, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

SIRS,—I take the liberty of addressing my thanks to you for the great benefit received by my daughter from the application of your truly valuable *Balm of Columbia*. The hair of my youngest girl completely came off different parts of the head, and there was also a total loss of hair from the eyebrows. She was induced, at the instance of a friend, to try your Balm, and after using two bottles the effects were most surprising, for in a very short space of time, the hair grew in a regular healthy state. I think it but justice to yourselves and the Public to add my testimony to the virtues of your truly inestimable Balm, and you have my full permission to give this letter that publicity which you think proper.

I am yours, &c.

(Signed) HENRY HAWKES.

Pen Street, Boston,

Lincolnshire. June 1, 1829.

Oldridge's Balm prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of Certificates of the first respectability are shown by the Proprietors, C. & A. OLDRIDGE, 1, Wellington-street, Strand, where the Balm is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Vendors. Price 3s. 6d. 6s. & 11s. per bottle.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—For the early morning walk, bonnets of sewed straw are the most in favour; they are of the English cottage shape, with square brims, and trimmed with ribbon only. Leghorn and rice-straw hats, and crape and watered silk bonnets, are worn in the public promenades. Those of crape and *moire* are generally trimmed at the edge of the brim with a deep fall of blond lace; some have a blond lace drapery, tastefully disposed on the crown, and mingling with the flowers or ribbons that ornament; but if the bonnet is trimmed with feathers or ribbons, it has no drapery. Hats are trimmed with feathers only, with the exception of some few Leghorn ones, adorned with long light bows of straw coloured ribbon.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—White muslin begins to be very much worn in public promenade dress. We see some dresses finished round the border with a couple of deep tucks, which are edged with Valenciennes lace; they are worn with a *canezou à draperies*, trimmed to correspond; but pelerines which cross under the *ceinture*, without descending below it, are also much in favour. These latter are made with a single falling collar, which, as well as the border of the pelerine, is richly embroidered; the skirt has no trimming.

Printed muslins, particularly those printed in stripes, with wreaths of flowers between, are very much in request; the stripes are always arranged in such a manner, that they form large *chevrons* on the back and front of the *corsage*, and also on the sleeves. Open pelisses, of thin jacconot muslin, richly embroidered down the fronts, have, within the last few days, been adopted by several elegant women; they are worn over dresses of *guingan de soie*.

RURAL BALL-DRESSES.—Although dresses of white muslin, and particularly of organdy, are most in favour, printed muslins are by no means unfashionable, but they must be of large patterns, either detached bouquets, foliage of two colours, or columns of flowers. The most novel of these dresses are striped in white and coloured stripes alternately; the white stripe is thick, the coloured one thin, sometimes the latter are thickly strewn with small flowers. These dresses are made with a *corsage en demi redingotes*, they are worn with a *chemisette of tulle*, which is finished round the bust, by a *ruche* of the same material; those of white muslin are frequently made quite high, but with the *corsage* beautifully embroidered, or else they are worn with flat pelerines, richly worked, and sometimes edged with lace.

RURAL BALL COIFFURES.—Crape is decidedly the most fashionable material for hats, although a good many *élégantes* appear in *chapeaux demi capotes*, of white and coloured *moire*. White, rose-colour and blue, are the colours most in request for hats, but white ones are decidedly the most fashionable. Some are trimmed with feathers, others with flowers, and many are ornamented only with a single knot of gauze ribbon.

Straw hats are *de rigueur* for young unmarried ladies, who must, we should observe, be dressed in plain white robes, and their hats trimmed only with satin striped gauze rib-

bons; white on white, or colour on colour, as rose on blue, green on straw colour, but always of light shades.

OPERA DRESS.—*Organdy robes*, either white, rose coloured, or blue, are most in favour in opera dress. The *corsages* are made either *à draperies*, or plain, but the latter are most in favour. The dresses are made without any trimming round the border. Long sleeves of the same form as last month; we also see some, but very few of the *bêret* kind. The principal and most elegant novelties in opera dress are the ribbon *canezous* and *fichus*; some are made of plain gauze ribbon, but those of blond gauze are preferred. The *canezous* are made *à schall*, the *fichus* of the pelerine form. We have also observed some composed of rose-coloured, blue, or lilac *gros de Naples*, with a square back, marked by five *dents*, in the centre of each was a sprig of flowers, embroidered in white silk; the front was *à revers*, with pointed ends, each of which was ornamented with a bouquet, embroidered to correspond.

OPERA HEAD-DRESSES.—The hair dressed in the Chinese fashion, and ornamented with a bouquet of flowers, placed far back, and a *ferrière* on the forehead, is the favourite *coiffure* for young married ladies. Those more advanced in life appear in *bêrets* of plain gauze, or crape, ornamented only with a knot of ribbons, placed on one side. A new and most elegant style of head-dress, is a blond lace *capote*, ornamented with a very large wild rose, encircled with light sprigs of foliage, placed on one side of the crown; the pattern of the lace passes the edge of the brim, and being drawn with a slight degree of fulness, forms a new and pretty kind of *ruche*.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—Although India muslin is still worn, it is not now so fashionable as white watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed round the bust with the same material, *en schall*, edged with narrow blond lace, or else a *revers*, formed of blond lace only, which last is most elegant. We see, also, some few ladies in fancy dresses, of thin jacconot muslin, either blue or rose coloured; the prettiest of these are adorned down the front with a narrow white trimming, arranged in festoons, and placed so as to form an apron on the front, and turn back round the border. The *corsage*, cut square, is ornamented with a fold, forming a heart before and behind, and falling low on the shoulders; it is edged with festooned trimming. Head-dresses have not altered since last month.

JEWELLERY.—Among the new fancy ornaments are bracelets and neck-chains of plaited hair, with gold clasps, wrought in open work. Mock ornaments continue in favour.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Parasols are now made very large. Some of the new ones are of brown silk, with a palm border, either painted or embroidered in white or blue silk; others have the point of each stick marked by an acorn.

Since the weather became warm, *batlines* are less fashionable, and slippers are cut very low in the quarters. *Satin ture* is the material most in favour for promenade shoes. Gloves of Scotch thread are become very fashionable, and mittens composed of it are much worn in home-dress.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXXII.—English Earls.

THE EARL OF DELAWAR.

"And these may boast of lineage,—ancestry,—
Of honours by the second Edward given,
For gracious services, which, through a line of years
Have still increased in honours; 'tis a task
Not irksome, then, to trace the march of fame
A noble house has made."—A. M. T.

Passing on by regular stages, and according to the rank of the noble personages, our monthly chapter of Genealogy and Biography embraces a periodical offering which we would fain hope contain that union of the useful with the amusing, which to all writers it is recommended to study; we come now to speak of the representative of a family, who, if "time can give a pedigree," deservedly may pride himself upon the antiquity of his honours.

GEORGE JOHN WEST, then, EARL OF DELAWAR, Viscount Cantulupe, Baron Delawar and Baron West, was born on the 26th October, 1791, consequently is yet but in the strength of manhood, and prime of life; and succeeded to the honours bequeathed to his rank, upon the demise of his father, on the 28th July, 1795, thus becoming the *fifth* EARL OF DELAWAR. We have stated that the *Lineage* of this noble house might lay claim to the glory of antiquity, and the "feather" of good ancestry; and in now further stating the origin and progress upwards of that lineage, we feel persuaded those "stubborn things," facts, will bear our observations out, and vindicate the consistency of our premises.

"Let ancient records, then, with history vie,
To tell the tale of noble ancestry."

The founder of the Delawar family was Sir THOMAS WEST, Knt., a gentleman of much consideration, who lived in the reign of Edward the Second, and was in high favour with that monarch; a feeling which Sir Thomas had also the good fortune to inspire in that sovereign's successor. He married Eleanor, daughter and heiress of Sir John de Cantulupe, of Hempton Cantulupe, in the county of Devon, by whom he obtained the manor of Snitterfield, in Warwickshire; and was afterwards summoned to parliament as Lord West, the date of creation being 16 Edward III.

We next revert to the grandson of this nobleman, who was summoned to parliament as *third* Lord West, and who
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"Plighted truest vows, and gave the ring,
Which should for aye affection's offerings bring,"

to Joan, daughter of ROGER DE LA WARRE, an event which accounts for the title now borne by the subject of this sketch. The lineal descendants of this nobleman (that is, of the *third* Lord West) were summoned to Parliament, as Baron de la Warre, until the reign of Edward VI., when Sir Thomas West, Knt., the ninth baron, succeeded in obtaining an act of parliament, to disqualify his nephew and heir, William, who had attempted his life by poison, thus "warring against nature still," from succeeding to the hereditary estates and dignities, affording him, however, an allowance (thus repaying delinquency with compassion) of 350*l.* per annum. This William West, however, somewhat retrieved the stain of his private faults by his public actions, since it is found that he subsequently served in the English army, at the siege of St. Quentin, in Picardy, where the Earl of Pembroke defeated the gigantic Montmorence, the Constable of France, and for his gallant bearing was knighted at Hampton Court, in 1568, obtaining, at the same time, a *new* creation of the dignity of LORD DE LA WARRE. He had also, by act of parliament, in the March following, a full restitution in blood. His lordship died on the 30th December, 1595; and was succeeded by his only son, THOMAS, the *second* lord; who, in his turn, was succeeded by *his* son, THOMAS, the *third* lord. This nobleman was a soldier, and might be said to have been a public personage of the day, since it is recorded that he was Governor and Captain-General of Virginia, in which island he expired, in 1618. His son HENRY, the *fourth* lord, was his successor, who dying in 1628, was succeeded by his son, CHARLES, the *fifth* lord; whose son also became, in the due course of heirship, possessor of the titles, honours, and estates. This nobleman was one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, and afterwards Treasurer of the Excise. He died the 26th May, 1723; and was succeeded by his only child, JOHN, the *seventh* lord, K. B., a general officer in the army, and Governor of Guernsey. His lordship married, first, Charlotte, daughter of Donagh Mac Carthy, Earl of Clancarty, by whom he had several children; and, secondly, Anne, daughter of Edward Thornicroft, Esq. On the 18th March, 1761, he had the honour of being created, VISCOUNT CANTALUPE and EARL OF DELAWARRE. He was permitted to enjoy these honours but five years, since in March, 1766, death claimed the victory over him; and his eldest son, JOHN, took his title and his seat as the *second* earl. This gentleman was also an officer of high rank in the army, and came to be appointed, in 1776, Master of the Horse to the Queen. He married Mary, daughter of Lieutenant General Whisyard, but dying 22nd November, 1777, was succeeded by his eldest son, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, the *third* Earl, at whose decease, unmarried, in 1783, the honours devolved upon his brother, JOHN RICHARD, who thereby became the *fourth* earl, and who wedded Catherine, daughter of Henry Lyell, Esq. of Bourn, in the county of Cambridge, by whom he had issue
R

(the lady herself died in 1826) GEORGE JOHN, the *present* peer, and CATHERINE GEORGIANA, who married Lieutenant Colonel D'Arcy, but died, greatly regretted, in 1824. Her father, his lordship, died 24th July, 1795; and was succeeded, as we have shewn, by GEORGE JOHN WEST, the *present* and *fifth* EARL OF DELAWARE.

As in the case of other noblemen, whose genealogies the course of our duties had led us to trace, and record in this Magazine, the EARL OF DELAWARE does not challenge notice for any attempts to catch the possibly evanescent cheers, or fickle huzzas of the veering populace; nor has he sought observation from many of those practices, either of equipage, dress, or habits, which give to others a claim to that very sceptical praise termed *notoriety*. He does not ride with a *cat-gut* *bridle* like Lord Ellenborough, nor mount the box clothed like a professed knight of the whip, as does Sir Thomas Graham. Good nature, and good fellowship at all events dwell with him, and envy, hatred, and malice, are not his household gods. As to his political talents or principles, it is not our duty to take cognizance.

On the 21st June, 1813, he evinced his judgment and good taste, by marrying Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Frederick, third Duke of Dorset, by which excellent lady he has issue

George John Frederick, Viscount Cantalupo, born 25th April, 1814; Charles Richard, born 13th November, 1815; Reginald Windsor, born 21st February, 1817; Mortimer, born 22nd September, 1820; another son and two daughters.

"These are the olive branches round the board
More rich than all the table's luscious hoard;
These the fair spirits which give purest mirth
To dear, dear home, and that home's social hearth:
Oh be they spared to bless an anxious sire
And raise his name beyond detraction's fire!"

Jour de ma vie, the motto of the family, is one of those which almost defies a literal translation. Still all must wish the noble Earl may be enabled to say his life has throughout been a *successful day*, and that clouds nor storms, may never sour the progress of his destinies.

"Let these proceed, like barque 'neath a prosp'rous gale,
Unshook in timbers, and unscath'd in sail;
And through the stormy sea of life still gay,
Speed voyages prudent, and make prosperous way;
'Till rocks, and quicksands, storms, and danger past,
The haven of content is reach'd at last."

The town residence of the Earl of Delaware, is 17, Upper Grosvenor-street; his country seat, Bourn Hall, Caxton, Cambridgeshire.

THE MANIAC.

Towards the end of last October, when the weather first began to presage winter, and every body fled from the country to shut themselves up in their Parisian domiciles, I regularly quitted the city to enjoy a solitude so much more to my taste, beyond the barriers.

The ground was covered with its autumnal dressing; the

dry and yellow leaves from the trees of the outer boulevard whirled around me in troublesome eddies, and the humid fog which began to extend itself over the whole scene, caused me a very disagreeable impression.

Leaving Belleville to the left, I walked on slowly and thoughtful, engaged in profound reflection on the variety and emptiness of this world's pleasures, and was soon transported in idea far from Paris, into the midst of more congenial scenery.

Suddenly the sounds of grief met my ear; it was the sharp cry of a despairing heart; and as melancholy as my own reflections.

I was just then close to the eastern burial-ground. A hearse was slowly bearing a corpse to its place of rest, and the conductor announced its arrival to the functionaries of the place.

The cemetery was deserted, except by a few couples who, partially hidden by the fog, glided in the perspective like the shadows of the departed. They were lovers who had gone thither to seek for secrecy and silence amongst the tombs; and were toying and laughing, and speaking of *love* in a path paved with the bones of their fellow mortals. They made a resting place of a tombstone; but why should we feel astonished that youth and frivolity seek every where for pleasure?

I pursued with slow steps the ascent to the chapel, and having reached the summit, I seated myself upon a tomb, and cast my eyes in every direction round, mournfully considering the objects with which I was associated.

A violent burst of laughter roused me from these contemplations, and my sympathy gave way to indignation, and caused me to bend my steps towards the spot whence the sound proceeded.

There, in one of the most retired alleys of this vast cemetery, I beheld a lonely female seated upon a tomb-stone; her cheeks were pale and wrinkled; her eyes red and swollen; her tears still trickling down her cheeks. Nevertheless, it was she whose laugh had electrified me; it was she who, in spite of her tears, *continued* to laugh. As soon as she saw me, she shook her head, and placed her finger mysteriously on her lips,—“Hush! hush! be silent,” said she, as if she was addressing some invisible being, “hush, there is some one coming.”—

I drew towards her, and she attempted to knit; her eyes still cast down, and her attitude became most rigid.

In the mean time, the fog had considerably increased, and the poor unfortunate woman's habiliments imbibed its moisture. Her frozen limbs seemed to be void of feeling; a drop of water hung to each scattered lock of hair, and her hands, purple as the violet, could scarcely move her knitting needles. She was a personification of submissive despair!

“The weather is very cold, madam,” to remain thus exposed to its influence. But perhaps you are waiting for the person whom I heard you conversing with just now.”

“Till then, the poor creature had been perfectly silent; when she suddenly leaped from her seat, and pointing towards a grave at her feet, replied: “*That person* lies there.” On the head-stone I read these words: “To the memory of Julius Rainier, who died at the age of nineteen years—his mother dedicates this tablet.” Alas! the unhappy woman believed she still heard the voice of her son issue from the depths of the grave; therefore she chatted and laughed as if

really in company with the loved being who slept beneath. Such was the effect of her maternal grief and affection.

I made several efforts to draw her away from the cemetery, but she angrily repulsed me. "What! quit my poor Julius before night-fall?" said she. Oh! no, sir, no; we are so comfortable together! If I was to leave him alone here, he would get tired."

One of the watchmen belonging to the place passed close to us; he hummed a tune in the most careless tone imaginable.

"That woman disquiets you, sir," said he, carelessly. "Bah! Let her alone, and go your ways; she has seen a hundred others since she came here."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, her son died about a year ago, and she has regularly passed every day since that period beside his grave. She talks to him, and insists upon it that he answers her—it is enough to kill one with laughing to hear her. She always brings some victuals with her; and as for *mad people*, they never feel the cold." The unfortunate creature gave the lie to his words, for she shivered from suffering. The watchman withdrew, humming a fashionable air of the most fashionable vaudeville.

I had not courage to drag the poor maniac away from the tomb of her son. I could not reconcile it to myself to destroy an illusion which made her so happy; but I feared for her health; and I wished above all things to place some one in charge of her.

I ran after the watchman, and spoke of it to him. "Watch over her!" said he,—"Bah! her family have already given her in charge to me. She is rich, and her relations"——

"How is it, then, that they permit her"——

"They submit to what they cannot hinder. Six months ago they confined Madame Raineir in a locked-up room, and she jumped out of the window! The fellow laughed as he uttered the words, and I turned away heart-sick at the painful spectacle.

After that, I continued for several weeks to visit the cemetery and Madame Raineir, whom I constantly found talking and knitting by the side of her son's grave.

Alas! one day I missed her "at the accustomed spot." I flew to the watchman, who began to sing, and gaze thoughtlessly at the sun.

"The poor mother is not at her post to-day," said I; "have her relatives thought proper to confine her in a mad-house? Is she likely to recover her reason?"

"No, sir," said he, rubbing his hands to promote the circulation. "She is no longer mad, thank God!—but it is all the same; she will come this morning to the burial ground."

He turned his head, as he spake, towards the long avenue which led from the principal gate of the cemetery.

"Stop—there she is!" cried he, and he pointed to a hearse which was slowly toiling up the ascent.

BLIGHTED HOPE,

"There's grief in the pale cheek,—but who can tell what plac'd it there!"—WALTER SCOTT.

Oh, say not—think not that I'm false,
Nor scorn me as untrue;
I am not faithless, though forlorn,
And now despised by you.
The world may spread a wanton tale,
But heed not what they speak;
I know my grief's of no avail,
But read it on my cheek!

I'm silent,—Why?—Ah, there's the pain,
The cause!—'Tis madness quite;
My hopes arose in fairy dreams,
They set in endless night.
I have no voice,—I dare not speak,
I must not tell my thought;
Oh no,—thou'rt sacred, must not be,
The fatal lesson taught.

And I will bear the agony,
Suspected,—aye,—and scorned,
E'en, e'en by thee!—still think my heart
Perverted and deformed.
Why should I foster still the hopes
That once appeared so bright:—
Why sear thy young and faithful soul
With fate's untimely blight?

I dare not link thy fate with mine,
No!—that would be unkind;
For I must wander, lone,—and pine,
And battle with the wind:
Alone, on stormy billows tost,
Nor venture once to sigh
For that pure treasure I have lost:—
No! 'Twould be mockery!

You deem that falsehood lurk'd conceal'd
E'en in our last farewell;—
Ah, in that word, that little word,
Lay more than tongue can tell!
Could you have read my aching heart,
Have known the anguish there;
Reproaches now you would not dart,
You'd pity, and you'd spare.

Enough,—I dare not dwell upon
The fearful, madd'ning theme;
I dare not linger on the thought,
The bliss of young Hope's dream:
But only this,—though silent, still,
Yet deem me not unkind;
Think of the cause that seals my tongue,
The fetters now that bind.

Deem me not false, and I am blest,
Deem me not cruel, and you spare
Pangs that I dare not, love, confess,
Believe me—and forbear!

I am not false!—No, witness heav'n!
Though still my soul forbids reply:
Still, dearest, I would be *forgiven*,
Then let the weary wanderer die!

AMBITION AND LOVE;

OR, THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BALSORA.

A TALE.

"Can the fountain of love be renewed?—Where is she Who roamed at thy side by the bright southern sea— Whose eye was as sparkling, whose spirit as free? Ah, where is that loved one, who once to thy breast, With the transport of truest affection was prest? How many long months on her lone couch she lay, In tears and in solitude wasting the day!"

LORD PORCHESTER.

Abdallah was the only child of an honest peasant in the vicinity of the city of Bagdad; the latter dying full of years and honour, bequeathed his humble cottage, it was his all, to his beloved son, with strict injunctions to continue in those paths of integrity through life which he had trod, and which had brought him to the happy end that all men fondly covet. Abdallah promised to obey the injunctions of the good old man; and the latter closed his eyes upon the world, and resigned his spirit to the angel of death, that hovered over his couch, ready to convey him to the realms of bliss.

The disposition of the son was essentially different to that of the sire. The latter wished for nothing more than the means of supplying his daily wants; Abdallah, on the contrary, shared the failings of mankind,—he wished for more than what the great ruler of the universe had thought necessary; and, beholding the pride and pomp of higher stations, he dared to repine at the fate that had placed him so low in the scale of humanity, and sullied the purity of an innocent spirit by perpetual complainings. Ambition prevailed over every other feeling, and all the kind and charitable impulses of the heart became absorbed in the destructive influence of that one passion. He looked around him in his humble cottage,—and the plain wooden seats, the shattered casements, the mouldering doors, were contrasted in his imagination with the gold and splendour of the caliph's palace; his reflections progressing through every descending class, each one so much more estimable than his own, each one appearing to possess the means of happiness, and enjoying it—while he, plunged by fate into a situation the most inferior, was compelled to toil through the day for the means of earning his subsistence, while at night, his sleep was disturbed by the ambitious aspirations of his soul, and his dreams were haunted by the splendours that he would enjoy. Each succeeding day rivetted the chains of discontent more firmly, and at length he impiously dared to accuse the High Power, of tyranny and oppressive injury.

There was one, too, who saw with poignant anguish, the altered appearance of Abdallah,—who had experienced his worst ingratitude,—but who still loved him, fondly, truly; and not his faithless wanderings, not his impious repinings, were able to destroy that affection in the breast of the faithful Zelié. But she was not favoured by fortune,—she was good, truly good; but her own hands procured her daily food, and administered to the necessities of an aged mother, just upon the verge of the tomb, whose last days were consoled by the fond attentions of a devoted child, whose dying spirit was prepared for heaven by her prayers. Zelié was beloved by all the peasantry; the old taught their children to follow her

example, the young prized her for her gentleness, her innocence, her many virtues. And this girl Abdallah *once* loved. Zelié believed his vows, and placed her life upon his truth. All men envied the youth,—and then Abdallah was worthy of her love; his thoughts had not progressed beyond the enjoyment of his humble home, and his hours of leisure were employed in planning the necessary arrangements for the anticipated nuptials; his labours were rewarded, fertility spread its blessings over his little spot of land, and prosperity crowned the industrious peasant's toil. He awoke in the morning, and welcomed the sun with a song of joy; the birds accompanied him in similar thanksgivings, and the trees and the flowers poured out their orisons to the great fount of light and life, that had spread such universal happiness. Then Abdallah went to his accustomed labour with a heart light and buoyant; the love of his faithful Zelié cheering him through the day, conscious that at eve he should meet *her* smiles of welcome, conscious that he should then be rewarded with her delicate and chaste endearments. Thus passed each day as they revolved, and the happiness of Abdallah appeared scarce to admit of increase. One thing alone he wished for—Zelié to be his wife.

The day that was to witness this interesting celebration was rapidly approaching,—the necessary preparations were completed,—and both the youth and the maiden counted the lagging moments with impatience and expectation. A cloud then came across the sun of their felicity, and the cup of bewildering joy was dashed from their lips;—the constancy of Zelié was despised, her affections laughed to scorn. Abdallah had quitted his little plantation, one day, to procure his accustomed meal, at the moment when the rich merchant Osmyn, with his haughty daughter Scherzade, were progressing through the village to Balsora; the proud girl had thrown aside her veil, and was enjoying some humorous remark that the merchant had just made, when her brightened countenance met the gaze of Abdallah. He stood transfixed in admiration; it was but the glance of a moment—the next the party were out of sight; but the picture of Scherzade had been imprinted upon his heart, and his rebel soul confessed itself the slave of the stranger girl. A change came over Abdallah then; the genii of evil had spread his snares around him, and he became a victim. The splendour of the merchant's daughter's costume, the costly jewels that adorned her white neck, the rich materials of her dress, all conspired to subdue his sense, and lead him from the paths of honour to misery, despair, and death. Silently and sullenly he passed again to his work, but the encouraging charm was destroyed—the innocent Zelié was forgotten; all that possessed Abdallah's contemplations were the dark eyes of Scherzade, and the flowing tresses of the same raven hue that descended from her white forehead, and entwining with the jewels of adornment, reposed upon a neck fairer than alabaster—tempting as the pictured Houris of the prophet's paradise.

Those emotions, encouraged by the youth, at length destroyed all impulse to exertion,—his implements of labour were thrown down,—he retired to a shed from the burning rays of the sun, and stretching himself at full length within the shade, drank deeper of that intoxicating stream of ambition, whose first draught had deadened him to thoughts of honour, until his whole soul became absorbed, and the image of Zelié was erased from his heart for ever.

Evening came, and the field was still untilled; the hour of repose arrived, and the affectionate Zelié prepared to welcome

her lover's return, to repay his toils, and smooth the rugged path of his existence by her endearments. But no Abdallah came; the hour passed—another one elapsed—when Zelié, in alarm, threw her veil across her face, and hastened to the spot of her lover's labour. Abdallah heard her approaching footsteps, and he concealed himself;—he heard the soft tones of Zelié's voice, and for the first time those tones were hated! Great ideas had destroyed even his respect for the humble girl, and now her fond affection was contemned and scorned. From his concealment he saw her wandering through the field—heard her call upon his name—witnessed her agony and distress when she quitted the spot—and laughed at her eagerness, and mocked her suffering. He then retired silently to his cottage, threw his fevered limbs upon his couch, and, for the first time in his life, experienced the repose of the unhappy. The next morning, he essayed to commence his accustomed toil, but the effort was in vain; something hung heavy upon his heart—his hands were paralysed, they refused to obey their usual office—and Abdallah again resigned himself to despair. He quitted the scene of labour, and wandered through the village. Zelié beheld him, and ran to greet him, pleasure sparkled in her eyes of blue, so bright in their innocence and fearful in their joy; but her fondness was repulsed by the youth—he curled his lip at the girl, and motioning her away with his arm, desired her to desist. The astonished girl gazed tenderly at her lover's countenance, but read there scorn alone; she saw him depart without a word,—and rushing into her cottage, fell in tears upon the neck of her dying mother.

Every one perceived the change in the youth,—every one beheld the distress of the girl. Some pitied him, whilst other friends remonstrated; but pity and intreaty were alike ineffectual. Abdallah turned a silent ear, and sullenly continued in his abstraction. Work was abandoned then,—days past and he never went to the field—his spirits failed—and his garden became a wilderness; thick weeds sprung up, and choked the wholesome plants—rank herbs grew upon the ground, unchecked by the peasant's hand; and as Abdallah beheld the destruction of his little property, he sighed at the change, but his powers of exertion were gone. Ambition alone was in his soul. All the ideas of Abdallah were engrossed by the merchant's daughter of Balsora; she was the polar star of his happiness, around which his earthly good was entwined, and whom he prayed for in his night prayers, and importuned the powers of heaven throughout the day, to grant him. Give him but her—and her alone; the treasures of the earth and of the sea might be offered in her stead—but in vain; richer, more estimable than all, was she to him, for her alone he lived; and if he had her not he would die, for death was preferable to life without her.

Such were the exclamations of Abdallah—such were his impious importunities; heaven had bestowed upon him happiness complete and real—he spurned it for a gratification unknown and unsubstantial. The affectionate Zelié murmured not; she beheld the fearful change in the once faithful Abdallah with resignation, but she loved him still—even in his perfidy she loved him. Even then, when his little fortune was wrecked,—when his garden was overrun with canker-weeds, and its rich produce ruined and destroyed,—when the blessings of heaven had parted from him, and man, his fellow-labourer man, despised him,—even then she could have followed him in his despair, have whispered consolation to his anguished spirit, and, with tenderness and pity, cheered the

dark hours of his misery, and once more lead him back to hope and happiness. Such was the affection of Zelié, but she knew that by him, for whom she could endure every thing, by him *she was despised!* She dared not meet him again, she could not look upon his face once more; she had seen it in its better aspect, and dared not encounter the fearful sight again!

Aware of the name and reputation of the merchant's daughter, Abdallah contemplated the difference between their respective spheres, and the dreadful reality of his unworthiness presented itself. In that bitter moment, he threw himself at length upon the earth, and raved in frantic terms of his abjection, and, in his despair, railed at the Most High for placing so broad a gulph between him and the object of his happiness. Thus impiously daring, he rolled among the garden weeds, tearing his hair, and melting the parched earth with his burning tears, until sleep overpowered him; but even in his dreams the demon possessed him, and his visions were wild and fearful.

Abdallah started from his slumber in surprise, awakened by a deep voice calling loudly upon his name: he arose from the earth, and gazed around, but could not discover any one. He trembled, for the voice was stern and fearful, and, in doubt and apprehension, he ejaculated, "Who called Abdallah?"

"I," cried the voice again; and Abdallah, directing his eyes to the spot, discovered a being, arrayed in flowing robes of ætherial blue, surrounded with a bright effulgence; mildness and innocence beamed upon his countenance, and, in his extended hand, he held a small wand, surmounted by a wreath of olives.

"Gracious spirit!" exclaimed Abdallah, "why comest thou?"

"To know thy wishes. Heaven has heard thy prayers—thy impious revilings. What dost thou want?"

"I dare not name my wishes!"

"And yet but now, you accused high heaven of injustice! Listen, son of earth;—Thou wert blest with innocence and comfort,—a generous sire bequeathed to thee his all, and heaven bestowed on thee the chaste affection of a maiden, virtuous and holy. Thou hast murmured at this providence. Thou canst discern aught good better than he who gives it. What wouldst thou have!—I have the power to grant it!"

"And wilt thou, spirit?" cried Abdallah, in a sudden burst of joy.

"Speak, thou shalt see."

"*The maiden of Balsora.*" rejoined the enraptured youth; and swiftly as the words were spoken, the spirit of happiness stretched forth his arms, and received the boy therein.

Instantly, the spirit soared with his charge into the air; the clouds opened at his approach, and the noise of earth became lost in the still and quiet peace of heaven. Abdallah beheld the world fade from his view, diminishing by degrees, and becoming less as his ætherial conductor higher soared, until the hills and the valleys became mingled in his sight, the earth and the waters were as one, and the great globe itself a little speck in the abyss of space. Presently, however, it began to enlarge to his view, the various objects were revealing themselves again, and Abdallah felt that he was descending; in a moment, they rested upon the brow of a stupendous mountain, from whence Abdallah could glance over an immense portion of earth. Bagdad, with its gilded towers and minarets, and Balsora, lying almost at the mountain's base, which was laved by a bright and glittering stream, upon which majestic swans

moved to and fro in the sun-beams that rippled the surface of the waters.

"Knowest thou that city?" enquired the spirit.

"It is Balsora," rejoined the youth.

"Thou speakest well. Discernest thou, too, that gorgeous building, standing alone by the rivers side, fraught with rich merchandise, where the men of every nation seem busily engaged in commerce?"

Abdallah replied in the affirmative; and the spirit continued, "That is the mansion which contains her whom we seek—she whom you have prayed for—*she who must be thine*."

"Oh, happiness unutterable!" exclaimed the enthusiastic youth; "Allah be praised for this unlooked for blessing!"

"Hold!" cried the spirit; "first prove the blessing, then return thanksgivings: *it may be the reverse!* Behold, at the mountain's base,—knowest thou not one of these?"

Abdallah instantly beheld a train of females descending to the water's side, in the midst of whom he recognized the darling idol of his soul; he immediately caught the garment of the spirit, and exclaimed, "'Tis she—'tis she!"

"Aye, Scherzade of Balsora—and *thine!*"

A mist arose before the eyes of the youth, his vision became dim, a strange sensation overpowered him, and he fell senseless upon the breast of the spirit. The next moment he found himself in a sumptuous apartment; gold and jewels shone from every compartment, rich damask sofas, placed at various intervals, invited voluptuous repose, and slaves presented golden beakers on their knees before him. Abdallah trembled as he opened his eyes to the magnificent scene, and turned to address his conductor, but he had vanished; and the youth perceived that he was alone with the attending slaves, and attired in a gorgeous dress of satin, embroidered with gold, and adorned with costly gems of invaluable price! Scarce able to comprehend the scene, he threw himself upon one of the sofas, and, instantly, folding doors at the back of the saloon were thrown open, and a troop of beautiful girls issued from the inner apartment, holding baskets of exotic flowers in their hands, and running towards Abdallah, knelt at his feet, and with a song of most delicious melody, presented him their floral offerings. Then, another party, in a lighter costume, danced before him, and, at length, conducted the previous band from the saloon with a song of joy.

"This is extacy, indeed!" cried Abdallah, intoxicated with the varied aspects of the bewildering scene.

Immediately afterwards, another door opened, and the train of females that he had previously beheld at the water's side, entered, conducting the idol of his soul, arrayed in the richest style of costume, and adorned with a profusion of precious gems. Her dark ebony hair was arranged with artful elegance, whilst masses of white pearls, placed at irregular intervals, contrasted powerfully with its darkness. A loose folded vest of silk, of celestial blue, half-concealed her neck and bosom of dazzling purity, and a flowing robe of white gauze, carelessly thrown on, imparted grace and majesty to her commanding figure: her trowsers were of satin, of a similar hue to the vest, embroidered with silver and gold in alternate figures, and her small and delicate feet were enshrined in slippers of gold embroidery. Such was the splendid creature that Abdallah was destined to call his own,—such the enchanting girl that had been bestowed by Providence in accordance with his wishes. Enraptured, he gazed upon the lovely girl, and remained transfixed to the couch, until Scherzade, running up to him with a smile of joy, imprinted a soft

kiss upon his cheek, and called him by the endearing names of "lord" and "husband!"

Silently he returned thanks to heaven, in gratitude for this extreme enjoyment, and then plunged into the full stream of pleasure and delight. Now the minstrels tuned the sweetest melody, and the beautiful girls sung their sweetest strains; now the dance was continued, and the attending slaves proffered the golden beakers, and the richest fruits of the East to the enraptured youth, who, seated by the side of her whom he prized dearer even than all the attending pleasures, enjoyed her smiles, her tenderness, her love! Thus were his dreams of happiness realized, thus was his cup of felicity filled to the brim.

Ere the festivities had concluded, the chime of a silver bell announced the banquet, and Scherzade, proffering her hand to Abdallah, was by him conducted through the saloon, whilst two slaves directed their progress, and traversing through several other apartments, each decorated in a similar style of splendour, they entered the banquet room, where an assembled party rose to receive them, and remained standing until the youth and his beloved were seated upon high chairs of embroidered velvet, under a canopy of state. Sweet strains of music accompanied the repast, and the distant voices of the singing-girls imparted a delightful interest to the scene. The company that Abdallah beheld at his table were evidently of high distinction, wearing robes of honour, and otherwise distinguished. Scherzade, however, was the presiding deity of his happiness, and to her his devotions were all addressed; he revelled in the intoxication of his felicity, and, for the moment, he was fully happy.

But the dream was soon to have its alloy. Abdallah could not fail to perceive the gestures of an individual who sat next to his beloved, nor the evident replies that were made by Scherzade; who, although conversing with himself in tones of fondness and the tenderest affection, suffered her hand to be retained in the grasp of the stranger, until the frowns of Abdallah induced its removal, and then she smiled upon her husband to remove suspicion from his mind. But a strange emotion was excited in his bosom that he could scarcely comprehend,—so singular, so undefined, but yet so dreadful to him; the spark was lighted—the fire raged—and *jealousy engrossed his soul!*

The stranger continued his attentions, and Scherzade was not unmindful of them, watching every opportunity of conveying a smile, unobserved by Abdallah; but the youth was too much heated to be off his guard—jealousy had fired his soul, and the passion was strengthened by the liquor that he had quaffed. He watched the guilty pair, beheld the stranger imprint a kiss upon the hand of Scherzade, and infuriated thereby, he started from his seat, snatched a dagger from his girdle, and plunged it into the stranger's heart!

All was now confusion in the mansion; the banquet was broken up, and the lights were extinguished; weeping and wailing were heard in every room, while repeated cries of "revenge" struck terror to Abdallah's heart. He looked upon his hands, they were red—red with his victim's blood; he shrieked at the sight, and fell in a stupor upon the ground.

"*And this is happiness!*" cried a mysterious voice from the extremity of the apartment.

"Ah!" cried Abdallah, and starting from his trance, he beheld the object who had caused this dreadful event, his wife, Scherzade, sitting beside him; her features fixed and motionless, her eyes had lost their lustre, and the dark tresses that

had, but a few moments before, fallen so gracefully upon her white neck, now hung dishevelled over her forehead, and along her back, and her face was pale and deathly; scorn and haughty pride were its sole expressions, and as she caught the burning hand of her husband, as he arose from his stupor, she exclaimed,

"Why this is well,—a murderer!—a murderer!—Ha!"

"Name not the fearful deed;—tell me how I may escape."

"Tis I alone can shelter you," exclaimed Scherzade; "the officers of the guard are now in search of you—the friends of the murdered victim cry aloud for justice—and hark!" continued she, as a heavy trampling of footsteps was heard above their heads, "they are here!"

"Merciful Allah forbid!" cried Abdallah.

"Why, what have you to do with Allah, now?" cried Scherzade, with a look of withering indignation; "you denied him when you became a murderer! But I will preserve you," continued the girl, bestowing upon him a smile that relieved him from a load of anguish—"I will protect my love, my lord, my husband!—Come, come with me."

She snatched her lamp from the ground, and taking Abdallah by the hand, led him down a flight of stone steps; at the bottom of which she stamped her foot upon the ground, and the spring flying back, revealed another flight, descending deep into the earth. Abdallah shrunk back; a cold damp air issued from the vault, and the steps seemed wet and decayed. He would have retreated, but Scherzade seized his hand, and, smiling upon him tenderly, exclaimed, in a lively tone—

"Does the evening air affect my husband's health?—Does my lord fear to descend a few cold steps, when they lead to safety, when life depends upon his hasty progress?"

"Oh no, oh no," exclaimed Abdallah; "still it looks—"

"Like a place of safety," interrupted Scherzade. "It looks," continued she, holding up the hand which she held, and allowing the rays of the lamp to fall directly upon it, "*It looks less formidable than this, my lord!*"

"Ah! ah! 'tis blood—'tis blood!" shrieked Abdallah. "Oh, my Scherzade, on!" and he hastily descended the mouldering steps with her, intercepting, with his other hand, her fixed disdainful gaze upon his countenance.

At the termination of the steps, Scherzade released his hand, and hastily ascended to close the trap-door through which they came. Abdallah was left in darkness; all was silent and still, except the light footsteps of Scherzade upon the stairs, but indistinctly heard. The vault was cold and chilling, and drops of water that continually fell from the roof, evinced the damp moisture that pervaded it. Left alone for the moment to his reflections, they progressed almost to madness: a few hours before, he was in the enjoyment of fortune, luxury, and beauty, of the richest magnificence of the East, of the loveliest girl that his imagination could conceive, and his happiness seemed endless; now, he was flying from outraged justice, retreating through noisome vaults, whilst worms and reptiles crawled around his feet, and damp drops, from the arched roof, wetted his burning brow—an outcast—a murderer! And Scherzade—the beautiful, the fond Scherzade—appeared to him an object of fear and apprehension.

The girl now returned, with a light and buoyant spirit; she sprang down the steps, and embracing her husband, congratulated him upon his perfect safety. The entrance which she had just closed, was unknown to every one but herself, and it was so concealed as to elude the most careful investigation.

"And whither now, my Scherzade?" enquired Abdallah,

tremblingly; "whither do these noisome dungeons lead us?"

Scherzade smiled upon him for a moment, and then taking his hand, observed, "You surely do not fear abiding here."

"Abide here!" shrieked Abdallah—"Never!"

"I thought a man that dared to stain his hand with blood, feared nothing! Well, my lord, come further with me."

She then led him through the vault into a narrow passage, scarce capable of admitting their progress. Scherzade, however, went first, and Abdallah followed in silence;—a fearful cessation of sound, for even their steps were noiseless and unechoed. The youth trembled as he traversed the passage,—the damp walls which he came violently in contact with in the progress, striking a deadly chill to his heart. Once he started, for he thought he heard a voice behind him, murmuring, "This is happiness—happiness!" but Scherzade struck the lamp against a projecting pillar at the moment, the noise of which overcame the imagined sound, and Abdallah, in fear, followed his bride, until they emerged into a spacious vault, in which the air seemed purer, and respiration, in consequence, less difficult. Scherzade here placed her lamp upon the ground, and exclaimed,

"My lord, our journey's ended."

"How?" exclaimed Abdallah.

"Listen," rejoined his bride, taking him by the hand as she spoke. "I am your wife, Abdallah—you are my lord and husband; it behoves me to succour you, your duty is to aid your Scherzade. Devoted to the world, and all its pleasures, I was anxious to become mistress of a splendid fortune, the means of possessing all that my soul desired; that fortune my father possessed, but he restricted me to the ordinary means of an ordinary merchant's daughter. True, I was beloved by him, and shewn by him to all the country round, gemmed in my best attire; but when at home, secluded in my poor apartment, shorn of the greatness which the noble fortune of Osmyn could afford, imprisoned like a bird in a golden cage, beholding others of its species fluttering around the bars in all the buoyancy of freedom, I longed to be free as well. The world talked of my beauty, and I had many slaves; he whom you have murdered was the most admired; and urged by him, upon finding my father obstinate in his resolve to keep me in seclusion, I entered into a conspiracy against him, seized him, conveyed him to a dungeon, and there—"

"Ah!" interrupted Abdallah, shrinking from his beautiful bride, "there he was *destroyed!*"

"No," rejoined Scherzade, "my companion would not stain his hands in blood; that deed was left for one less scrupulous!—*For thee, Abdallah!*"

"Never—never!" cried the agonized youth; "I am no common murderer!"

"Look you, my lord and husband," replied Scherzade; "your safety lies with me—*my safety lies in the old man's death.* Possessed of all his fortune, I have enjoyed its produce,—married you to screen me from the world's scandal,—raised you from beggary; and you dare scruple at a deed that is to preserve our reputation, keep our fortune! In the next dungeon the old man lies.—Here, take your dagger!"

"No, no, Scherzade, I dare not!"

"Abdallah! Remember, my lord, the penalty of disobedience! I have fixed my happiness upon this stake, and must not lose. Remember, that in one moment I can give you up to the outraged laws; the blood of my friend calls for

vengeance, and nought but other blood can fix my resolution. Will you be saved, my lord?

"Not by such means—not by such means, Scherzade!"

"Remember that it secures our fortune and our honour. Accomplish this object, and we'll purchase redemption for your crime, satisfy both justice and the relatives of the murdered man with gold, and again enjoy that luxury, that perfect happiness, which your mad folly in one moment blighted. Our slaves again shall administer to our pleasures, the beautiful girls shall again move through the fantastic dance before us, and melody shall charm us to repose. This shall be ours; and I will be your faithful, fond, and tender Scherzade still."

She pressed his hand in hers, and placing the other upon his shoulder, smiled upon his affrighted countenance, endeavouring to charm him to compliance; but the youth perceived his danger,—the mysterious words of his angelic conductor rung in his ears,—and he threw the beautiful woman of crime from his embrace, exclaiming,

"Temper, away—away. I have no more to do with thee!"

"Then perish, murderer!" cried the infuriated girl, and rushing upon him with the dagger in her grasp, aimed a blow at his breast! Abdallah avoided the fatal stroke, and seized the hand of Scherzade; but, excited to madness, she struggled with him, and in the fierce encounter, both fell to the ground, the dagger flying from the hand of the girl. Her power, however, proved superior; for seizing Abdallah by the throat, she held him forcibly upon the ground, till the powers of utterance were gone, his shrieks were silent, and life itself was fleeting. Scherzade, glorying in her triumph, held her grasp tightly, and saw her lover convulsed and perishing, and she exulted in his ruin. He made a last essay, however, ere the powers of nature failed him, but it was ineffectual; and he was sinking exhausted beneath the hold of the demon girl,—when the intensity of his sufferings broke the bands of sleep, and the peasant Abdallah found himself lying among the weeds of his neglected garden, alone! The sun was rapidly declining, and the light breezes of evening floated upon his brow; he awakened as from a trance, almost believing the dreadful reality of his dream, but now sensible of his impious repinings. The rest of the peasantry, having finished their labours, were returning to their homes, chaunting the merry song as they passed along to the enjoyment of their family happiness.

Abdallah arose, in tears, from the damp ground, humble and contrite, broken in spirit, and now submissive to the wise decrees of heaven. Prostrating himself in penitence and shame, he breathed a prayer in honour of the eternal Providence that had preserved him from such danger,—when he heard a voice breathing into his ear,—

"Read in this dream, oh man, thy fate, had heaven granted what thy impious soul desired. Be wise, and learn to bear what Providence decrees: 'tis not for thee to know, nor murmur at its will. Whate'er is good it grants,—what ill, denial! Enjoy the blessings that thou hast, nor dare again repine!"

The voice died away in the evening breeze, and Abdallah clasped his hands, and bowed his head submissive to the will of heaven. He quitted the garden, resolved to apply himself thereto with increased exertions with the morning's sun, and returned for the night to the village. Pride and disdain were erased from his brow, a cheerful smile again played upon his lip, though tears of penitence were on his eyelids when he entered the cottage of his humble, but innocent love. Zelié was the first to welcome his return to virtue; and when she learned the providence that had rescued him, they knelt, and in the

humble cottage of content and peace, responded with grateful hearts to the voice of heaven, that had rescued the youth by the fearful dream of the Merchant's Daughter of Balsora.

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LA BAGATELLE;

FASHIONABLE FACETIÆ, AND JEUX D'ESPRIT.

Now comes Momus to the court,
Bearer of the *merry thought*;
Now the laughing page unfolds,
What a store his budget holds!

The Count de C., a French nobleman, not remarkable for the extent of his pecuniary resources, was advised, as a means of lessening the expenditure of his household, to place his two daughters in a convent, that they might become nuns. "Alas!" exclaimed the unfortunate nobleman, my daughters are not *rich enough* to take the vow of *poverty*.

"Essex," exclaimed a noble reformer, the other day, "is always the most quiet and orderly county in England." "How?" enquired a friend. "Because it is always the reverse of *excess* (X. S. reverse of S. X.)"

Lady G. celebrated for her talkative propensities, was, a few evenings ago, complaining to Talleyrand of a great number of her front teeth being loose. "Ah, milady," rejoined the veteran, "*it does proceed from de violent shocks, which your ladyship do give them with your tongue!*"

A newly made naval officer, of very thin and attenuated proportions, stopped Rogers at Charing Cross, and enquired his way to the Admiralty. "*The Admiralty*," exclaimed the wag, eyeing the skeleton figure of the enquirer, "I think you mean the *Victualling Office!*"

Dr. M.'s son stepped into a bookseller's shop, in a small town, through which he was travelling, and enquired for a *Pharmacopœia*. "*Farmer Copear*," exclaimed the erudite biblioplist; "no, sir—no, there's no farmer of that name in the neighbourhood, I assure you."

Con by Lord Castlereagh.—Why is the north wind like a delightful opera dancer? Because it's a *cool un* (Coulon.)

The Duke of Leinster asked one of his tenants the meaning of *fortification*. Pat looked wise, and scratched his head,— "And its fortification y're asking after?" exclaimed he. "By de powers, your graceship, and its nothing more than *two twentifications* after all!"

Lord Sefton has perpetrated the following *con*. Why is the King's travelling carriage, when it is going down a high hill, like his Majesty himself, when he is arrayed in the order of St. George? Because it has got the *drag on* (dragon.)

All the world knows the *funny* duke, he of the very restricted intellectual capacities; a week or two ago he sent for the family surgeon, being rather indisposed. "I must *phlebotomise* you," rejoined the disciple of Galen. "Oh no, I can't bear the idea of such a thing," exclaimed the duke. "Your grace will not feel much pain; a little *bleeding* will not hurt you." "Well, well," returned the terrified nobleman, "I don't mind *that*; but I'm sure I shouldn't have been able to have borne the *other* thing you said!"

Superiority of Ladies.—The Duke of Devonshire has remarked, that, although we frequently meet with stuttering men, we never find ladies with impediments in their speech.

A military chaplain, unfortunately addicted to drinking, one morning preached an impressive sermon upon the vice of drunkenness; at its conclusion, an associate enquired, "how he, of all men, could choose such a subject?" "Ah, my friend," replied the *divine*, "if you had such a confounded head-ache, as last night's carouse has given me, you would preach against it too."

Legal Con.—Why are the fees which counsellors receive, like articles that are to be purchased at prime cost? Because they are *bar-gains*.

Why is the ruddy tint of the nose of a toper, like a certain brilliant composition? Because it is *spirit varnish*.

A certain prelate relates an incident which occurred at a late confirmation, at which he presided. One pretty little girl was asked who was the oldest man,—when she replied, with great simplicity, "Mr. Jenkins, the tailor, if you please, sir; he will be ninety-five next birth-day!" "Child," rejoined the astonished bishop, "you are very weak." "Yes, sir, if you please, for I have taken a great deal of doctor's stuff, for a fever!"

"Lord D. has great mental qualifications," exclaimed a young lady of his acquaintance. "What are they," enquired Luttrell, "*senti-mental* or *regimental*, pray?"

Lord Ranelagh, riding with a friend over Kew Bridge, enquired of the latter, why the toll, they had just paid, was like a rector's deputy? "I really cannot tell," was the rejoinder. "Because it is a *Kew rate*" (Curate.)

Sir William Curtis was talking of the Duchess of Berri, whom he had lately seen at Bath. "I have heard that she travels *in-cog*," observed an individual present. "It is no such thing, sir," exclaimed the baronet, "for she travels in a *carriage*."

Lord Londonderry, boasting of the high estimation in which the army is held, observed, that the names of many popular objects are derived from military sources; that a literary miscellany was called a *magazine*, and a criticism a *review*.

A dashing young nobleman applauded one of Taglioni's dances vehemently, and at its conclusion, which was with a *pirouette*, boisterously exclaimed "*Encore*!" Lady St. Maur was asked what could make her friend so noisy in his exclamation. "Oh!" exclaimed her ladyship, "I suppose he thought that one *good turn* deserved another."

Says my sister Anne to her sister Grace, "why are you like my great great grandfather?" Grace was unable to reply, when her sister said, "Because he was an *An-ces-tor*" (*Anne's sister*).

Why is a lady hastening from her house to behold a procession, like a ship on the coast at the commencement of a gale?—Because she is running out to *see* (*sea*).

Why is a favourite actress like a secret?—Because she is a *mystery* (*Miss Tree*).

"I want to go in a new character to the masquerade," said Colonel B. to his friend Lord R., "what shall it be?" "*Go sober*," was his lordship's significant reply.

A young fop ordering a seal, expressed his desire to have something engraved upon it to *denote what he was*. "You cannot have any thing better," observed the jeweller, "than a *cypher*!"

Why is Alderman Key, when he is frightened, like Signor Rubini, of the Italian Opera?—Because he *shakes* well.

A gentleman, lately arrived from Poland, was asked by a lady at Lady Salisbury's party, whether it was true that the

Polish ladies were as fair and as cold as the snow which covers their plains. To which the gentleman replied, "It is so true, my dear madam, that *I actually caught cold by conversing with them*!"

"I have never been in love," exclaimed the Marquis of H., "for love is unbecoming a philosopher!" "If it were so," replied the witty Lady A., "our sex would be really objects of commiseration—*only to be loved by fools*."

Who are the greatest fools in the world?—Those who put themselves in a passion with fools.

Why is the Great St. Bernard like part of most parish churches?—Because it is a *steep hill* (*steeple*).

Why is a monkey like the ghost in Hamlet?—Because he "*can unfold a tale*" (*tail*).

One of the money takers (an Irishman) at the Zoological Gardens informed a gentleman a few days ago, that, amongst other distinguished company, the *Queen* had visited the gardens. The gentleman expressing surprise that the circumstance had not been noticed by the public, "Faith, now," cried Pat, "and she didn't come like a Queen sure, but *clane and dacent*, like another lady!"

A fashionable lady and her noble partner were riding past the new exhibition at Charing Cross, when the former inquired why the *whale* (the *Prince of Wales*, as Lord Duncannon facetiously denominated him) was called a *cetaceous* animal? "Oh," rejoined dukey, "because he has *seats* inside him for people to repose on!"

At one of the late election entertainments in the North, the mother of two individuals that had warmly interested themselves in support of the unsuccessful candidate, conversing with the sister of the popular member, observed with much asperity, that *all the rascals* in the county had voted for *****. "I believe, madam," rejoined the other lady, "that *your two sons* voted on the opposite side."

Why ought the King's farrier to be hung?—Because he is always committing *forge-ery*.

The March of Mind.—Even *race-horses* are becoming *sensible*, with the times: in the Malton race-list for the Craven, the following notification appeared:—"Horses are requested to *walk in front of the stand before starting*."

"Pray who is that gentleman," inquired an individual in the gallery of the House of Commons, a few evenings ago, "who appears so troubled with *asthma*?" "Oh," replied a wag, "I suppose he is the member for *Cough Castle*."

Why is Paganini's *fiddle* like the *Bottle Imp*?—Because it's a *phial-in* (violin).

"THEY SAY I'M FALSE!"

They say I'm false—they tell thee so,

That now I wander free,

That spells are broke, the world invites

And finds a guest in me;

They tell thee, too, that rover like,

I fly from bower to bower,

And, restless, wing my lithesome way,

And tasting ev'ry flower.

They say I'm false—Nor can they say

Aught more than that one word,

It carries poison, deadly blight,

To perish when 'tis heard;

They know, too, what a heart is thine,
What trifles make it ache,
They know beneath care's thrilling touch
It will not bend, but break.

They say I'm false!—But this my pride,
To dare them to the proof,
Fidelity has been my guide,
My polar-star is truth.
In distant lands, in beauty's climes,
Upon the bright-blue sea,
My thoughts have rested, firm and fond,
My own true love, on thee!

And yet they tell thee, that I'm false,
And bid thee chase away
My image from thy faithful heart—
I know thou'lt not obey.
No, Ella, no—thou'lt not believe
The guile and treachery,
Thou know'st that he will ne'er deceive,
Who lives alone for thee!

GOING TO COURT.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"In the days of Queen Charlotte——"

"In the days of Queen Nonsense! My dear Lady Badgerton, you have been teasing me for the last half hour, with your odious ill-timed reminiscences, of a dull and tedious etiquette, which made men and women as stiff and as formal as the stone pictures of their ancestors in Westminster Abbey!"

Such was the exclamation of Lady Maria, one of the fair nieces of the house of Badgerton, as she sat in the Countess's *boudoir*, arranging, with her ladyship, the preliminaries of the *debut* of the beauty, at the *Court of Queen Adelaide*. The Countess of Badgerton was once a reigning star of fashion, but time, that had placed his heavy hand upon her ladyship's features, had also carried away her eminent popularity. Younger *beaux* came upon the scene, and younger *belles* claimed their homage and devotion.

"But let me tell you, Lady Maria, notwithstanding your satirical allusion, that the manners of the Court of St. James's, at that distant period, were, in point of civilization, far above those adopted by the nobility of the present day; there was the true dignity of the ancient family maintained by the individual, and preserved even by the coachman who sat upon the carriage box, and the powdered footmen that waited behind. We trod the threshold of St. James's as if we *were* in a court, and were conducted to the presence of her Majesty with——"

"With a formal humdrum movement, by some old-fashioned lord of the bedchamber, in the same manner that he would lead his partner out to dance a minuet, as old and barbarous as himself!"

"You are scandalizing a ceremony, Lady Maria, of which you cannot, by any possibility, have the least idea."

"And my dear Lady Badgerton may add, what I have not the least inclination to have any idea of; common report has spoken of those times in pretty correct terms, I dare say, when my Lady Badgerton herself, arrayed in a style of costume that bore no resemblance to any thing upon the living

earth, with a richly embroidered petticoat, of all the colours of the rainbow, extended to the circumference of my uncle's fish-pond in the park, by the addition of an enormous hoop,—and her long tresses raised to a monumental altitude, maintaining its erection by an encumbering mass of powder and pomatum,—stalked from her lumbering chair, as heavy and unwieldy as herself, and moved like a piece of machinery through the royal apartments!"

"Those were the triumphs of courtly splendour, Lady Maria. Gallantry characterized the minutest action of the gentlemen, and the tenderest and most respectful compliments were eagerly sought after and paid by them; then the ladies maintained their empire, which the revolution—the fatal revolution—which has transpired, has destroyed and broken up for ever. My dear Lady Maria, can you defend the alarming error which has been frequently displayed in the new Court, by ladies of fashion seating themselves in the presence of royalty? You are aware, that a very few individuals, by the privilege of high situations, are allowed to *remain* in the room with her Majesty; the unpardonable error of Lady A—, and others that I will not name, cannot be defended. And, Lady Maria, will you apologize for certain clergymen, who had the rudeness to obtain an early entrance by brute force, in elbowing through the crowded assemblage: will your extensive liberality pardon that?"

"Will your ladyship's extensive goodness, allow you to advise me respecting the dress I am to appear in at Court? You have been talking about the nonsense of the old time——"

"Nonsense, child! In the days of Queen Charlotte——"

"There, again. I declare, my dear Lady Badgerton, you overwhelm me with *ennui*; come, tell me what I shall wear?"

"Why, Lady Maria, the lax etiquette of the new Court, renders it very immaterial what you wear; though I trust your ladyship will uphold the dignity of the ancient house of Badgerton."

"And wear a hoop! Mercy upon me, what a figure your ladyship would make me."

"Yes, child, I should wish you to wear a hoop. In the days of Queen Charlotte——"

"Nonsense, nonsense. I am thinking of wearing the blond dress which Madame advised this morning."

"There, again, Lady Maria—there, again, you are acting very erroneously. It has ever been the pride of the noble house of Badgerton, to uphold the interests of their country; in the whole of their genealogy, from the time of the Conquest, there cannot be traced a single individual, who deserted their own countrymen, in order to support and cherish the people of a foreign nation."

"My dear Lady Badgerton, you are so *very* particular——"

"It is a subject, Lady Maria, that demands particular attention. When we behold our country people—those who look up to us, and depend upon our patronage for support—in a state of distress, it is very cruel to desert them, in order to raise the fortunes of a troop of unworthy foreigners, who, having established their abode among us, endeavour to take the bread from the mouths of our own deserving country people!"

"That is all very good, my dear aunt; but still, the foreigner is said to be superior, and is, moreover, the *rage*!"

"More shame, more shame upon such as yourself, who support them. But I deny that they are superior. I have always found English dress-makers, English hair-dressers,

and, in fact, English people of every profession, to be quite equal, and, in many cases, superior to foreigners."

"Nay, Lady Badgerton."

"I declare that I have always found them to be so. But you have set your heart so much upon your French *protégées*, that you see every thing else through a false medium. I think you were praising, last evening, the splendid appearance of Lady — at the Duke of Devonshire's concert."

"And her dress, which was manufactured by Madame —"

"There you are mistaken: the dress made by the *foreigner*, which Lady — wore at a previous party, excited not only the *ridicule*, but hurt the *delicacy* of many individuals: the beautiful costume which her ladyship wore at the Duke of Devonshire's, was constructed by one of our own countrywomen, who for delicacy of taste, and splendour of arrangement, cannot be surpassed by any foreigner that you can mention."

"My dear Lady Badgerton, you surprise me. I begin to have a more favourable idea of your opinions."

"Ah! Lady Maria, if you knew but half the advantages of the manners of the time of Queen Charlotte——"

"There—there again you are relapsing into that horrid theme; directly I determine upon abandoning my French dressmaker, you open upon me again with hoops and pomatum! Because I acknowledge the truth of your opinion upon one subject, you think you can command me upon all the rest."

"Well, well, since you will allow me to be correct upon one point, I will, in my turn, allow a great share of merit to the Court of Queen Adelaide—it is more comfortable than that of the royal Charlotte; the sweet smile with which her present Majesty receives company, promotes the happiest feelings; the kindness of her Majesty's look, and, I may say, the condescension of her demeanour, combined with the gracious attention of the King himself, render the scene perfectly gratifying and exhilarating. Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, materially as the etiquette of the new court differs from that of the old, I am inclined to think the present one pretty nearly as agreeable as that which witnessed *my debut* in the fashionable world. Still, however, in the days of Queen Charlotte——"

"There, there, my dear Lady Badgerton, you are upon the old theme, and we have not yet arranged my dress."

"Well, well, I will be silent. You abandon your *foreign* dressmaker?"

"Oh yes, certainly."

"Then I will have the honour of introducing you to her Majesty myself: attired in the elegant costume of your own country, without the degradation of foreign taste, I will lead you, like a true descendant of the English house of Badgerton, to the throne of Adelaide, and there present you, with the just approval of my heart, that I am presenting a real English lady."

"My dear, dear Lady Badgerton, I cannot express my sense of the obligation. You may now talk of Queen Charlotte and the olden time as long as you please, and, I promise you, without interruption. I will immediately hasten the preparations; and, Burton, you may go to Madame ——'s and bring away the *blonde*, which she sent for this morning."

"Now, now, my dear Lady Maria, you speak like an English lady."

"And worthy, my dear aunt, I hope, to be presented at the Court of Adelaide."

REST!

There's a rest for the troubled heart,
A repose for the care-worn mind,
A balsam for sorrow's smart,
A retreat from the piercing wind;
There's a home for the outcast and lorn,
The victim that none will save,
There is peace!—'Tis the peace of the tomb,
And the rest, is the rest of the grave.

What should the spirit fear,
When the visions of hope depart?
There's a thought that the soul will cheer,
That will bear up the drooping heart;
Why should the orphan mourn,
When the storm of the world he can brave,
He will meet with repose in the tomb,
And he'll rest in the welcome grave!

See'st thou a terror in death?
That terror is idle and vain,
All that we loved upon earth,
We shall meet—we shall meet with again,
Where brightness and bliss ever reign,
More pure than hope's visions e'er gave;
We must first quit this valley of pain,
And the road winds its way through the grave.

LAURA PIERCY.

THE PILGRIM; A LEGEND OF LORRAINE.

On the 13th of December, in the year of grace 1393, the night was dark, and the snow fell in large flakes. The wind blew sharp and frosty, and the curfew bell sounded from every steeple in the town, as a signal to extinguish the lights. The last stroke had ceased to vibrate, and the barking of dogs, and the cries of the osprey had ceased, when St. Paul, the rich goldsmith, (who was also chamberlain of the corporation and burgher of the town) finding that a perfect stillness reigned throughout his district, carefully closed the window-shutters, fearful lest his watchfulness should be noted. Then, all of a tremble, with his fingers blue with the cold, he went and threw himself upon a bench, covered with a wolf's skin, which was placed near the fire.

By his side, sat his only child, the gentle Alice—the *pearl of price*—the beauty of Nancy; who, by the light of a small brass lamp, suspended from the ceiling, was busily employed in making a *hat* for the next day's *fête*.

"In truth, this is a sharp and grievous frost," said St. Paul. "What horrible weather! I pity very much those poor travellers, who are exposed at this hour to the fury of *Sir Boreas*, and have no place of shelter for their unhappy heads." At that instant a louder blast shook the hall-door; and as it died away, deep groans were heard, such as would have been purchased at a great price in the confessional of the *Black Penitents*.

"Shew your hospitality in this inclement night, kind sirs, to a poor pilgrim; the frost has seized hold of me, and I shall surely die, if you do not take compassion, and give me shelter."

The benevolent Alice instantly drew back the bolts, and opening the creaking door, admitted a pale and feeble pilgrim, whose shoulders and face were quite hidden by a large slouched

hat. The good man, St. Paul, made his guest take a seat by the chimney side; the heat of which soon reanimated him, and his strength returned. Then, at intervals, was perceivable the piercing expression of his large dark eyes, which seemed to emit flames of fire! Alice trembled as she gazed.

"Come daughter, be quick in performing the duties of hospitality to our guest; set some food on the board." "Kind lady! will you be pleased not to give me any *salted meats*; for having lately fallen into the hands of some vile brigands, I made a vow, if ever I was liberated, not to taste of any salted food, for ten whole years." "Well, well!" said the good goldsmith, "no compulsion here; you shall do as you please, Mr. Pilgrim."

But those words of her guest, made a deep impression upon Alice, and some strange imaginings rushed across her brain, as she recollected some of the many tales, which her old godmother used to narrate. "*No salted food!*" she muttered—"Aye! my godmother used to say, Satan was full of pretty contrivances, and oftentimes introduced himself into people's houses, to ruin and destroy poor girls. And I know very well, that *to eat salt together* is a token of *friendship*; therefore, this man cannot be friendly, for demons dare not taste it."

Alice, therefore, being a shrewd girl, resolved to try an experiment; and made an *hasty-cake* for her father's guest, in which she mixed up a great portion of *salt* with the meal.

Scarcely had the Pilgrim put it to his lips, ere the strongest expression of rage distorted his countenance; he gnashed his teeth, and uttered indistinct sentences with a sort of low thundering growl, and then suddenly vanished in a whirl of *blue flame*, and followed a tremendous crash, like the explosion of a mine, which shook the house to its foundation.

Respectfully making the sign of the cross, St. Paul and his daughter fell on their knees, to thank God, for having rescued them in so miraculous a manner, from the grasp of Satan, the arch deceiver! And on the following day, Alice suspended a number of garlands, curiously wrought before the image of the Virgin; and the rich goldsmith, also, made a donation to *her* chapel, of some golden pieces, so that every year, on that day, a mass should be recited, in commemoration of the escape of his darling daughter. There is still exhibited at Nancy, the ruins of a house, which they tell you was St. Paul's; and on the floor of the hall is to be seen a *black mark*, which can *never be rubbed out*, where Satan stood ere he vanished.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

[As we intend to visit every exhibition of interest and importance, for the purpose of giving original criticisms in the pages of this Magazine, the proprietors are requested to transmit tickets of admission to the Editor's office as early as possible.]

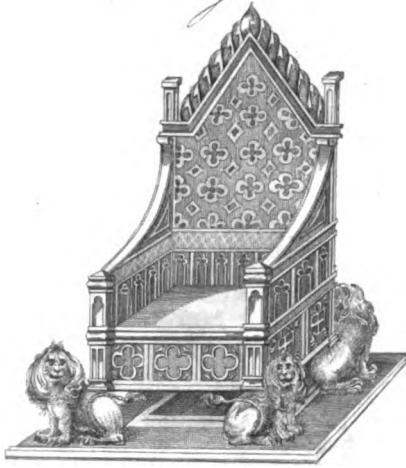
BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE ISLAND AND HARBOUR OF BOMBAY, Leicester Square.—Mr. Burford has long been celebrated for a judicious selection of scenes for his panoramas, and the fidelity with which those representations have been effected: the present picture maintains the high reputation of the artist: it affords a comprehensive view of one of our most important possessions in the East, taken from *Mazagong Hill*, with the islands of Salsette, Elephanta, Sion,

Colabah, &c., in the distance. At the foot of the hill, from whence the view is taken, and the first object in the panorama, is the Portuguese village of Mazagong, beautifully seated upon the beach, with docks for small vessels, and enlivened with fishing boats, &c., delineated with the most striking adherence to nature. To the right, is the splendid mansion erected by the famous Hyatt Sahib, the Castle, and a Catholic Church: in the foreground we have a singular representation of a Bandari, or Toddy gatherer, ascending one of the immense brab-palms for the purpose of gathering the liquor which distils from the tree. The next important object is Belvedere House, an object which must excite the utmost interest in the spectator, it having been the residence of the unfortunate and ill-fated Mrs. Draper, *the Eliza of STERNE*. From this house, a good view of the harbour, one of the finest in the world, is obtained. The English settlement, and the Esplanade (almost the only piece of grass upon the island), are indistinctly seen, by reason of their lying at a considerable distance from the hill. We are then introduced to the country seats of the settlers, emerging at intervals from groves of mangos and palms: the foreground is enlivened with representations of Armenian settlers, *parsees*, storytellers, &c., which we consider the only objectionable portions of the picture: they want a few *masterly* and *finishing* strokes to render them worthy of association with the view itself, and indeed to preserve that illusion which the latter is calculated to excite. The female under the tent, with her back towards the spectator, is the most natural figure of the whole: the horses are decidedly bad. The drawing, colouring, and perspective of the view itself, are excellent; we could fancy ourselves seated under a shade, in the midst of the island, looking down upon the rich sun-lit mango groves, and the blue ocean laving the shore, and losing itself in the distant islands that are scattered around. Our readers cannot fail to be delighted with this admirable specimen of Mr. Burford's talents.

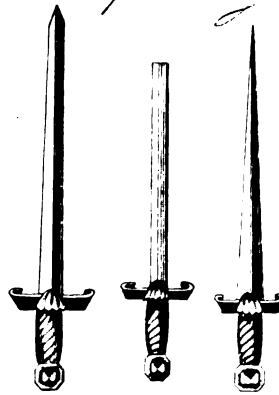
COLOSSAL GLASS VASE, Queen's Bazaar.—This gorgeous exhibition is calculated to excite the most unqualified admiration, and to surprise while it delights the spectator. It is an immense vase, standing fourteen feet in height, its diameter measuring *twelve feet*, and capable of containing 5400 bottles of wine. It is formed entirely of glass, richly gilded, and classically carved on the exterior, the enrichments rising boldly in relief, and presenting an aspect of eminent grandeur, and even of sublimity. By ascending a flight of steps, the spectator enters a gallery, from the centre of which a view of the interior of the vase is obtained; this portion is beautifully, but chastely enamelled, with vine leaves and other foliage, and is divided into compartments, by narrow gold fillets running across. After inspecting this unique novelty by the light of day, a shade is drawn across the windows, and the room illuminated with gas, which has the effect of rendering the stupendous object gorgeous, and completely dazzling, appearing as if carved out of massive gold. The splendour of this perfect piece of art can only be equalled by its chasteness; the eye is never offended, and the most fastidious critic must behold it with feelings of unmingled admiration. The weight of the vase is said to be eight tons; it occupied three years and a half in its manufacture.

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The Regalia used at the Coronations of the Kings and Queens of England.



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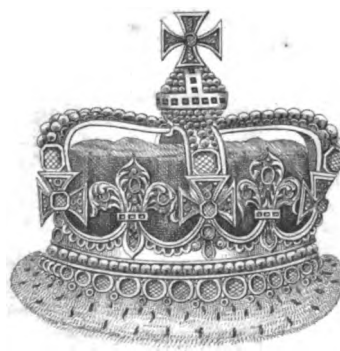
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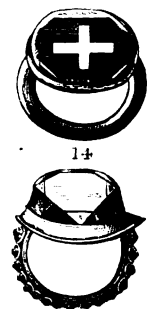
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1. King's Chair. 2. The Sword Curtana & two others. 3. S^t Edward's Crown. 4. The Crown of State. 5. The Queen's Orb. 6. The Queen's Crown. 7 & 8. The Queens Crowns. 9. S^t Edward's Staff. 10 & 11. The King's two Sceptres.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 89.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1831.

VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—THE REGALIA TO BE USED AT THE CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN ADELAIDE.

PLATE THE SECOND.—PEERESSES IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, AN EVENING DRESS, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—A DINNER DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—A COURT DRESS, AND EIGHT COURT HEAD DRESSES.

CORONATION DRESSES.

*"Fashion'd by native industry, their robes
(Which gather graces from the wearers' worth,
Become the great occasion. It were well
Such taste should followers find."—S.*

Anxiously determined to be second to none in our illustrations, whether they assume a pictorial form, or take the character of historical details, of the splendid national spectacle which will very soon be in course of celebration; we now present our readers with the representation of *two Peereses* in their full robes, as *they should appear* at the *Coronation of THEIR MAJESTIES*, appointed to be solemnized on the 8th of September.

The authorities from whence the ideas of fashioning these becoming dresses, so requisite to state and high occasions, have been derived, are from the most unquestionable sources; such, indeed, as will on the one hand stand the scrutiny of truth, and on the other, defy the malignity of envy. The "Coronation Dresses," are, in fact, neither imaginary nor fantastic; and (which we consider to be a higher and all-conclusive recommendation; a recommendation none but those wilfully blind to the interests of English tradespeople would disdain,) they are not newly-fangled inventions, drawn from the gaudy ideas, the over-tinted imaginations of foreign dress-makers; a class of beings who know too well how to take advantage of ears enamoured of flattery, and who, with the weak and inconsiderate, make specious flippancy pass for, (or at all events mask the loss of,) real ability and solid attainments. Neither are they, (and here again their superiority to such *which* are must be to unprejudiced apprehensions conclusive,) emanations from the encouragement and patronage of *Foreign Princesses*, such as derive their existence from the liberal bounty of this country, and ought even from common gratitude to honour and uphold the interests of its generous people. Well, and *acutely* may the English dress-maker feel the unnatural disregard of her taste and industry; and most justly may she complain of the patronage bestowed upon the natives of other countries, who failing perchance in their own, and being aware how much the world—why are we compelled to say a portion of the *fashionable* world in parti-

VOL. VIII.

cular?—is deceived by *mere ornament*, have *hived* themselves here, and would greedily, like usurping drones, appropriate to themselves all the honey and flowers which should belong exclusively to the nurturing of native worth, talent, and exertion. Well, we say, may they complain, if, upon every possible occasion; every event leading to display in the upper circles of fashion, the foreigner is sanctioned, encouraged, *petted*; whilst those who are known to be fully equal to the whole art and mystery of their business, are undeservedly and cruelly neglected; and the *more cruelly*, since they contribute their portion towards the establishment of the *main springs* of these stranger-artists' support. The *foreign-born Princesses and Duchesses*, who have adopted England as their country, which is taxed and drained to the utmost to supply those high born *patrons* with liberal incomes, by expending such upon *foreigners*, and influencing others, by precept or example to do so, wound the spirit and debase the talent of those natives they are bound in gratitude to support. The influence of royalty is seldom *coldly* felt; and to have a robe made at the *Magazin* where the Duchess of C—, *had hers*, is adding an additional feather to the plume of fashion.

These are facts, and are they not lamentable? And after perusing the detail, we fearlessly, but *courteously* ask our fair readers, whose station gives them a right to adorn the ceremonies of the approaching Coronation, if they can have the heart, the *bad taste*, to appear clad in dresses made according to the inflated taste of foreign dress-makers, when they consider it *must be* to the prejudice of their own countrywomen, and, *perhaps*, to the *ruin of many*. For who is so ignorant as to imagine, that *hope* hath not deluded many an ingenious tradeswoman into *inventing and collecting* resources for this auspicious event, which, *if unemployed*, is useless on *any other*? Surely, those to whom we now appeal, will remedy, as far as is in their power, such disgraceful and unfortunate results; and that awakened right feeling in their breasts will lead our distinguished and wealthy countrywomen to display their liberality, by immediately discarding *foreign* milliners, thereby taking from the fashionable world the stigma of encouraging the exorbitant and grasping influence hitherto arrayed against British talent.

We have mentioned "*royal influences*;" have deprecated them when employed by these *sprung of foreign soils*, to

S

injure the welfare of the land, and the people who support these high personages, and whom the latter should consider their adopted friends, nay *benefactors*. We will now record a *REGAL* influence which those who pretend to obey the *highest examples* ought to be ashamed to disregard. We mean *that of THE KING!* With his accession to the throne, came at once a greater accession of liberal feelings on nearly all matters that regard the comforts or enjoyments of the people, and *HE* set the mode, and we have no doubt *will continue to do so*, that leads to such results. Why has not such example been more generally followed? In other words, are the *Foreign Princesses*, or the *Foreign Duchesses*, better leaders in those matters of which we have written; are they *higher in rank, more honest at heart, more revered, respected, in greater repute* with the people, than *WILLIAM IV. the KING of ENGLAND?*

Ye, who live in palaces and high houses, and *feed the foreigner to the injury of the English,—answer this if ye can!!!*

Although we have already dwelt at considerable length, upon the nationally interesting topic of the approaching coronation, we cannot close our remarks without uniting with those noble and distinguished personages, who have recently expressed their decided hopes that in all the regulations and arrangements by which we trust the gorgeous ceremony is to be governed, no false ideas of *misjudged parsimony*, no affected contempt of popular display, will mar the effects of the pageant, and the benefits which may be derived from it by the people. We would have, except in the case of absence, age, or indisposition, *every peer and peeress* in the kingdom present, to do homage to their sovereign, and to swell the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the day. Are we told that this would entail great expense upon the country, we answer, no such thing. The nobility of England would scorn not to provide from their own purses the means of appearing in the train of their sovereigns in a style becoming their rank and the occasion. Does it not therefore follow that the *greater* the numbers are of the rich and the powerful, who attend the coronation, the larger will be the catalogue of those tradespeople who must be employed to furnish and fashion their robes and state costumes? On the other hand, if the peeresses are uncourtously restricted from shewing their public respect to the King and Queen, the circumstance will not only be an imputation upon the gallantry and good feeling of the country, but deprive hundreds of deserving English dress-makers of that employment which may eradicate the pain arising from previous unmerited neglect and heart-rending disappointment. "Let us not, then, hear," as Lord Strangford excellently observed, "*unseemly curtailments* justified on the ground of economy; but let it be remembered the *peers would take nothing out of the pockets of the public*. Their appearance would be at *their own expense*, so that the economy threatened, might be good for the rich, but of no *advantage to the poor*." And on the same theme, Lord Londonderry as justly exclaims, "the money which must have come out of the aristocracy, *would have gone into useful channels*, and, (if for that humane consideration alone,) the peeresses of England should not be debarred the satisfaction of walking to the Hall and Abbey as on former occasions." These truths are unanswerable, prudent and patriotic, and they ought, (would we had the power to say shall, *without hesitation*) *to be acted upon*. Dispense if they will with the useless challenge of the champion, and

some other customs of the gothic ages, but let our rulers instantly and wisely refrain from counselling their King to restrict within poverty-marked limits, one *single characteristic* of his coronation, which can either impress foreigners with a just sense of our wealth and power, or confer upon Englishmen beneficial employment, and contented and grateful minds.

We hardly thought to have found such persevering allies in the cause we have advocated above, as our Upper House of Parliament has produced; allies whose assaults upon mistaken parsimony, and a "penny wise" system, are as vigorous as they are well-timed. Listen again to our Lord of Londonderry; may he succeed in his attack here, as triumphantly as he did in the gallant ones made, when Adjutant-General of the forces in the Peninsula. "Then as to the procession of the peeresses. From all the information we could collect, he believed that such a ceremony *would much tend to aid the tradespeople of this town*." To be sure it would; every person who will give himself time to think, must feel the same. Taking away from our fair nobility the inducement to spend money, the motive to seek decoration, must not the ceremony of the coronation itself become unpopular to those, whom feeling and gallantry should unite to please? Then, how conclusive is the argument, "that a procession in which peeresses should join, was more especially requisite on the present occasion, since her Majesty *was to be present*, whereas the last coronation was not attended by the Queen." This again is admirably seconded by Lord Strangford, who unanswerably says, "The *tradespeople of the metropolis are dissatisfied with this strange parsimony*. If this part of the ceremony were to cost the country one farthing in the way of additional taxation, he should be the last man in the house to propose any thing of the kind; but the truth was, that this procession, by taking the money out of the pockets of the rich, and putting into the pockets of the poor, *would enable the poor to pay taxes, and thus benefit them and the revenue at the same time*." This is a double-shotted, well-directed fire indeed, and ought to sweep away opposition before it; for "the *manufacturing poor are wanting bread*; they had now an opportunity of earning some, "and it is to be hoped our ministers are patriots sufficient not to allow such an opportunity to be lost; for what after all would be the expense of a few hundred planks to make a platform? trivial, contemptible." We cannot improve, cannot increase the force of these observations. They ought to strike home to the good sense of every person in the kingdom, and at once find an echo from those in authority. Let such look to it.

THE LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

"Now it shall please us well, as duty bids,
To write their annals true."—THE TILT YARD.

Shakspeare in his Henry the Fourth, says, "uneasy is the head that wears a crown," and, possibly, the expression might have applied to a considerable portion of that Monarch's life; but it is with reference to our KING, we feel, quite assured, completely falsified. *His actions* have won the hearts of his people, and in their faith and loyalty is his trust. He feels upon all fitting occasions a desire to admi-

aster to their predilections; and they a happiness in cheering his kindnesses and acknowledging his condescensions. One of these occasions occurred on the first day of the August month, we allude to the presence of their MAJESTIES at the opening of the New London Bridge, a ceremony which we need not here describe, since independent of its being deeply impressed on the minds of the hundred of thousands who witnessed it, has had an amplitude of historians for the benefit of those who did not. We shall, therefore, merely add that for magnitude of preparation, gorgeousness of arrangement, propriety of execution, and satisfactory completion, nothing of late years has equalled it in magnificence, so that we may safely assert that the Royal visit to the magnificent structure in question, whilst it conciliated and flattered every subject in the kingdom, and astonished the foreigner, was at the same time, a festival which, like the glorious sea victory, which some years previously, made the same day immortal, shall live an honour, and a glory, not only in the annals of the metropolis, but in those of our united country. On the 2nd of August, thus evincing their determination, even at the risk of enduring great fatigue, to fulfil important duties, *their MAJESTIES* went in high state to the House of Lords,—the KING to sanction the dower bill, granted by Parliament to his excellent consort,—*the QUEEN* to offer her grateful acknowledgement to the lords and senators of England, for their just and considerate liberality. This again, may be termed an august and noble ceremony, one which left the more theatric pomps of other countries quite in the shade, and added another occasion to the many which had preceded it for the people of England to prove their own right feeling, and the popularity of those who reigned over them.

On the same day the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and Prince William took leave of their Majesties, after a sojourn in England, which must have delighted them from its cordiality, on their return to the continent, embarking on board the Comet Steam Packet for Rotterdam.

On Saturday, 6th of August, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Princess Augusta, and the Prince George of Cambridge, honoured with their presence the *fête* given by the Marquis of Hertford, (the character of the man ensures its having been a splendid one,) at his cupola-gilded, and, (since St. Dunstan's is levelled to the earth,) giant-watched villa, in the Regent's Park.

We pass over the levees held by his Majesty every Wednesday, to state that on the 13th of same month, a truly appropriate family banquet, summoned the various members of the Royal Family upon the congratulatory occasion, of the *QUEEN's* birth-day, when that estimable Lady, and considerate Sovereign, completed her thirty-ninth year. To do endearing honour to the day, the dinner was served at Adelaide Lodge, appropriately opened for the occasion, and which is a chaste elegant building, erected under the superintendence of her Majesty, amidst the verdant slopes of the Home Park, stretching towards the village of Datchet. It consists of two consistently furnished rooms, besides a retiring apartment for its royal proprietor, and another for her pages. In short, without being obtrusive in splendour, this unostentatious little building must altogether be considered complimentary to the taste of Her, who on the day in question, thus received the good wishes and congratulations ("many happy returns of the day," was in the wine-cup pledged,) of the united family of her liege Lord the King.

The day immediately succeeding this wisely appointed, and domestic celebration, the Duke and Duchess of Braganza were received at the castle to take leave of their Majesties, and the Royal Family, previous to their departure for the continent. The parting between all parties was cordial and condescending. The intention of the Sovereign to honour the Duke and Duchess of Richmond with his company at Goodwood, on the occasion of the races there, we have on an advanced page described, together with the cause, (the arrival of the DUKE of SAXE MEININGEN, brother of the Queen,) of its postponement. We, therefore, proceed to observe that, on Saturday the 20th August, a Chapter of the ancient and most honourable order of the Garter, the first in Christendom, and besides the Sovereign and Royal Family, limited to twenty-five Knights, was held at Windsor, for the purpose of investing the Duke of Saxe Meiningen with the whole of the insignia of the order. It was a splendid and even gorgeous ceremony, performed in the drawing-room of the castle, the Queen and many distinguished ladies of the court being present. A banquet, "fit for the Gods," was afterwards served in St. George's Hall, to a large party of royal and noble guests, at which the massive service of gold plate which cost, at Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's, a sum of 200,000*l.* was employed. The effect of the whole scene was fine and imposing. We may observe, as we pass along, for such kind of informatory chit chat, may be pleasant to our far-away readers, who must take the history of persons and events from books, not "the ocular proof;" and adopting the description of a powerful contemporary, that the Duke of Saxe Meiningen is the only brother of her Majesty, and is thirty-six years of age. Although his figure is not cast in a very powerful mould, it is well turned and elegant; his head and features are small, though intelligent and even handsome; on the whole, his exterior presents a gentlemanly and soldier-like appearance.

So full was the Castle on Saturday, that the Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cumberland, who arrived in the afternoon of that day, became guests of the Princess Augusta at Frogmore Lodge.

Sunday, August 21st, was the birth-day of our good King WILLIAM THE FOURTH, who, having been born 1765, has attained the age of sixty-six years. There was a dinner party on the occasion at the Castle, and many demonstrations of enthusiastic loyalty at Windsor and elsewhere on the following day. Dinner at the town hall, sports in Bachelor's Acre, firing of guns, and illuminations of the establishments of tradespeople; but as there is another day set apart for the national display of popular esteem, love, and loyalty, etiquette forbade a general ebullition of joy.

As it is, we wish his MAJESTY length of days, "long to reign over us," the opportunity of ever seeing us (without wars) "happy and glorious;" or, should foes arise, the power not only to "confound their politics," but to "make them fall." For under his reign, and with a people united as we are, we affirm, however powerful his words may be, that he is but a *libeller to the time** who can have the hardihood to write—

* Should we not rather say of the "*Times*," since the verses appeared in that newspaper, and has answered the purpose of aiding to fill up a double-sheet, but *will answer no other*. Of their MAJESTIES, with regard to the *Coronation*, we refer our readers to the subsequent pages.

"Your rose, merry England is faded,
The pride of the lion degraded;
And stained, as the lily you followed of yore,
Vain France! will, ere long, be the famed tricolor.
Your children may blush for you now,
The cause of the Pole is a brand on your brow."

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

The QUEEN will hold a Drawing Room at St. James's Palace, on Monday the 12th of September.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—It is with much regret that we allude to the neglected state of one of the most important portions of this favourite spot of royalty, and which, whilst the utmost attention is paid to the remainder of the edifice, is allowed to contrast its fædæal appearance with the splendour and beauty of the general aspect of the Castle. We allude to those apartments which are devoted to public purposes, the furniture and fittings up of which, disgrace the royal palace. The canopy over the throne in the *Queen's Room*, with the hangings therefrom, which were, apparently, *once* of crimson velvet, are dirty, dingy, and absolutely worn out; added to which, there is the glaring impropriety evinced of allowing the initials of the late *Queen Charlotte* to remain, the upholsterer of the palace, not having had the industry, we suppose, to substitute those of *Queen Adelaide*! The chairs, too, are very old and dingy; in fact, those state apartments resemble common lumber rooms, rather than those set apart for public reception. Now, when so much money has been lavished upon the private apartments, and St. George's Hall, which is scarcely ever used, is decorated in the most gorgeous style, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the decayed and sad appearance of the rooms to which we have alluded, so discreditable as they are, not only to the taste of royalty, but to the British nation. In a former number we spoke of the neglected state of the rooms of St. James's Palace, and certainly expected to find those at Windsor very different; but it is with regret that we observe them to be in a similar condition, and presenting the same appearances of dinginess and decay.

Lord F. L. GOWER has completed the alterations of his newly purchased seat of *Oatlands*, formerly the residence of the late Duchess of YORK, and it now presents one of the most choice residences in the vicinity of the metropolis. We were quite delighted by the manifest improvements which have been made by the noble lord, in a scene of so much interest; the grotto has been made perfect, and the lake has assumed its original aspect. Several distinguished individuals have lately been enjoying the beauties of this elegant retreat.

It is not generally known, that the Marquis of HERTFORD has from thirty to forty thousand pounds constantly in the hands of his bankers (COUTTS'S). The Duke of WELLINGTON who is one of the most saving men we ever knew, and who invariably puts his money out to the best advantage, generally allows about seven thousand pounds to remain there. During the great run upon the banks, when so many stopped payment, the estimated loss to COUTTS'S, from the necessity of keeping a very large amount in hand to meet any demands that might be made, was 11,000*l*. The Duchess of St. Albans generally receives, for her share of the profits of the establishment, about 40,000*l*. per year. These particulars are curious and interesting; the great sum which the Marquis of Hertford constantly keeps in hand, is, without doubt, ne-

cessary for the great expenses of the numerous *fêtes* and card parties which the noble Marquis is in the habit of giving, and which, from their splendour, have raised his reputation to so high an eminence in the fashionable world. We should like to know the various amounts which some *female* stars of fashion, have at their respective bankers; such knowledge might afford a key to habits and manners, which no other medium could convey, and might also open a very interesting fund of humour and speculation.

Con by Lord Ranelagh.—"Why was the letter A, when it met Sir Henry Halford, like a very learned man?" Because it was *A-met-a-physician*."

Donna MARIA, during her short residence in this country, became a great favorite with her Majesty, who, in testimony of her regard, presented the young Queen, a few days before her departure, with a magnificent pair of bracelets, on one of which was engraven the initials of her Majesty, and on the other those of the King.

In a previous number, we mentioned the Dowager Marchioness of SALISBURY, as the first female equestrian of the day. We have now the pleasure of placing another noble lady in companionship with her. Lady PAULETT is not only a fine equestrian, but is equally celebrated in the sports of the field, which her fine spirit enables her to enjoy to the admiration of her friends. Lord PAULETT himself hunts well, but her Ladyship far surpasses her noble partner. She leaps a gate, or over a hedge, in the finest style, and frequently distances the best sportsmen.

We have had the pleasure of viewing the charming seat of Lord and Lady Paulett, at Hinton St. George; and of going over the whole of the splendid apartments. The paintings in that noble mansion are extremely interesting, and are from the pencils of the first masters. The portraits of the ill-fated CHARLES, and his Queen, HENRIETTA MARIA, by VANDYCK, are perfect gems of art, and, being in the best state of preservation, afford the utmost pleasure to the beholder. The tapestry is also in excellent order; the colours appearing in all their original brilliancy and beauty, afford a great contrast to the decayed tapestry at Ford Abbey, in the same neighbourhood. We regret that the room which is termed *Queen Anne's Chamber*, from the circumstance of that royal individual having stood sponsor for one of the family, is not preserved in the manner in which it was prepared for the Queen's reception; the bedstead, and a few other articles remain, but are going rapidly to decay, and, very probably, will soon be superseded by some modern decoration.

We are glad to observe, that the Duchess of Northumberland pays the utmost attention to her royal pupil; for the purpose of having more frequent intercourse with whom, her grace has taken her abode in the Isle of Wight for the season.

The Grand Duchess Helena excites great sensation in the west; wherever she goes, amusement and gaiety are inspired; and the natural dulness of the places where she stays, become exchanged for a happy spirit of pleasure. The principal amusement of the Duchess has been little romantic trips about the coasts of Devonshire and Dorset, for which a government steam-vessel is allotted to her.

"I cannot conceive the origin of the name *toilet*," playfully observed the beautiful and engaging Lady Ashley, among a party of friends, "being applied to the principal furniture in ladies dressing rooms." "It is," immediately rejoined a noble young dandy present, "because the ladies *toi*l at it so frequently."

We have much pleasure in stating, that the beautiful drive that was completed, by his late Majesty, in the Great Park, and which was so scrupulously kept sacred to the privacy of the Monarch, has, by the kind permission of his present Majesty, been thrown open to the public.

We have once before had occasion to hint our suspicions of some improper influence having been excited with his Majesty, for the purpose of inducing him to patronize a particular artist, to the injury of other professors of superior talent, and we must now repeat our complaint, upon finding Mr. Stanfield, the eminent *scene painter*, a gentleman of great talent in that department of the art, engaged at the recommendation of Lord Farnborough, to paint some national pictures for the King's collection. Why Lord Farnborough should set himself up for the arbiter of taste, we cannot conceive; we can only regret that the King should allow himself to be misled, and pass by painters of the very highest talent, in order to confer his favours upon an artist, who although exceedingly clever, still belongs to a department which has always been considered the lowest in the art. Lord Farnborough may have a great regard for painted tea-boards, but it does not follow that every body else must have a *similar* taste!

Mr. Campbell is a very *great* man, and his "*poem on Poland*" is a very extraordinary thing, but when Mr. Campbell compiles magazines, he should be careful that he does not pillage from his contemporaries. The first line of a poem on "*Summer*," in the July number of the Metropolitan, is taken from the introduction to one of the numbers of the World of Fashion.

It is seldom that we hear of *English* professors of music performing before their Majesties, while instances of foreigners being thus honoured, are frequent. Some time ago, her Majesty gave two concerts, one of which was performed entirely by Italian and German professors, the other was stated to be devoted to those of our own country; but if we are not very much mistaken, the whole of the *instrumental* performers, upon the latter occasion, *were foreigners*. We exceedingly regret that royalty should be so prejudiced against *native talent*, and respectfully beg to suggest the propriety of a course of patronage more consonant to the wishes of the people of England, who possess among them as much genius, and as much talent, as is to be found in any *foreign* nation, and which requires only a fostering hand to encourage and support; but deprived of which, and unable to obtain their merited reward, must perish in penury and seclusion. We have heard a Madame de Belleville, who had the honour of playing before her Majesty a few evenings ago, executed various pieces of music, with much taste, certainly, but still in an inferior manner to many *English* professors that we could mention.

The gardens of the Zoological society, in the Regent's Park, have a very animated appearance on Sunday afternoons, when large parties of the principal members of the fashionable world, are accustomed to enjoy the pleasures of this delightful resort.

What is the meaning of the ridiculous trash that is continually going the round of the papers, respecting Sir Walter Scott? The man cannot have the tooth-ache, nor lie in bed half an hour beyond his usual time, but a thousand alarming reports are circulated, respecting the fearful apprehensions that are entertained! Really, the absurd adulation paid to this talented writer, is beyond endurance, and if we find it per-

sisted in, we may make some enquiries as to *how*, and *from whom* the sickening rumours issue.

A real bull.—We have always admired the profundity of Mr. O'Connell's philosophy, and our veneration is increased by hearing, from that erudite orator, that "in one district of the county of Mayo, *there are thirteen absentee landlords!*"

We regret to hear of the ill state of health of Lord Spencer; the death of his amiable Countess, threw a gloom over this distinguished noblemen, that nothing appears sufficiently powerful to remove.

The preparations for the *coronation* are progressing rapidly, and although some doubts are entertained as to its taking place upon the appointed day, we have reason to believe that the utmost exertions are being made, in order to prevent postponement. The Abbey, at the present moment, presents a very imposing appearance, and, we understand, has greater accommodation than at the coronation of George the Fourth. Some apprehensions have been entertained for the safety of the upper galleries, from their extraordinary height, but the great care with which they have been erected, renders them perfectly free from danger. The seats of the nave, which have been created by private individuals, *on speculation*, have been disposed of at the price of five guineas each, but from their situation, the occupants can only have a view of the procession as it proceeds up the nave. Great difficulty has been experienced in appropriating the seats for the principal nobility, in consequence of the proper intimation not having been given by those distinguished individuals. Peeresses and their daughters will occupy the gallery behind the altar. A temporary altar has been built, formed of gothic arches, and hung with purple and gold brocade; the royal apartment is lined with crimson silk, and the spaces assigned to the Earl Marshal, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Foreign Ambassadors, are lined with cloth of the same colour. Two hundred musicians have been engaged by Sir George Smart, who has entirely completed his arrangements for the ceremony. Temporary robing rooms have been erected for their Majesties at the western entrance, where the royal party will be set down.

We are assured that Lady Harrington is *certainly* in that way, "that ladies wish to be who love their Lords."

We think a certain Duchess deserves much censure for consulting a French milliner on the subject of her coronation robes, who can have no knowledge of the style of dress, fit for, and usually worn at the coronation of our Kings and Queens. We suppose, also, that she has preferred a French velvet for her robes, instead of that made in this country,—really this is too bad!

What consummate folly to introduce Miss Wellealey to the Lord Chancellor on her return from Paris, *dressed out, as she was, in all the frippery and foolery of a French Miss!* Really the people that *would have the care of her*, shew how unfit they are to be intrusted with the education and morals of an English young lady.

As there is not to be a dinner in Westminster Hall, some individuals have expressed their determination of converting the Abbey into an *eating-house*, and we understand, accordingly, that preparations are making for supplying the nobility (who are expected to arrive early, for the purpose of securing their seats) with *breakfast and other refreshments*, on the very spot of the *sacred ceremony!!* We suppose, that the persons who projected this arrangement, have resolved, that as the King

would not allow them to eat at *his* expence, they would do so at *their own*!

It is known in fashionable circles, that Don Pedro is a great admirer of Mademoiselle d'Este, and also that the Duchess de Dino, has expressed her great partiality for the exiled monarch of the Brazils. One evening, the Duke was sitting at Almack's, between those fair and distinguished fashionables, when Madlle. d'Este, observing him to be very pensive, said, with much archness, "*Monseigneur, pensez de Madame la Duchesse ?*" (de Dino,) "*Non, Madame,*" rejoined the Duke, "*je pense d'une duchesse beaucoup plus belle !*" (meaning Madlle. d'E. whom he was accustomed to call Duchesse) "*Sans doute, sans doute,*" quickly rejoined the Duchess de Dino, who had overheard the rejoinder, "*Monseigneur, pensez de Madame sa Femme !*"

The rumour is again prevalent, of Lord Fife's intention to marry the eldest Miss Cawse.

It is with the utmost regret we state, that Mr. and Lady Caroline Neeld have again separated; her ladyship having left Colson's Hotel, and proceeded to the house of her noble father in Grosvenor-square. We fear that the disclosures which, in our last number, we hoped the reconciliation would keep from the public eye, will now be published, as her ladyship meditates an appeal to the Ecclesiastical Court.

Several poor families, in the vicinity of Claremont, have already experienced the loss of a benefactor, in the departure of Leopold for Belgium; as the winter approaches, it is supposed that those instances will be numerous; for, independently of other charities, the Prince was accustomed to employ between forty and fifty poor men on the walks and rides of his estate.

We understand that a very singular action, for a breach of promise of marriage, will shortly occupy our courts of law. The plaintiff is a young naval officer, the defendant, a titled lady, about four times the age of her gallant admirer.

THE 1st AUGUST, OR THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

" 'Twill serve the city dames to prate about
In their snug circles, aye perchance allay
Some few'rish breakings out of vanity
For loss of gaudy feasts."

The great day is passed, the pomp and pageantries have vanished, but they will not be forgotten, for the citizens have seen their KING and QUEEN, and the aldermen and their wives, common councilmen and the livery, are propitiated! Disappointments are obliterated, for royalty has made them *honourable amends*. Gog and Magog have ceased to sigh. Well, well, the visit to the New Bridge was a magnificent ceremony, and *finely timed* on the part of those who were the influential guests upon the occasion. We do not say, they chose that day, because it is the one which the celebrated comedian's bequest, (Doggett's coat and badge) is rowed for; nor do we know that it became selected since it was the anniversary of a great naval victory: but we feel the presence of the King and Queen, was more freely given, because the citizen may be *managed at a breakfast*, where a *late dinner*, turtle and iced punch might again have invoked a blazing chandelier upon the royal shoulders.

Can Alderman Copeland any longer regret his *pains taking*

being taken in vain at Temple-bar? Certainly not, as he is now got into Parliament. Can Mr. Oldham grumble that his occupation was so slighted on the memorable ninth of November? No, no, no! Dare Mr. Leech bear in mind turkeys untasted, and *perigord* pies become the *worse for wear*, something like, (no offence to his excellency,) their namesake, the diplomatist whist-playing PRINCE DE TALLYRAND? To answer in the affirmative, would be to say Sir Charles Wetherall is the *greatest dandy* in town. Shall deputies wives feel fiery-red with spleen, "because of the *disfranchisement* of their Easter ball? To think so, were to say that Miss Barnett is a lighter dancer than Taglioni. And—"the greatest is behind,"—can Sir S. C. Hunter have one regret that they did not saddle his "white Surrey" to head a former projected, but *objected to*, procession, now that he has been permitted, (by the way, had he gone up in the balloon the thing would have been complete, and *castle building* in the air at a *premium*), to propose the QUEEN *consort's* good health? Impossible, impossible. The members for London are not *afraid of their constituents* if it is so.*

Well then, as we said just now, the visit was a grand, a useful, a complimentary, and a prudent one. It has soothed regrets, allayed suspicions, and cleared doubts; it has done more, it has shewn the world that we are a united people; that, like the "old man's" bundle of sticks, we cling together; cannot be broken, that the King and the people are one in heart and hand. The inhabitants of the East and West, have shaken hands together, and there is a bond of friendship between them. The whole continent in arms would menace us in vain. The visit was a good and glorious one, and we conclude by exclaiming with a fellow journalist, what an idea would such a scene as that of "royal-tower'd Thames," on Monday, the 1st of August, afford to a foreigner of the vast wealth of the British metropolis, and what a gratifying picture of the good order of English society. Within London and Waterloo-bridges were concentrated the wealth and pride of LONDON! along her banks floated in goodly splendour, the most popular sovereign in Europe, wafted by the delicious gale of the people's affection. What a delightful page will this event furnish to the chronicler of our times, and how the philanthropist may rejoice at his peaceful triumph—this untarnished work of national splendour!

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

" See she comes with footsteps slow,
The bridal-wreath is on her brow."

CAMPBELL.

" A sound of mourning came through the orange grove,—it spoke of gloomy deprivation,—of death."—WALTER SCOTT.

With light hearts and lively spirits we sit down to enrich our columns with the names of the noble and beautiful BARBARA, Baroness GREY DE RUTHYN, of Brandon Hall, War-

* How happy, how proud, how delighted must the worthy Alderman have been, when "upstanding, uncovered," he said, "I am honoured with the permission of his Majesty to propose a toast. I beg all his good subjects here assembled, to rise and drink, that health, and every blessing may attend her Majesty the Queen." So say we all. *Encore* Sir Claudius.

wickshire, and the Most Noble GEORGE AUGUSTUS FRANCIS, Marquis of HASTINGS, who, upon the 1st ult. were united in the holy and affectionate bands of matrimony, by special license, at the parish church of Walton, where were present to witness the sacred compact, the noble mother of the bridegroom, the Dowager Marchioness, and his four sisters, the Ladies FLORA, SOPHIA, SELINA, and ADELAIDE, besides other members of their respective families. The young bride has but lately attained her majority, and come into the possession of an immense fortune.

The second hymeneal celebration that we have to recount, is that which has transpired between Sir CHARLES MONCK, of Belsay, Northumberland, Bart. and the Lady MARY ELIZABETH BENNET, sister to the Earl of TANKERVILLE. At Cheltenham, the amiable HELEN, only daughter of Sir B.W. BURDETT, Bart. and grand-niece of the first Marquis of THOMOND, has united her fortunes with those of Captain HENRY BELL, of Woolsington House, Northumberland.

Lord ENNISMORE has obtained the hand of MARIA AUGUSTA, widow of the late G.T. WYNNDHAM, Esq. of Cromer-Hall. The lovely Miss TROTTER has also become a bride, and now graces the mansion of the Hon. Major GEORGE THOMAS KEFFLE, second son of the Earl of ALBEMARLE, an officer of high literary attainments. Lieut. Col. POWER, of the Royal Artillery, has induced the fair CAROLINE, daughter of the late H. BROWNE, Esq. of Portland Place, to repeat those mystic words which have made her his for ever.

"The words are repeated—the words have been said,
Away from the altar the bright girl is led;
She passed through the aisle, *he* was there by her side,
She went up there weeping—*she came back a bride!*"

LORD NORBURY is dead! The humorous Lord NORBURY, whose memory will live for ever. This facetious nobleman was second son of DANIEL TOLER, Esq. of Tipperary; he served his country in the capacities of Attorney and Solicitor General, and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; which latter office he filled from the year 1806 until 1827, when his faculties were so much impaired, that it became necessary to supersede him.

The cold hand of death has also stricken the much-respected ANN, widow of the late T. DICEY, Esq. of Claybrook Hall, Leicestershire, and severed her from this terrestrial world. The young, too, must fall, like blades of grass, beneath the scythe of the destroyer, and the youthful and fine-spirited EDWARD PERCEVAL, of the Bengal Artillery, has, in the 19th year of his age, been snatched from his mourning relatives, leaving only his memory upon their hearts.

"Weep for the youth, with spirit bold,
Who lies beneath the marble cold;
Buoyant and free was his kindly heart,
In the midst of its mirth it was pierced by the dart.
And he fell! All that once was so blooming and brave,
Now reposes, alone, in the depths of the grave!"

But again the bells are ringing, and the cordial hymeneal congratulations are heard, for the beautiful and esteemed CAROLINE MARGARET, daughter of Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, Bart. of Byram, Yorkshire, and niece to the Dowager Marchioness of HERTFORD, who has become the bride of the Right Hon. and Rev. the Lord CHARLES PAULETT, son of the Marquis of WINCHESTER.

Sorrow, however, treads fast upon the heels of joy, and we have to lament the decease of the venerable Sir BENJAMIN

HOBHOUSE, Bart. who expired on the 14th ult. in the 75th year of his age. This regretted individual was originally intended for the bar, but disliking the profession, he embarked in the political world, and, by his talents, soon raised himself into notice. He enjoyed a baronetcy since the 26th of December, 1812, in which he is succeeded by his son, the member for Westminster.

The equally venerable, and once popular, Right Hon. CHARLES BRAGGE BATHURST, has also become the cold tenant of the tomb; and having completed his earthly career, laid down his burthen, and is at rest. We close our chronicle, with intelligence of the decease of the Hon. W. BRABAZON PONSONBY, son of Lord DUNCANNON, a naval officer in his Majesty's service, who expired on board the Madagascar in the 18th year of his age, leaving his afflicted parents and friends to mourn the untimely loss of one so brave and young.

Among the "projected unions," that between the Honourable Miss UPTON, daughter of the Earl of TEMPLETOWN, and Mr. SPALDING, step-son to Lord BROUGHAM, will transpire the earliest. Mr. SPALDING has just attained his majority; Miss UPTON is about ten years his senior.

The amiable Miss ELPHINSTONE is about to be united to the Hon. AUGUSTUS VILLIERS, son of the Earl of JESSY. Miss E. has a fortune of 20,000*l.* and she will also receive from Lady KEITH 80,000*l.* more, as a marriage portion.

THE DRAMA.

"The Theatre,—the scene of pleasure, power, and joy!"

THE OPERA.—The season having closed on the 6th ult. and M. LAPORTE's management concluded, very little in the way of criticism will be expected from us, upon this establishment; we cannot, however, omit to mention the success of the new opera of *Le Somnambula*, by BELLINI, which, although produced at so late a period of the season, was supported with all the talent of the establishment. The music of this new opera is very delightful, and cannot fail to become popular. PASTA and RUBINI supported the principal characters with all that force and power for which they are so eminently celebrated.

At the close of the theatre on the 6th ult. PASTA was unanimously called for by the audience, and upon her appearance on the stage, numerous laurels were thrown towards her amidst the cheers of the delighted assemblage. She appeared deeply affected by the enthusiasm of the audience. LAPORTE, afterwards, made a speech of thanks, and the national anthem was sung, when the career of the enterprising manager concluded. The Opera has passed into the hands of Mr. MONCK MASON, a gentleman who has long made the science of music his particular study, and who is to give the enormous sum of 15,500*l.* per annum for a lease of three years. Mr. MASON has also undertaken to pay half the expenses of repairing and decorating the establishment. From what we have heard of the enterprising spirit of the new manager, we anticipate very brilliant results.

ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.—*Adelphi*.—We exceedingly regret that the late period of the month when Mr. COLLINS commenced his musical performance at this theatre, prevented us from noticing him in our last number, and of adding our commendations to those of the daily press. Though late

however, the tribute which we, in justice, pay to the attainments of an English musician, it may not be the less welcome; and we feel proud in being able to uphold a *countryman*, in rivalry to the great Italian leviathan, who at the present time engrosses so much of the public attention. We are very sorry to find a few critics so very illiberal as to deny to Mr. COLLINS that honourable and impartial treatment which his merits so well deserve, and that while they are unable to deny that he is an extraordinary musician, yet insinuate him to be a mere charlatan, and, as such, unworthy of support. We, however, take truth for our guide, and with every respect for, and the highest admiration of, PAGANINI's talents, unhesitatingly assert, that those of Mr. COLLINS are quite equal, and, in one particular instance, more extraordinary; for Mr. COLLINS places the bow between his knees, and, in that manner, executes some of the most brilliant and difficult passages, with a power and effect that surprise and delight the hearer. His slow movement *on the single string*, is, also, exquisitely beautiful, and, indeed, the whole of his performance is of that exalted description, which renders him as powerful and extraordinary a performer as PAGANINI himself. But, unhappily for the fortune of Mr. COLLINS, he is an *Englishman*, and while his foreign rival is benefitting, (in a manner more extraordinary than his own performances), by a perverted taste, Mr. COLLINS is destined to play in a small theatre between the pieces, for a very trifling remuneration. Shame, shame on those arbiters of taste, who leave a countryman to obscurity and neglect, whilst they follow with enthusiasm, and lavish their favours upon an unknown foreigner.

The Sorceress, a new opera by RIES, has met with the most eminent success. This beautiful composition merits a better medium than that which is used to convey it to the ears of the public; nothing can be more mediocre than the drama itself, but the music is one unbroken flow of harmony. The trio, "*To-morrow we keep the Carnival*," is an exquisite composition, and is executed with fine talent. PHILLIPS displays his manly voice to the best advantage, and imparts excellent effect to his music. Miss BETTS, also, sings well: we scarcely gave this young lady credit for that talent which she possesses; she evidently studies hard, and improvement and a near approach to perfection are the result. Little HARRIET CAWSE has some sweet music which she delivers *as sweetly*; her solo, "*On the wings of night I fly*," is charming. Mr. JOHN RUSSEL plays with great ability, as does also Mr. REEVE; but the language which the "*author*" has put into their mouths is so very common place, that with all their talent they are not able to create the least humour or interest. The music is calculated to enhance the reputation of the composer, and Mr. ARNOLD has taken care that it shall be performed with corresponding talent.

A new triflet, called *Arrangement*, with some pretty music, has been produced with success.

"*The Evil Eye*" in our next.

THE HAYMARKET.—A piece, which Mr. POOLE facetiously terms semi-historical, has been produced at this establishment, under the title of "*Madame du Barry, or a Glance at Court*," translated from a French drama, to which it bears about as much resemblance as it does to the tragedy of *Richard the Third*. It is fraught with pathos and bad wit; a few jokes enliven the serious business, which have the merit of ancient acquaintanceship, and so are allowed to pass, as we never turn our backs upon old friends. Then we have the immortal *Richelieu*, the wily-politic *Richelieu*, transformed

by the wizardry of Mr. POOLE, into a drivelling mawkish puppy; but the affair is not worth criticising, and we leave it to its merited fate without any further observation.

A new farce, called "*Fricandean, or the Cook and the Coronet*," has been rather more successful; but this is also of French origin, being translated from the well-known piece of Quoniam, ou *Le Cuisinier*, which ROUFFE rendered popular in the spring. HARLEY plays the chief character, which he renders infinitely more amusing than his French contemporary: he plays with great drollery, and to his exertions the success of the piece is to be ascribed. There are many good situations in the course of the farce, that, from the able manner in which they are supported, excited much laughter. Mrs. HUMBY plays uncommonly well, and one of her songs is excellent. On the first night, the farce met with considerable disapprobation.

Another new farce, called *My Wife or my Place*, by a Mr. SHANNON, is the latest novelty of the month.

CITY THEATRE.—Miss FORDE has been a great attraction at this little theatre; we saw her one evening in *Captain Macheath*, but regret that a lady of so much talent should sully her musical fame by a performance so very inferior to the generality of her assumptions. Mrs. CHAPMAN was the *Polly*: she played with much spirit, and sang the various airs with great taste and ability. Mr. CHAPMAN took his benefit on the 15th, on which occasion POWER of Covent Garden, appeared in a comic piece, called *Etiquette Run Mad*, and a third Paganini displayed his perfection upon the violin. This Polish musician has much ability, but he is by no means equal to his two great rivals.

Mr. HORN has been engaged by Madame VESTRIS for the Olympic Theatre.

Mrs. GIBBS (late Miss GRADDON) is performing at the Surrey Theatre with much success.

THE SURPRISE.

Ah! that bless'd period when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues deck'd with vernal bloom,
The rose and jasmine with fond caress entwine,
As rich with nectar melts the pregnant vine;
The hallow'd stream renown'd in classic song,
Meand'ring glides its stilly course along!
Whilst melody's sweet strains enwrap the soul,
And gentle languor o'er the fairy region stole,
On banks, beneath a citron's mantling grove,
A sylph-like wand'rer sought a wild alcove;
With angel grace she view'd the spot serene,
And mov'd the arbitress of the Arcadian scene:
Her face with Nature's ringlets sweetly dress'd,
The blush of maiden innocence express'd,
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd the heart with Love's wild alarms.
Alcander paus'd, with looks of admiration fraught
As his fluttering spirits the quick infection caught;
Still as he gaz'd, the fault'ring tongue betray'd
The heart's secret tumult, or refresh'd its aid,
Whilst the dim light his ravish'd eyes forsook,
And ev'ry limb unstrung with tremor shook;
With persuasive eloquence dissenting Reason strove,
To shield Alcander from the shafts of love,
Vain the effort; for, subdu'd by charms divine,
He fell a victim at Beauty's conqu'ring shrine.
Abash'd by Modesty the reluctant nymph withdrew,
As o'er her cheek the rosy current quickly flew;
The youth pursu'd, her beauties nearer to explore,
When he found them heighten'd by ROWLAND'S KALYDOR;
And tho' a thousand ambush'd cupids revell'd in her tresses,
'Twas MACASSAR OIL which form'd Love's choicest jesses.



THE PEERESSES' ROBES,
To be worn at the Coronation of their Majesties.
 Drawn under the Directions of M^{rs} BELL.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

THE PEERESSES CORONATION ROBES.

At the Coronation of former Queens, the dresses of the Peeresses were made according to the annexed description, which is represented accurately in our plate, and forms the most superb and imposing costume ever worn on a similar occasion. But the license of TASTE being now-a-days so imperious, and the understanding of the *Licensor* so very ineffective, many ladies have thought proper to decorate their robes with gold or silver, according to their fancies; but such being a superfluous ornament, we deem it expedient to notice that deviation from the strict style of dress that ought to be pursued, on a celebration so imposing as that we are now speaking of. The *sleeve*, too, has been exploded, as an unnecessary part of the dress. Now, we decidedly differ from these fair *Innovators*, and think there is a great degree of elegance in the short scalloped crimson velvet sleeve, fringed with gold, falling over the *white one*, edged with a rich blond. It is certainly much to be complained of that a *uniform* costume has not been pursued; it would have added so greatly to the splendour of the scene. But *regularity and order* are not the attendants on the *March of Intellect*.—A MARCH, which leads every one to follow his own interpretation of *Modes and Manners*, without having the smallest regard to propriety, or attention to the SCAVOIR FAIRE requisite to high and distinguished occasions.

But robes as well as coronets, are regulated by the Earl Marshal's orders at every coronation; those issued previous to the crowning of King George II. after having detailed the differences of the various mantles already described, thus proceed concerning the other parts of the Peeresses dresses:—

"The surcoats or kirtles, to be all of crimson velvet, close-bodied, and clasped before, edged or bordered with miniver pure, two inches broad, and scalloped down the sides from below the girdle, and sloped away into a train proportionable to the length of the robe or mantle for each degree,* viz. about a third part thereof; the sleeve of the surcoats also to be of crimson velvet, about five inches deep, scalloped at the bottom, edged with miniver pure, and fringed with gold or silver.

"The caps of their coronets to be all of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, with a button and tassel of gold or silver on the top, suitable to the fringe of their sleeves.

* The length of a train was regulated by the rank of the wearer; thus, that of a Baroness might lie three feet on the ground, a Viscountess might have one of a yard and a quarter, a Countess's was a yard and a half, a Marchioness's a yard and three quarters, and a Duchess's two yards.

"The petticoats to be of cloth of silver, or any other white stuff, either laced or embroidered, according to each person's fancy.

"The mantles to hang back, being fastened on each shoulder with cordons of silver or gold, suitable to their fringe, with tassels of the same hanging down on each side of the waist.

"The surcoats, or kirtles, to open before, that the petticoats may appear."

Earl Marshal's Office, Whitehall Yard, July 27.

The Earl Marshal's Order concerning the Robes, Coronets, &c. which are to be worn by the Peeresses at the Coronation of their Most Sacred Majesties, King William IV. and Queen Adelaide.

These are to give notice to all Peeresses who attend at the Coronation of their Majesties, that the robes or mantles appertaining to their respective ranks are to be worn over the usual full court-dress.

That the robe or mantle of a Baroness be of crimson velvet, the cape thereof to be furred with miniver pure, and powdered with two bars or rows of ermine; the said mantle to be edged round with miniver pure, two inches in breadth, and the train to be three feet on the ground; the coronet to be according to her degree, viz. a rim or circle, with six pearls upon the same, not raised upon points.

That the robe or mantle of a Viscountess be like that of a Baroness, only the cape powdered with two rows and a half of ermine, the edging of the mantle two inches as before, and the train a yard and a quarter; the coronet to be according to her degree, viz. a rim or circle, with pearls thereon, sixteen in number, and not raised upon points.

That the robe or mantle of a Countess be as before, only the cape powdered, with three rows of ermine, the edging three inches in breadth, and the train a yard and a half; the coronet to be composed of eight pearls raised upon points or rays, with small strawberry leaves between, above the rim.

That the robe or mantle of a Marchioness be as before, only the cape powdered, with three rows and a half of ermine, the edging four inches in breadth, the train a yard and three quarters; the coronet to be composed of four strawberry leaves and four pearls raised upon points of the same height as the leaves, alternately, above the rim.

That the robe or mantle of a Duchess be as before, only the cape powdered, with four rows of ermine, the edging five inches broad, the train two yards; the coronet to be composed of eight strawberry leaves, all of equal height above the rim.

And that the caps of all the said coronets be of crimson

velvet, turned up with ermine, with a tassel of gold on the top.

By his Majesty's command,
(Signed) NORFOLK, Earl-Marshal.

PLATE THE THIRD.

FIRST MORNING DRESS.

A *gros de Naples* dress; the colour is a new shade of lilac; a plain high *corsage* and *Medicis* sleeves. Pointed pelerine of India muslin, finished with a triple row of embroidery. Short apron of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*; the pockets and border embroidered in citron and green. The head-dress is a *tulle fichu*, arranged *en marmotte*, it is placed in front of a tortoiseshell comb, and intermixed with ends of canary and brown gauze ribbon.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin high dress, over which is a pelisse of clear muslin, lined with pale rose-coloured sarsnet. The border and fronts of the dress are embroidered in a light pattern, and finished by a full trimming of *blonde de fil*. The *corsage* and sleeves are made *en peignoir*; the former is finished by a quadruple ruff of *blonde de fil*, the latter terminated by embroidered cuffs. Hat of pale canary *moire*, trimmed with rose-coloured gauze ribbons and exotics. Neck-knot of rose-coloured gauze ribbon.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

A dress of rose-coloured *chaly*; *corsage en demi cœur*; the bust is trimmed with a lappel, cut in lozenges, which are edged with very narrow blond lace. The *guimpe* and the sleeves are of white *chaly*; the latter are a triple *bouffant*. Hat of white rippled satin, trimmed with rose-coloured gauze ribbons, and a plume of white ostrich feathers, which issues from a cluster of *coques* of ribbon, placed near the top of the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A side view of the third morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A front view of a *peignoir* in jaconot muslin; the collar is very deep, cut in points, and richly embroidered. The bonnet is of rice straw, trimmed with green *aigrettes*, and green gauze ribbon.

FIG. 3.—A side view of the first morning dress.

FIG. 4.—A back view of Fig. 2.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESS.

An open dress, composed of rose-coloured *chaly*; the *corsage* is made low, and finished with a *revers* of the pelerine kind, cut in *dents* of a new shape; they are embroidered in silk to correspond, and are edged, as is also the front of the dress, with a white fancy silk trimming. The sleeves are *à quatre bouffants*. *Chemisette* of white embroidered *tulle*, with a ruff of the same material, and neck-knot of green gauze ribbon. The hair is parted on the forehead, and braided in a round knot, from which a cluster of ringlets issues behind.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *gaze anatis*; *corsage en cœur*, and sleeves of the *imbecille* kind. The skirt is trimmed with *nœuds* of the same material, edged with blond lace. *Coiffure à la Princesse Marie*, ornamented with light sprigs of blue fancy flowers, corresponding in colour with the *ceinture* and bracelets. Ear-rings and necklace of gold.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A dress of *Vapeur gros de Naples*; the *corsage* made to fit close to the shape, and to cross in front; it is ornamented with the same material, disposed in the pelerine style, and forming a triple epaulette; it is pointed and edged with *brun hanneton gros des Indes*. Bonnet of Swedish blue *moire*, trimmed with a wreath of ribbon in foliage, and a bouquet of yellow *marguerites*; the edge of the brim is finished by a curtain veil of blond lace.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the second morning dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the first morning dress.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of *palmyrienne*; a white ground, striped in pale citron-coloured waves, which are interspersed with bouquets of roses. *Corsage en cœur*; the *cœur* is formed by a trimming of the same material, set on very deep and full round the shoulders and bust. The sleeves are *à l'imbecille*. The skirt is trimmed with a single and very deep flounce. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in a coronet knot on the summit of the head. A cluster of curls fall from one side of the knot, and a tortoiseshell comb surmounts it. White gauze scarf.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of white *chaly*. *Corsage à revers*, and sleeves *à la Medicis*. *Chemisette* of plain India muslin, made up to the throat, and worn with a *colletette* composed of puffs of violet gauze ribbon. The *ceinture* and bracelets correspond in colour, but are of watered ribbon. Hat of white *moire*, trimmed on the inside of the brim, with ornaments of white *tulle*, embroidered in colours at the edge. White figured gauze ribbon, and a white *aigrette*, ornament the crown.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

An open dress of white jaconot muslin. *Corsage à mille plis*, made up to the throat with a deep falling collar trimmed, as are also the fronts and border of the dress, with a narrow-pointed embroidery. *Peignoir* sleeve, with a cuff of a new form. The hair is dressed in curls at the sides, and arranged in a full bow on the crown of the head. A tortoiseshell comb which surmounts the bow, and an embroidered muslin handkerchief, disposed *en marmotte* form the *coiffure*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURE—MORNING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress, with a square pelerine, and square collar, very richly embroidered.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A front view of a white *tulle* cap trimmed in a very novel stile, with embroidered rose-coloured gauze ribbon; the latter cut in sharp-pointed ends.

FIG. 2.—A back view of FIG. 1.

FIG. 3.—A front view of a lemon-coloured *gros de Naples capote*; it is trimmed in the inside of the brim, with a bouquet consisting of a single rose with its foliage, and *mentonnères* of blond net; the crown is trimmed with gauze ribbon to correspond, intermingled with roses and their foliage.

FIG. 4.—A side view of FIG. 3.







Fashion *Nov 1821*

Misses & Mademoiselles



LITERATURE.

A PARTICULAR AND HISTORICAL ACCOUNT
OF THE
CEREMONIES USUALLY OBSERVED
AT THE
CORONATION OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The deliberations on the ceremony of the Coronation of King James II. and his Royal Consort, were held in so solemn a manner, in the presence of the King, a Committee of the Privy Council, and other requisite officers, that it was doubtless designed to serve as a model for other succeeding ceremonies, and which has ever since been pursued with but trifling deviations. For which reason, the Editors of the *World of Fashion* have thought it might interest their numerous readers, to give such an account of the Ceremonies as may inform them what they have to expect on the grand occasion of the Coronation of our present Gracious Sovereign King William IV. and his Royal Consort Queen Adelaide, extracted from matters of record and unquestionable authorities, which are very difficult to be obtained by the public in general.

We shall begin by stating that letters of summons are usually sent to the peers and peeresses, after the list of those who are to attend at the ceremony has been settled, according to a particular form; but as it may be supposed that many cannot without great prejudice attend thereon, his Majesty kindly grants them his Royal dispensation.

On the day appointed for this great solemnity, the four troops of Horse Guards, and the two regiments of foot-guards, repair to their several parades at an early hour, and from thence to their posts at Westminster; each regiment in new clothing, and the appointments of both men and horses handsomely described.

Early in the morning appointed for the Coronation, the Lord Great Chamberlain repairs to the King; and with the assistance of the Lord Chamberlain of the Household puts on his Majesty's shirt opened for the anointing, as also his other garments fitted for the season.

His Majesty then proceeds to Westminster, where, after reposing himself, he is invested with a surcoat of crimson velvet; and afterwards in a royal robe, or mantle of velvet furred with ermine, called his parliament robes, with a cap of estate, also of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine.

The Queen in the mean time being fully attired at St. James's in her royal robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine, and on her head a cap of purple velvet turned up with ermine, with a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones, proceeds *privately* to Westminster Hall, and there rests herself whilst the proceedings in the Hall are being attended to, accompanied by the ladies who bear her train, two ladies of the bed-chamber, her Lord Chamberlain, Vice Chamberlain, &c.

The Peers and Peeresses pursuant to order, begin to assemble about 8 o'clock, passing through the Court of Requests to VOL. VIII.

the Painted Chamber, all ready dressed and robed, with their coronets in their hands.

The Archbishops and Bishops, the Judges and other law officers:—the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, all properly habited, meet about the same time, and at the hour appointed by the authorities, are marshalled, and proceed in order down the stone stairs, into Westminster Hall, where they file off on each side, there to wait until the movement of the grand procession.

In the mean time, the Peers and Peeresses being called over in the House of Lords and Painted Chamber, are marshalled according to their respective classes four a-breast, from whence they proceed to Westminster Hall, down the great stair-case; the procession closed by the Lord High Steward bearing his white staff.

THE KING

Then appears, his train borne by four Earl's eldest sons, assisted by the Master of the Robes, Captain of the Horse Guards in waiting, a gentleman of the Bed-chamber, and two grooms of the Bed-chamber.

These several parties being arranged according to order, at the same time that the King enters the Hall, her Majesty attended by her Lord Chamberlain and other officers and ladies, comes by a private door, and repairing to her chair of state under a canopy, at the upper end of the hall, stands before it till his Majesty is seated.

His Majesty then ascends the stone steps, attended only by the great officers and the two Archbishops, with Garter, and the Usher of the Black Rod, and places himself in his chair of state under his canopy at the upper end of the hall on the right of the Queen, when her Majesty also seats herself.

The Dean and Prebends of Westminster having already consecrated the oil for their Majesties anointing, and being vested in surplices and copes, being in the regalia at the lower end of the hall, where they wait till the swords are presented to his Majesty, which is done as follows:—

Their Majesties being seated as before mentioned under canopies, of which the Queen's is somewhat *less* and *lower* than the King's, the table* being covered with a fine Turkey or Persian carpet; the Master of the Jewel Office attends, assisted by the other officers there, with the four swords, &c. and making his obeisance, presents to the Lord High Constable (who is outside the table) the sword of state, which is a very large two-headed sword, with a rich scabbard of crimson velvet, adorned with several gold plates of royal badges in this order from point to hilt, viz.: The *Orb*, the *Royal crest*, a *portcullis*, *Harp*, *Thistle*, *Fleur-de-lis*, and *Rose*; a *portcullis* again; then the *Royal Arms*, and supporters, a *Harp*, *Thistle*, *Rose*, and another *portcullis*; and the like, on the opposite side; the cross or bar, is composed of the Royal supporters, being a *Lion* and *Unicorn* wrought in silver

* On which it was intended afterwards to dine, but that part of the festival is now to be dispensed with.
T

gilt, and a *rose*, with a *laurel* between them; and the handle is adorned with *portcullis*, *Fleur-de-lis*, and harps, all embossed with silver, as is also the pomel, with a Thistle, an orb, the crest, and a *rose*; the Lord High Constable delivers it to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, making his obeisance to his Majesty, lays it on the table before the King.

Then the Master of the Jewel-house presents, in like manner, the sword *curtana*, and the two pointed swords severally one after the other to the Lord High Constable, and he to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who draws them out of the scabbards, (which are returned to the Master of the Jewel-office,) and lays them also on the table before the King.

In like manner and state, the golden spurs are presented and laid on the table.

The Dean and Prebends of Westminster then proceed from the lower end of the Hall, with the officers of arms in form as follows:—

The serjeant of the vestry with his *virge*,
The children of the choir, two and two,
The children of the Chapel Royal, two and two,
The choir at Westminster, two and two,
Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, two and two,
The Confessor and Sub-dean,
Pursuivants, two and two,
Heralds, two and two,
The two provincial Kings of Arms.

Then the King's Regalia, borne by the Dean and Prebends, viz.:—

St. Edward's crown on a cushion of cloth of gold, by the Dean,
The Oil with the cross, by one of the Prebends,
The Sceptre with the dove, by another,
The Sceptre with the cross, by a third,
St. Edward's Staff, by a fourth.

Then the Queen's Regalia, borne by other Prebendaries of Westminster, viz.:

The Crown on a cushion of cloth of gold,
The Sceptre with the cross,
The ivory rod with the dove.

Then the rest of the Prebends in order, Seniors first.

In this proceeding, they all make three obeisances, viz.:— One at the lower end of the Hall, a second about the middle of the Hall, (where both the choirs opening to the right and left, make a lane through which the officers pass, the seniors still placing themselves nearest the steps.) Then the Dean and Prebends ascending the steps, (being preceded by Garter, who stays above for them,) they come to the table and make their last reverence.

Then the Dean of Westminster presents the Crown to the Lord Constable, who delivers it to the Lord Chamberlain, by whom it is laid on the table before the King.

Next the King's other regalia in like manner. Then the Queen's regalia are laid on the table before her Majesty at the King's left hand: Which done, the choir, prebends, and Dean return (in order) to the lower end of the hall, where they stay till they are drawn out in procession. Then Garter's deputy (by the King's command) summons the several noblemen designed to carry the regalia.

The first of whom coming up to the tables, and making an humble reverence to the King, receives St. Edward's Staff from the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. Then the golden

spurs are delivered in like manner. Then the sceptre and cross called St. Edwards. Then the three swords—*Curiana* (the pointless one) to be borne between the others. Then the sword of state in a rich scabbard. The sceptre and dove to be carried on the left of the crown: the orb and cross on the right.

The crown called St. Edwards, with which the king is to be crowned, is to be delivered to the Lord High Steward, and borne between the orb and the sceptre.

The Queen's Regalia is then likewise delivered to the noblemen appointed by his Majesty to bear them, viz. the ivory rod with the dove, the sceptre with the cross, and the crown with which her Majesty is to be crowned.

Lastly, the Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, are summoned, according to ancient usage, to support the King; and two other Bishops (usually of London and Winchester) are appointed to support the Queen.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports, being thirty-two in number, stand with the canopies at the upper end of the tables, on the west side of the Hall; and as the procession advances, sixteen of them receive the Queen under her canopy, and the other sixteen receive the King in like manner; except as in the case of William and Mary, who both walked under the same canopy, she being associated with the King in the government.

The Serjeants at Arms, (in number sixteen) being divided in two classes, attend the King and Queen's Regalia. The Gentlemen Pensioners, (in number forty) being ranged in two files, guard, in like manner, the King and Queen. And the Yeomen of the Guard (one hundred in number) are posted in Westminster Hall, and the other avenues and entrances.*

The procession having commenced, the Peers and Peeresses, all carrying their coronets in hand; the Great Officers of State; Archbishops; Lord Chancellor, &c.; and (two persons representing) the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy, in robes of crimson velvet, richly lined and faced with ermine, and with hats or caps of crimson and gold paduaswaye, furred with gold, next follow.

Then comes the Queen's Vice Chamberlain.

Two Gentlemen Ushers.

The Queen's Chamberlain, with coronet in hand.

The Queen's Regalia, (borne as before mentioned.)

Her Majesty's Crown.

THE QUEEN

Supported by Lord Bishop of Winchester in his rochet, on the left.	In her royal robes of purple velvet, richly furred with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, with a circle of gold on her head, under a canopy of cloth of gold.	Supported by Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells in his rochet, on the right.
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Assistants to the Queen's Train-bearer, four in number, two and two.

The Lady who bears the Queen's Train.

Two Ladies of the Bedchamber.

Two of Her Majesty's Women.

* It will be impossible here to detail every minutiae of the procession and ceremony; which, as yet, can be hardly defined, so many omissions of the regular forms having been made, under a plan of economy consistent with the new school of reform.

Then comes His Majesty's Regalia, all borne by Noblemen, in their robes of state, according to their respective dignities, with their coronets in their hands.

St. Edward's
Staff.

Third Sword.

The Lord Mayor, in a crimson velvet gown, wearing a collar of SS. of gold and the City jewel, and bearing the City mace or sceptre.

The Golden
Spurs.
Curtana.

Garret, Principal King of Arms, wearing the coat of arms, collar of S.S., and badge or jewel, and carrying his coronet of pure gold in his hand.

The Sceptre
with the Cross.
Second Sword.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, in a very rich habit, wearing his badge in a gold chain, and bearing the black rod in his hand.

The Lord Great Chamberlain, in his robes and coronet, and white staff in his hand.

The Earl Marshal, in his robes, with coronet, or staff in his hand.

The Sword of State in the scabbard, borne by the premier Earl, in his robes and collar of the order.

The Lord High Constable, with his coronet, and constable's staff or mace.

The Sceptre
and Dove.

St. Edward's Crown, with which His Majesty is to be crowned.

The Orb with
the cross.

Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, supporter on the left hand

THE KING,
In his royal robes of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, with his cap of estate, of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, under a canopy of cloth of gold.

Lord Bishop of Durham, supporter on the right hand.

The King's Train supported by four peers' sons.*

The Master of the Robes, &c. &c.

The rear to be closed by a person of honour, appointed for this purpose.

In this order, with very little variation, has it been usual for this glorious procession to move from New Palace Yard, through the great Sanctuary, to the west door of the Abbey of St. Peter; the passage being railed in on both sides, to the entrance into the choir, and guarded by the horse and foot guards. Two breadths of blue cloth are laid down in this passage; and on the way, the choirs usually sing an anthem.

The Peers and Peeresses, &c. being all seated in their allotted places, and the King and Queen having entered the church, the Dean and Prebend, with their choir, sing an anthem.

The anthem being ended, the children and choir of Westminster go to their seats by the organ; the Prebends take their station beyond the King's chair, and the Dean, the Great Officers, and two Archbishops, with the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy, ascend the theatre, and stand near the great south-east pillar.

Then the Queen, preceded by her Vice Chamberlain, Gentleman Ushers, Lord Chamberlain, and others bearing her Regalia, ascends the theatre, leaving the Gentlemen Pensioners, who guarded her Majesty, and the Barons of the

Cinque Ports, below in the choir; and passes, on the north side of her throne, to the chair of state and faldstool, provided for her on the east side, below the throne, and stands by the said chair till the King comes.

When the Queen enters the door, the King's Scholars of Westminster School, all in surplices, being placed in a gallery adjoining to the great organ loft, salute her Majesty with this short sentence, VIVAT REGINA ADELAIDA; which they continue to sing until the entrance of the King, when they address him with VIVAT GULIELMUS REX, which they continue till his Majesty ascends the theatre.

Then the King, preceded as before, having left the Barons of the Cinque Ports and the Gentlemen Pensioners in the choir, passing by the south side of his throne, to his chair of state near the foot of the throne, makes an humble adoration, and kneels down at his faldstool, just before his chair, and uses some private devotions, the Queen doing the like; and then arising, sits in his chair of state; the Queen also sits down in her chair of state.

The Lords, &c. being ranged on either hand of the King; and the Bishops and Lords attending on either side of the Queen; and the Nobility and others duly placed; the two provincial Kings of Arms, with the Heralds and Pursuivants, repair to their stations at the four great corner pillars of the theatre, where the seats are railed in for that purpose.

THE RECOGNITION.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, standing near the King, on the eastern side, his Majesty (attended as before) rises out of his chair, and stands before it, whilst the Archbishop, having his face to the east, says as follows—"Sir, I here present to you KING WILLIAM, the rightful inheritor of the crown of this realm; wherefore, all ye who are come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, are ye willing to do the same!"

The Archbishop then proceeds to the other sides of the theatre, proclaiming the same, at which the King, still standing before his chair, faces severally round, and the people signify their willingness by shouting GOD SAVE KING WILLIAM!

At this acclamation, the trumpets sound and the drums beat, which is the signal to the people without, who join in the chorus. A full anthem is then sung by the choirs, while their Majesties repose in their chairs of state.

THE FIRST OBOLATION.

The Archbishop going to the altar, revests himself with a rich cope, and goes to the north side of the altar, as do the Bishops who take part in the ceremony.

Proper attendants then place a rich Turkey carpet from the altar down to King Edward's Chair; and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and Yeoman of his Majesty's Wardrobe, spread a rich carpet of cloth of gold over it, and lay cushions of the same from the steps of the altar.

The King then rises from his chair, (leaving the Queen in hers) and proceeds to the altar, supported by the two Bishops and the Dean of Westminster, the regalia being borne before him. Here the pall of cloth of gold is delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, who, on his knees, presents it to his Majesty, and the King offers it.

The Treasurer of the Household then delivers to the Lord Chamberlain an ingot of gold, of twelve ounces, which the King also offers.

* At the Coronation of George IV. his robe was supported by eight peers' sons.

The Archbishop, with the Dean of Westminster, receive these oblations from his Majesty, and deposit them on the altar; which done, the King rises and makes an obeisance towards the altar, and retires to his chair.

The Queen then comes forward, supported as before by the Bishops, and preceded by *her regalia*; when kneeling, she offers a like pall, with the same ceremonies, and retires to her chair on the King's left hand. Their Majesties then kneeling at their faldstools, placed before their chairs, the Archbishop recites a prayer in favour of those oblations.

This being ended, the Lords who bear the regalia approach the altar, and every one presents that which he carried to the Archbishop, who places them upon the altar, and the Lords return to their respective seats; and in the same manner is the Queen's regalia disposed of.

Their Majesties then arising from their chairs, kneel at their faldstools, which are now placed to face the east; and the Bishops of Oxford and St. Asaph being appointed, read the Litany, the responses to which are sung by the choirs.

The Archbishop, (being still at the north side of the altar) at the conclusion of the Litany, then prays. After which, the desks and cushions are taken back to St. Edward's Chapel, and the Bishop appointed to preach, ascends the pulpit; and their Majesties seating themselves in their chairs on the south side of the area, the King puts on his velvet cap of estate, turned up with ermine. The Bishops, and other attendants of their Majesties, standing on each side of them.

The Royal Family generally sit in what is called the Lord Chamberlain's box, and over that is the gallery for the ambassadors, foreign ministers, and other strangers of quality.

The sermon being ended, the King uncovers his head, and the Archbishop, going to his Majesty, asks, "If he be willing to take the oath usually taken by his predecessors?" To which he answers, "I am willing." The King having a book in his hand, replies then to sundry other questions from the Archbishop, viz.

Archb. "Sir, will you grant and keep, and by your oath confirm to the people of England, the laws and customs to them granted by the Kings of England, your lawful and religious predecessors; and namely, the laws, customs, and franchises granted to the clergy by the glorious King St. Edward, your predecessor, according to the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel established in this kingdom, and agreeing to the prerogatives of the King's thereof, and the ancient customs of this realm?"

King. "I grant and promise to keep them."

Archb. "Sir, will you keep peace and godly agreement, entirely according to your power, to the holy church, the clergy, and the people?"

King. "I will keep it."

Archb. "Sir, will you, to your power, cause law, justice, and discretion, in mercy and truth, to be executed in all your judgments?"

King. "I will."

Archb. "Sir, will you grant to hold and keep the rightful customs which the commonalty of this your kingdom have; and will you defend and uphold them, to the honour of God, so much as in you lieth?"

King. "I grant and promise to do so."

Then the request or petition of the Bishops to the King, is read by one of that sacred order, with a clear voice, in the name of the rest, standing. "Our Lord and King, we beseech you to pardon us, and to grant and preserve unto us,

and the churches committed to our charge, all canonical privileges, and due law and justice; and that you will protect and defend us, as every good King in his kingdom ought to be protector and defender of the Bishops and Churches under his government."

King. "With a willing and devout heart, I promise and grant you my pardon, and that I will preserve and maintain to you, and the churches committed to your charge, all canonical privileges, and all due law and justice; and that I will be your protector and defender, to my power, by the assistance of God, as every good King, in his kingdom, ought in right to protect and defend the Bishops and Churches under his government."

The King then advances to the altar, attended by the two Bishops and Lord Chamberlain, and laying his hand upon the book of the Evangelists, takes the following

OATH.

"The things which I have here promised, I will perform and keep: so help me God, and the contents of this book."

And then he kisses the book.

THE ANOINTING.

This being done, the King goes to his faldstool (which is placed before the altar) and kneels; the Queen, in the meantime, comes from her chair to the faldstool on the left hand of the King's, at which she also kneels; whilst the choirs sing a full anthem, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, as prefatory to the anointing, unless another be appointed.

ANTHEM.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enlighten with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blended sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song—
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*"

The Archbishop then says the following prayer.

"We beseech thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, for this thy servant, King William, that as at first thou didst bring him into the world by thy Divine Providence, and through the flower of his age hast preserved him unto this present day; so thou wouldst enrich him evermore with thy bounty, and fill him with grace and truth, and

* This very beautiful anthem was the only one, of the old collection, that was given at the coronation of King George IV.; therefore, as the selection is a matter of choice, we have omitted to quote the others.

daily increase in him all goodness in the sight of God and man; that being placed in the throne of supreme government, assisted by thy heavenly grace, and by thy mercy being defended from all his enemies, he may govern the people committed to his charge, in wealth, peace, and godliness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

After the collect, the Archbishop, with a loud voice, says—"The Lord be with you."

Resp. "And with thy Spirit."

Archb. "Lift up your hearts."

Resp. "We lift them up unto the Lord."

Archb. "Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God."

Resp. "It is meet and right so to do."

Archb. "It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should, at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, the exalter of the humble, and the strength of thy chosen, who, by the anointing with oil, didst make and consecrate kings," &c. &c.

This preface being ended, the choirs sing the following well-known anthem.

"Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king: and all the people rejoiced, and said—God save the King, Long live the King, May the King live for ever. Hallelujah. *Amen.*"

The King then proceeds to the altar, supported as before, and attended by the Lord Chamberlain, who disrobes his Majesty of his mantle and surcoat of crimson velvet, which are carried to St. Edward's chapel; and St. Edward's Chair, with a faldstool before it, being placed in the midst of the area before the altar, and being covered with cloth of gold, his Majesty seats himself in it.

Then, four Knights of the Garter, appointed by the King, hold a pall of cloth of gold over the King during his anointing; and the several places of his Majesty's habit being first opened for the ceremony by the Archbishop, the *ampul*, with the oil and spoon, are brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster, who pours out the holy oil into the spoon, with which the Archbishop anoints the King in form of a cross.

1st, On the palms of his hands, saying—"Be these hands anointed with holy oil."

2nd, On the breast—"Be this breast anointed," &c.

3rd, On both shoulders, and between the shoulders, saying—"Be these shoulders," &c.

4th, On the bendings of both arms, saying—"Be those arms anointed," &c.

Lastly, on the crown of the head, saying—"Be this head anointed with holy oil, as kings and prophets were anointed, and as Solomon was anointed king," &c.

Then the Dean of Westminster lays the ampul and spoon again upon the altar; and the Archbishop, standing on the north side thereof, says this prayer, the King kneeling at his faldstool:

"God, the Son of God, Jesus Christ our Lord, who was anointed by his Father with the oil of gladness," &c.

This prayer being ended, the King rises and sits down in his chair; when the Dean of Westminster, having dried all the places anointed with fine cotton wool, closes again the parts of the garment that were opened. Then a shallow coif of lawn is put upon the King's head by the Archbishop; and the linen gloves (part of the regalia) are put upon his hands,

because of the anointing, during which an anthem is usually sung.

THE INVESTING.

The anthem being ended, the Dean of Westminster brings forward the *colobium sindonis*, or sacred ensigns, which he puts upon the King, standing before his chair, the Archbishop saying this prayer:

"O God, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice, vouchsafe with thine especial favour and grace, to bless this thy servant, William our King," &c. &c.

Then the Dean brings from the altar, the *super-tunica*, *surcoat*, or close pall of cloth of gold, and a girdle of the same, to which the sword is afterwards fastened, and arrays the King therewith. Then the tissue hose and buskins, and sandals of cloth of gold, are by the Dean put upon the King, his Majesty being seated in his chair.

After which, the Dean brings the spurs from the altar, and delivers them to the Lord Chamberlain, who, kneeling down, touches the King's heels therewith, and re-delivering them to the Dean are again laid upon the altar.

Then the nobleman, who bears the sword of state in the procession, delivers, in lieu thereof, a sword in a scabbard of purple velvet to the Archbishop, who lays it on the altar, and says the following prayer:

"Hear our prayers, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by the right hand of thy majesty, vouchsafe to bless and sanctify this thy servant, William our King, who is now to be girt with this sword," &c.

The prayer ended, the Archbishop, assisted by other Bishops, gives the sword into the King's hand, saying, "Receive this kingly sword, delivered unto thee by the hands of the Bishop," &c. And the King, standing, delivers it to the Lord Chamberlain, who girds it on. The King, sitting down again, the Archbishop says, "Remember of whom the Psalmist did prophecy, when he said, Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty," &c.

The King then arising, the Dean of Westminster takes the *armyll* from the Master of the Robes, and puts it on his Majesty, tying it above and below the elbows, saying the while, "Receive this *armyll* as a token of the divine mercy embracing thee on every side," &c.

Lastly, the mantle or open pall of cloth of gold and purple brocade, lined with red taffeta, is delivered to the Dean of Westminster, who puts it on the King, standing; after which, (being seated) the Dean brings the orb with the cross from the altar, which is put by the Archbishop into the King's right hand, saying, "Receive this imperial pall and orb, and remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of God," &c.

THE CROWNING.

The King being thus invested, the Archbishop, standing before the altar, takes St. Edward's crown into his hands, and laying it before him upon the altar, says this prayer, the King kneeling at his faldstool:

"O God, the crown of the faithful, bless, we beseech thee, and sanctify," &c. &c.

Then the King sits down again in St. Edward's Chair, and the Archbishop, coming from the altar, with the crown between his hands, assisted by the Dean of Westminster and other Bishops, reverently puts it upon the King's head.

At which the trumpets sound a point of war, the drums (without) beat a charge, and the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cry,

GOD SAVE THE KING.

By a signal from the battlements of the church, where gunners are expressly stationed to notice the exact moment of the crowning, notice is given for the Park and Tower guns to fire a royal salute of twenty-one guns.

The noise and acclamations having subsided, the Archbishop recites these (or two similar) prayers, standing before the King.

1. God crown thee with a crown of fortitude and honour of righteousness and glory, &c.

2. O eternal God, king of kings, fountain of all authority and power, bless we beseech thee, this thy servant, who in lowly devotion, boweth his head unto thy divine majesty, &c.

At which the King boweth.

Then the Archbishop reads the *comforture*—"Be strong and of good courage, observe the commandments of God, and walk in his ways, and the Almighty strengthen thee," &c.

After which a full anthem is sung by the choirs. During this, the King delivers the orb to the Dean of Westminster, who lays it again upon the altar, and then his Majesty, rising from his chair, goes forward to the altar, where his sword is ungirt, and offered by his Majesty in the scabbard, but is immediately redeemed (by the King's appointment) for 5*l.*; and the nobleman redeeming it, draws it out, and so bears it naked before the King during the rest of the solemnity.

The anthem being sung, all the peers put on their coronets, and the two persons representing the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine put on their caps of estate.

THE INVESTITURE PER ANNULUM AND BACULUM.

The King returning from the altar, and being again seated, the Master of the Jewel Office delivers the King's ring (in which a table-ruby is enched, and on that St. George's cross engraven) to the Archbishop; and the King drawing off his linen glove, the Archbishop puts it on the fourth finger of his Majesty's right hand, saying, "Receive the ring of kingly dignity, and the seal of the Catholic faith; that as thou art this day consecrated head and prince of this kingdom and people," &c.

Then, according to ancient custom, the Lord of the Manor of Worksoop in Nottinghamshire, presents the King with a rich glove, which he puts on his right hand immediately before he receives the sceptre; and his Majesty, still sitting in his chair, the Archbishop takes the sceptre with the cross, and puts it into the King's right hand, saying, "Receive the sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice." Whereupon the Lord of the Manor supports the King's right arm, or holds the sceptre for him, as occasion may require.

The Archbishop then delivers the rod or sceptre with the dove into the King's left hand, saying, "Receive the rod of equity and mercy; and God, from whom all holy desires and good counsels, and all just works do proceed, look down graciously upon thee, direct and assist thee in the administration of that dignity which he hath given thee," &c.

THE SECOND OBLATION AND BENEDICTION.

The King, having gone through all the ceremonies of crowning and investiture, goes to the altar, holding both the sceptres in his hands, and, kneeling upon the steps, puts off

his crown, and delivers the sceptre with the cross and that with the dove into the hands of his attendant nobles, to be held by them while he makes his second oblation, which is a mark weight of gold (viz. 8 ozs. troy) delivered by the treasurer to the Lord Chamberlain, and by him to the King, and received by the Archbishop into the bason, and by him reverently laid upon the altar.

Upon which the King, still kneeling and taking again the sceptres into his hands, the Archbishop blesses the King as follows; the Bishops with the Peers, who stand about the King saying Amen!

"The Lord bless and keep thee; and may all the blessings of heaven and earth plentifully descend upon thee, Amen. The Lord give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fatness of the earth," &c.

"In thy days may justice flourish, and righteousness look down from Heaven," &c.

"The Lord prosper thy life, and establish thy throne," &c.

"The glorious majesty of the Lord be upon thee," &c.

The Archbishop then turning to the people blesses them, and says—"The same, good Lord, grant that the clergy and nobles, gathered together this day according to his ordinance, for this great and solemn service, and together with them, all the people of the land fearing God," &c.

After this the King rising, puts on his crown, and being attended as before, goes again to St. Edward's chair, and sits down in it, and there vouchsafes to salute the Archbishop and Bishops assisting at the Coronation as they kneel before him one after another.

This done, the choir sings *Te Deum Laudamus*, &c.; at the beginning of which, the King, having the four swords carried before him, and attended by the Archbishop and Bishops, &c. turning to the right hand, goes up to the theatre, on which the throne is placed, and reposes himself in his chair of state, on the east side of the theatre below his throne.

THE ENTHRONING AND HOMAGE.

Te Deum being ended, the King ascends the throne, being assisted by the Archbishops and Bishops and other Peers, who, with the noblemen that bear the swords before him, says this exhortation:—

"Stand firm and hold fast from henceforth, that place of royal dignity, whereof thou art the lawful and undoubted heir, by succession from thy forefathers," &c.

That exordium being concluded, all the Peers present do homage to the King; during which solemnity medals of gold and silver are thrown amongst the people, and the choir of Westminster and the Chapel Royal close the ceremonies with an anthem; at the end of which the drums beat, and the people shout "God save the King!"

THE ANOINTING, CROWNING, AND ENTHRONING THE QUEEN.

The anthem being ended, the Archbishop goes to the altar, and the Queen rises from her chair, whereon she had reposed herself during the ceremony of the King's being crowned, and supported by two Bishops, and attended by the Ladies who bear her train, together with the Ladies of her Bedchamber, and kneels down at the steps of the altar, the carpets and cushions being laid there for her, when the Archbishop says this prayer:—

"Almighty and everlasting God, the fountain of all goodness, give ear we beseech thee to our prayers, and multiply

thy blessings upon this thy servant, whom in thy name, with all humble devotion, we consecrate our Queen," &c.

The Queen then rises and goes to the faldstool, at which she is to be anointed and crowned, placed between King Edward's chair and the steps of the altar, where the Groom of the Stool to her Majesty (with the two Ladies of her Bed-chamber) take off her rich circlet or coronet; when the Queen kneels down, and the Archbishop pours the holy oil on the crown of her head, in form of a cross, using these words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, let the anointing of this oil increase thine honour," &c.

After which the same ladies open her apparel for the anointing her Majesty on the breast, when the Archbishop, pouring on the oil, recites the same words.

After that, he reads this prayer (or one similar):—

"Almighty and everlasting God, we beseech thee of thy abundant goodness, pour out the spirit of thy grace and blessing, upon this thy servant Queen *Adelaide*," &c.

Then the assistants having dried the places anointed with fine cotton-wool, closes the Queen's robes at the breast, and after puts a linen coif upon her head, because of the anointing. This done, the Archbishop receives from the Master of the Jewel Office a ring which he puts on the Queen's fourth finger of her right hand, saying, "Receive this ring, the seal of a sincere faith," &c.

The Archbishop then takes the crown from off the altar, and reverently puts it on the Queen's head, saying, "Receive the crown of glory, honour and joy; and God, the crown of the faithful, who, by our episcopal hands (though most unworthy) hath this day set a crown of pure gold upon thy head; enrich," &c.

The Queen being crowned, all the peeresses present put on their coronets, and then the Archbishop puts the sceptre with the cross into her Majesty's right hand, and the ivory rod with the dove into her left, and says the following prayer:—

"O Lord, the fountain of all good things, and the giver of all perfection, grant unto this thy servant *Adelaide*, our Queen," &c.

The Queen being thus anointed and crowned, and having received all her royal ornaments, the choirs sing an anthem, on which the Queen rises from her faldstool, and being supported by the two Bishops, and her train borne as before, goes up to the Theatre, and as she approaches towards the King, bows reverently to him, and so is led to the Throne on the left hand of the King, where she rests till the anthem is ended.

After the Anthem (if there be no communion) the King and Queen descend and kneel at their faldstools at the foot of their thrones, whilst the Archbishop says the final prayers.

1. "Assist us mercifully, O Lord," &c.

2. "O Lord our God who upholdest and governeth the world," &c.

3. "And grant, O Lord, we beseech thee, that the course of this world," &c.

Then the Archbishop pronounces the final benediction, saying, "The peace of God," &c.

Their Majesties then delivering their several investments to the Archbishop, retire to their closets to unrobe, (*i. e.* the King,) when he puts on his royal robe of purple velvet furred with ermine. When they come before St. Edward's Altar, the Archbishop puts two other Imperial crowns upon their heads, *viz.* the crown of state upon the King's head, and an exceeding rich crown upon the Queens, which their Majes-

ties wear on their return in procession to Westminster Hall, the King bearing the orb and sceptre, and the Queen her sceptre and ivory rod with the dove, attended in like manner as they came to the Abbey. All the way from the Church to the Hall the drums beat and trumpets sound, with shouts and benedictions for their Majesties life and prosperity.

Here ends our report of the ceremony of the Coronation, as performed (with trifling deviations) successively, from King James the 2nd to King George the 4th. The parents of our late and present Majesty used the before named form at their Coronation; it is therefore presumed, the like will now be observed, at the ensuing solemn and splendid festival. We have thought proper to insert the names of their present Majesties, where such necessarily occurred, rather than by leaving a blank to make it doubtful, *whose* ceremonial we were recording.

It has been judged advisable by our present Legislators, and permitted by our most gracious King, to dispense with a part of the old customs. We allude to the Royal and Magnificent Banquet, served, from the oldest times, in Westminster Hall. To those who remember the gorgeous magnificence of the *last feast*—the noble, graceful, and princely bearing of him who honoured his subjects with his presence, cannot fail to turn the eye of regret on the past, and deplore an economy, which abridges the gratification of both Monarch and people.

A DESCRIPTION OF KING EDWARD'S CHAIR, ALSO OF THE SWORD CURTANA, AND THE TWO OTHER SWORDS BORNE BEFORE HIS MAJESTY.

Curtana, or the Pointless Sword, representing the Sword of Mercy, is the principal of those swords in dignity which are borne naked before the King at the Coronation.

The second sword, or *Sword of Justice to the Spirituality*, is a pointed sword, but somewhat obtuse.

The third sword, or *Sword of Justice to the Temporality*, is a sharp pointed sword.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CROWNS AND SCEPTRES, &c. WHEREWITH THE KINGS AND QUEENS HAVE BEEN USUALLY CROWNED.

St. Edward's Crown, with which his Majesty is crowned, so called in commemoration of the ancient crown, which was kept in the church of Westminster till the beginning of the civil wars, when, with the rest of the regalia, it was stolen; it is a very rich imperial crown of gold, embellished with pearls and precious stones of divers kinds; *viz.* diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with a mound of gold on the top of it, encircled with a band or fillet of gold, embellished also with precious stones; and upon the mound, a cross of gold, embellished likewise with precious stones; and three very large oval pearls, one at the top of the cross, and two others pendant at the end of the cross. The said crown is composed (as all the imperial crowns of England are) of four crosses and as many *fleurs-de-lis* of gold, upon a rim or circlet of gold, all embellished with precious stones; from the tops of which crosses arise four circular bars, ribs, or arches, which meet at the top in the form of a cross, at the intersection whereof is a pedestal, whereon is fixed the mound. The cap within the crown is of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, turned up with ermine, thickly powdered in three rows.

The Crown of State, so called, because it is worn by the King at all such times as he comes in state to Parliament. This crown is most remarkable for a wonderful large ruby, set in the middle of one of the four crosses, esteemed worth 10,000*l.* as also that the mound is one entire stone, of a sea-water green colour, known by the name of an *Aqua-marine*. The cap is of purple velvet, lined and turned up.

The Queen's Circlet of Gold, which her Majesty wears in proceeding to her Coronation, is a rim or circlet of gold, very richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, with a string of pearls round the upper edge. The cap is of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, richly powdered.

The Orb, Mound, or Globe which is put into his Majesty's right hand, immediately before his being crowned, and which his Majesty bears in his left hand upon his return into Westminster Hall, is a ball of gold of six inches diameter, encompassed with a band, or fillet of gold, embellished with roses of diamonds encircling other precious stones, viz. emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and edged about with pearls; on the top whereof is a very large amethyst, of a violet or purple colour, near an inch and half in height, of an oval form; which, being encompassed with four silver wires, becomes the foot or pedestal, of a very rich cross of gold, of three inches and a quarter in height, and three inches in breadth, set very thick with diamonds, having, in the middle thereof, a fair sapphire on one side, and a fair emerald on the other, and embellished with four large pearls, in the angles of the cross, near the centre, and three large pearls at the ends of the cross; the whole height of the orb and cross being eleven inches.

The Queen's Crown, wherewith her Majesty is crowned, is a very rich Imperial crown of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with a few precious stones of other kinds, and some pearls: it is composed of crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*, with bars or arches, and a mound or cross on the top of the arches, after the same manner as the King's Imperial Crowns are, differing from them only in size, as being lesser and lighter: the cap is of purple velvet, lined with rich white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, or *Miniver pure*, richly powdered.

The Queen's rich Crown, which her Majesty wears in her return to Westminster Hall, is likewise of gold, but so richly embellished with diamonds and pearls, that little or none of the gold appears: it is also an Imperial Crown, composed of crosses and *fleurs-de-lis*, with arches and a mound, as is her Majesty's other crown.

The whole value whereof, as it has been used at former Coronations, has been computed at 111,900*l.* sterling.

The Cap is of purple velvet, lined with rich white Florence taffeta, turned up, and richly powdered with ermine.

SONG.

I'll learn—I'll learn to hide my heart
In trappings of deceit;
I'll learn to flatter all I hate,
To smile on all I meet:
The tear-drop shall no longer flow
In sorrow from my eye;
I'll banish grief from my aching brow,
And stifle the rising sigh.

For what is faith but an idle dream,—

And what is boasted truth?

But a transient ray, a soulless gleam,

That lights to betray fond youth.

And what is friendship but a name,

A blessing none may prove;

What's bliss, but a short-lived fickle flame,

Like the poet's fabled love!

Alas, alas! that I had known

The lesson I now have learn'd,

I'd then have scorned the false one's tone,

And the faithless heart have spurn'd.

Too late, ah, too late, have I learnt to despise,

Too long on my lips truth has hung;

Now falsehood and folly shall lurk in my eyes,

And guile, too, shall dwell on my tongue:

World, world, thou'rt deceitful, and false unto me,

And now as deceitful I'll prove unto thee!

SHE HAS NOT MOURNED ALONE.

She has not mourned alone,—oh no,

Nor has she e'er unheeded wept;

Her tears have been responded to,

And sorrow's hand o'er *him* hath swept:

Like as their joys, in life's bright hours,

When seemingly secure they dwelt,

So are their cares, now fortune low'rs,

By each as keenly, deeply felt!

She has thrown the lute and music by,

And wakes no more the magic strain;

Ah no, it lies neglectedly,

Till he returns with joy again!

Why should she strike the trembling chord,

When *he's* not there the sound to hear?

Why should she breathe the lyric word,

When all her thoughts are fraught with fear?

The moments of her life roll on,

And each to her appears an age,—

For what can cheer the lonely one,

What voice her poignant grief assuage?

There *is* a form at which her eye

Again shall beam celestial light,—

So rich, so pure; when *he* draws nigh,

The lip will bloom, the cheek be bright!

And then, again, rich music's tone,

Shall in the fair one's bower be heard,

At eve's still hour, so soft and lone,

Like to the music of a bird;

And then, a deep-toned *manly* voice,

Shall follow to the harp's light strain:

Ah, Clara's heart will then rejoice,

When her true love's return'd again.—ELLEN.

MY COUSIN GRACE.

"Can hearts be read?—Alas! we answer, No!"
CAMPBELL.

There was nobody in the whole family like Lady Grace; through the whole range of sisters, sisters in law, cousins out of number, to the nineteenth generation, no one was more admired by the *beaux*, or more envied by the *belles*, than my own proud little cousin Grace. How she obtained this eminent position in the estimation of the world, is altogether impossible to say; the only thing I know, is the fact, that nothing, in our circle, was adapted or patronized, unless it had previously received the *fiat* of Lady Grace; nor was a piece of music considered passable, or a novel readable, unless the commendation proceeded from the fashionable arbitress of taste, and the music or the novel were allowed places in her own *boudoir*. Thus she was continually haunted by musicians out of number, and poets and romance writers in profusion; her levee was as well attended as his Majesty's, and she received her visitors once a week in equal state. How the Lady Grace obtained all this popularity I cannot tell, and the occasion of her relinquishing her proud eminence, all of a sudden, was for a long time involved in equal mystery. But Lady Grace declined giving her opinion upon music and novels, and every thing else of the kind; the monkeys, the pictures, and every other exhibition of the day, were abandoned; she went no more to Almack's, and even refrained from going to court; but shut herself up in her *boudoir*, sent to her music-sellers for Bayley's *Butterflies*, and turned the whole house melancholy, by her perpetual infliction of all the *sentimental* ditties in the universe. Now, this singular change in the manners of the Lady Grace, naturally enough, excited the surprise of all her acquaintance; but remonstrance and ridicule were alike unheeded by her, and no allurements proved strong enough to draw her out of her seclusion. She became quite a different creature altogether; instead of winging her flight in her proud career, and absorbing the attention of the *élite* of the *beau monde*, she "sat in her bower and wept," and resigned the homage and devotion of the world for the monotonous melancholy of her *sentimentals*.

It could not be that the Lady Grace was in love. Oh dear no, not a creature ever could suspect such a thing as that; for the Lady Grace, however her other opinions might have changed, certainly never would encourage ideas of a thing that she had treated with such utter and decided contempt. Besides, there was no one that had ever appeared partial to her in that manner, nay, even if any one had thought of speaking to her upon the subject, her frown would have been sufficient to have cooled his passion effectually. Thus things went on for some time, Grace still maintaining her sentimental melancholy, and nobody could even draw a syllable of confession from her,—the close little chit. Even her first cousin Barbara, that made her her *confidante* in half-a-dozen apocryphal love affairs, for the purpose of inducing confidence from the other in return, was utterly ineffectual in the stratagem, and was forced to give in, without eliciting the least hint of the truth. There was the Dowager Lady Wiley, she guessed truly upon the subject; but then Lady Wiley delivers her ideas in such a random, out of the way manner, that

nobody ever believes half what she says, though a great deal of *truth* is often couched in her ladyship's foolery.

We all noticed that Grace was particularly anxious about every thing that related to *Poland*. Now, Grace, with all her previous manifold speculations, never knew, nor cared for any thing relating to politics or warfare,—how the concerns of the *poor Poles* should, therefore, interest *her*, we were all at a loss to conceive. Lady Wiley archly enquired of her one day, when the sly creature turned up her eyes in a very sympathetic manner,—"*Pity*, my dear lady, mere *pity* for the sufferings of those poor creatures!" She uttered these words so naturally, that I could have staked my existence upon the certainty of her speaking as she felt. But Lady Wiley, either entertaining a more correct opinion, or wishing to tease the Lady Grace, archly replied, "*Pity*, pity you said? O' my conscience, I believe it's rather a *warmer feeling*, my Lady Grace!"

Thus things went on, and Grace grew worse and worse every day, until, at length, she became quite desponding; every body feared the worst results, but no one could either gather from her ladyship the least idea of her suffering, or form any reasonable idea of it. One day, after holding a family consultation upon the subject, when it was resolved to send off for the family physician, desiring him to look in early upon the following morning, her cousin Barbara strolled by chance into her *boudoir*; and there was her ladyship weeping over a long closely written letter. At the unwelcome appearance of the intruder, the *billet* was instantly hurried into her bosom, and her ladyship, the next moment, was at her piano, indulging in one of Bayley's prettinesses. But Barbara had seen quite enough; very peculiar suspicions were excited, but, without mentioning a word to her cousin, she took an early opportunity of withdrawing, and convened the whole family to discuss the subject of the extraordinary letter.

Nobody could imagine whence it came, none of the servants had received it at the door, but somebody said that her ladyship had been seen in her morning's walk, speaking to a red-coated postman at the corner of the street. This explanation satisfied us as to when the letter was received, but not the least idea could be imagined as to the person from whom it came, nor of its interesting contents. We were all thus in high debate upon the momentous subject, when a light and lively strain of melody was heard issuing from Lady Grace's *boudoir*. We were all alarmed,—"*Can it be possible!*" was the general exclamation.

"The girl is certainly mad!" cried Lady Wiley.

"A downright lunatic!" exclaimed Barbara.

And she was accordingly voted insane, by the whole of us.

But still greater our astonishment, at hearing the Lady Grace break out into a song of *gaiety* and joy; the keys of the piano were boldly struck, and her ladyship seemed in the highest spirits, and the happiest excitement! We looked at each other in amazement, our surprise too great for words; at length, the object of our astonishment was heard passing lightly across the corridor, singing a stanza of "*Love is a mischievous boy!*" with all the archness and piquant effect of its original vocalist. Our assembly broke up upon the instant, and we hastened to congratulate her ladyship upon the happy alteration in her disposition. She received us with a gay smile; she seemed so happy, and so comfortable, and

her heart so full of joy,—but she would not, even then, disclose a syllable.

Well, that night passed, and the next morning Grace was rather less animated, but the same excitement still seemed to possess her; there was a melancholy aspect upon her countenance, notwithstanding her endeavours to be lively and agreeable; she occasionally endeavoured to smile, but the exertion was awkward, and, more than once, I caught a tear upon her eyelid; but she kept up her flow of spirits during the whole of breakfast, and then the carriage was ordered, and away she went for her morning's ride.

The Lady Grace did not return until nearly dinner time, and then she brought a strange lady with her, whom she introduced at the dinner table as the Lady Emmeline Alverton. Now, nobody knew how Grace had made Lady Emmeline's acquaintance; neither could any one tell why Grace kept her white kid gloves upon her hand. Our surprise was not lessened, when Colonel Edward Alverton was announced and introduced. Colonel Edward Alverton, who, every body knew, had been fighting in defence of the patriot Poles, but who had just returned to England, upon some important domestic occasion. Well, we all looked astonishment; nobody understood the scene that was passing, but Grace, and she was too confused to say any thing about it, and Lady Emmeline, who waited for her cue, which was soon given, however; for Grace, at that instant, removed the glove from her left hand, and there was displayed a *bright gold ring*, encircling the sacred finger.

"Excellent—excellent!" exclaimed the laughing Lady Wiley. "Nobody would believe me, though I suspected all along that the cunning Lady Grace—"

"Is," interrupted Lady Emmeline, "now the Lady Grace Alverton!"

At that moment, the *physician*, who had been sent for on the previous evening, arrived—in time to partake of the wedding dinner, and be among the first to congratulate his patient, Lady Grace.

LAURA PERCY.

STANZAS.

Come, when the sun-set's golden beam,
On shadows of twilight shall gleam;
Come, when the flowers their buds disclose,
As the radiant vesper glows;
Fonder than fondest flow'r can be,
Star of my love! I'll gaze on thee.

Come, when the lark warbles of peace,
When the nightingale sings of bliss,
And its soft song of thrilling notes,
On the silence of ev'ning floats;
Oh haste thee, then, thy voice shall be,
Sweeter than nightingale's song to me.

E. J. J.

THE GALLERY OF GENIUS.

A gallery, 'tis whispered, is being formed,
Of Beauties of the late and present reign,
Whose cheek the praise of ROYALTY has warmed,
By that distinction they have longed to gain!

While BEAUTY, gift of nature, thus is graced,
To FEMALE TALENT should they altars raise,
Apollo lend thy garland, where is traced
On every leaf a name which merits praise!

Hail MITFORD!* thou art first of female name!
Grave, rural, gay, or tragic—all are thine;
Nature's own writer—*show* may'st truly claim,
E'en in these gifted days, supreme to shine!

Soft, gentle HEMANS!† mistress of each feeling,
Thy thoughts of virtue, told in accents pure,
Holy and pensive, to the soul appealing,
Exalt our minds—thy fame will e'er endure!

What powerful lessons, too, for female youth
(Altho' in fiction's welcome form disguised)
Are giv'n by BURY,‡ in whose works much truth
Is learnt unsought—hence is *she* so much prized!

But in the path of fiction, let me hail
Thee, SHERIDAN!§ sharer of that glorious name;
Thy fiction e'er must charm (till taste shall fail),
Thy family each ages wonder claim!

Her gifted daughter, lovely NORTON|| see,
Who shall *her* various excellence pourtray?
Her verse will, like her theme, 'undying' be—
Herself the beauteous theme of many a lay!

And yet another SHERIDAN¶ is seen,
Witty and fair, a worshipper of song!
Whose taste refined, has checked *bold* COMUS' mien,
Unscared, her sex now join the laughing throng!

And those who love a style to nature true,
Will turn to charming HALL,** and pleased peruse
Her native sketches, faithful, warm, and new,
And smiling, revel with her joyous muse!

But who from ev'ry bird or simple flower,
Can draw a lesson useful to our lot?
Naming the virtuous use of female power,
Delightful HOWETT!†† shalt thou be forgot?

* Miss M. R. Mitford, authoress of "Our Village," "The Foscari," &c. &c.

† Mrs. Hemans, authoress of "Songs of the Affections," "Records of Woman," "Forest Sanctuary," &c. composer of several songs.

‡ Lady Charlotte Bury, authoress of "Flirtation," "Separation," "Marriage in High Life," &c.

§ Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, authoress of "Carwell," &c.

|| Hon. Mrs. Norton, authoress of "The Undying One," poems, songs, &c. &c.

¶ Miss L. H. Sheridan, authoress of "The Lady's Comic Offering," composer of many songs, &c.

** Mrs. S. C. Hall, authoress of "Irish Sketches," "The Juvenile Forget-me-not," &c.

†† Mrs. Mary Howett, authoress of "The Book of the Seasons," poems, songs, &c.

THE HEART'S DECEIT.

Henry and Louisa were the children of two families of independent property and ancient descent. The father of Louisa was a Baronet, who, after spending a few seasons of show and extravagance in town, retired, upon his marriage, to establish a system of economy in the country, and thus repair the inroads made upon his patrimonial possessions. Losing his lady some years after their union, he narrowed the circle of his acquaintance, and devoted himself, assiduously, to the education of his daughter, and the improvement of his estate; and regarded by all who knew him, as a well disposed but irresolute man of unobtrusive habits, he continued in his own line of amusement, rarely interrupted by the visits of the great. Mr. Ellingham, his immediate neighbour, whose grounds lay divided from his own by a simple fence, was a man of singular polish and intelligence, whom the storms of the busy world had driven to the cell of retirement, for that shelter which was, elsewhere, denied. His wife was an amiable woman, past the meridian of life, but retaining in its decline that sweetness of manners, that benevolence of disposition, and that serenity of mind which diffuse a charm of fascination over age, and render it still more entitled to the veneration of youth.

From the strict intimacy of their parents, Henry and Louisa were almost inseparable; while children they chased the white butterfly over the meadows, or, together, sought spring violets in the shade, and strove, silently, to peep into the nest of the grey linnet, or the robin red-breast, and from these excursions the little damsel was ever sure to return with a group of the fairest blossoms of the glade, or a basket of its ripest fruits. As they grew older, it is true, that the maiden grew more shy, and assuming a degree of womanly reserve, new, strange, and becoming in the budding girl, she coyly and blushing refused her youthful suitor, the recompense which her ruby lips had usually awarded. A smile—perhaps a reddening of the cheek, with a graver tone of acknowledgement *now* constituted his fees for any little deed of chivalrous devotion; but it must be confessed, that the wand of transformation had not affected the lady only; the cavalier participated in the change, and if his manner was more reverential than formerly, it must be owned that his assiduities were more delicate and more numerous, and his glances more ardent and more ambiguous than ever.

The secret of this alteration lay in small compass; the fact was, that what with hunting butterflies, prying into birds' nests, and pondering over the contents of their libraries, time had slyly stolen a march, and at the period I speak of, Master Henry had grown into a fine, tall well-looking stripling of eighteen, and Miss Louisa had laid claim to all the dignity of fifteen. In short, after a thousand delightful contraries; after threading the paths of that sweet passion which, since the days of Adam, *all* had threaded before them, and yet believed *new* and *known only to themselves*, the lovers, (for I must call them such,) penetrated the cause of that mysterious satisfaction which they experienced in each other's society, and an avowal of mutual affection—a declaration of mutual faith celebrated the event. Whether this avowal and this declaration were made and entered into, in the solitary grove, or the crowded hall, by sunshine or moonlight, I cannot presume to determine; but blushes upon both sides, ardour upon the one hand and timid hesitation upon the other, were equally displayed. Months rolled by after this

event, and each day brought with it an accession of happiness, and wove a new link in the chain of delight: Henry hung every hope upon his passion, and gave himself up, with a boundless confidence, to the force of his affection. He loved with the enthusiasm, the tenderness, the delicacy, and the abandonment of a *first attachment*, and they who have felt, or feel, how sweet, how bewildering, how incomprehensible are the emotions of the heart when first it trembles beneath a woman's power, can judge his situation. That his almost idolatrous homage was fraught with the deepest interest to the imagination of Louisa need not be questioned: it is true, that she had been all her life-time accustomed to the love of her good father, and her venerable nurse, but the love of Henry was novel, singular, and absorbing, and while it formed the nucleus of her thoughts, it also constituted the fabric of her dreams. The world, the great, the gay, the fashionable, and alas! the deceptive world was to her like a thing heard of and wondered at, but never seen; the leafy glade, the sunny heath, the woodland bower, and the quiet garden of her ancestral estate, its old fashioned manor-house, and its homely revels, composed the features of *her world*! but the time was approaching when the veil of seclusion was to be withdrawn, and the heart of this timid, this artless, and romantic girl was to be exposed to the assaults of novelty and adulation.

Affairs of importance demanded the presence of Sir Geoffrey in London, and with some degree of reluctance the baronet found himself called upon to quit his "rustic ingle," and occupy his long deserted mansion in town. The removal was attended with poignant regrets to poor Louisa, who, in parting with her birds, her flowers, her favourite haunts and scenes, felt that had it not been for a discovery that Henry was to accompany them to London, despair must have been the certain concomitant of the farewell. But variety has powerful charms, and with no one can it prove more potent than with a girl of fifteen. Grief at resigning her native shades gave place to flattering anticipations of enjoyment; and by the time that the wheels of the travelling carriage rattled upon the pavement of the metropolis, a thousand vague and pleasurable visions had flitted across the brain of the novice.

A few weeks initiated the woodland maid into many of the mysteries of *town*:—fashionable cousins cordially assisted the progress, and in a dizzy round of engagements, perpetually besieged by innuendo and compliment, and dazzled by unceasing novelty, Louisa found that *the impressions of earlier days* were *strangely* and *gradually* losing their force over her feelings. Even Henry failed to inspire that interest, and, consequently, to command that attention which, in their own "silent glens" and sunny bowers, he had never ceased to excite; nay, he sometimes appeared awkward and insipid, and once or twice she had been irritated by his attentions, as though they were irksome and intrusive. Child of fancy! the splendid butterflies of dissipation fluttered round, and deceived her by the brightness of their tints; and while she, eagerly and unreflectingly, pursued each brilliant phantom till it perished in her grasp, pure satisfaction passed unheeded and unsought for.

Poor Henry bore the revolution which he observed, in fatal ignorance of its cause; that he felt her growing coldness, and writhed in agony beneath it, is fact, but he could not, he would not believe that "his own Louisa," "his dear and early playmate," and his *promised bride* was changed in heart. "It is only the bustle of town," he would exclaim, as he mused upon the circumstance; "it will quickly sub-

side, and then she will be mine again." Blissful deception, soon to be destroyed! Alas, Louisa thought less and less of Henry; it is true, not without compunction, when she discovered how indifferent she was becoming to his idea,—but, in fact, she had never *loved* him, and she was hourly awakening to the reality. It was no longer for *one only* that she taught her splendid ringlets how to stray, and that she placed the jewel upon her wrist, and the pearl upon her neck; it was not for *him* that she studied the fashion of her robes and the glitter of her accomplishments—No! no! a change had passed over her, the delusion was dissolved; the cold breath of frivolity had blighted the blossoms of simplicity, and coquetry, that stain of woman, and that scourge of man, was now triumphant in its reign. She heard of her beauty, and she blushing believed the tale; conquest was murmured in her ear, an establishment of gorgeous magnificence, a settlement of boundless generosity,—and the wooer was a noble, young, handsome to excess, gay, polite, and captivating; resistance was in vain.

Henry woke as from a dream; he refused to believe the rumour, but he could not doubt his own perceptions. He implored an explanation; it was evaded; he became more vehement, and *something like duplicity* lulled his suspicions into temporary repose. But the crisis approached; the lordling lover pressed, eagerly, his suit; the bridal ornaments were prepared; and the father of Louisa informed the deserted Henry that his childish attachment to his daughter must terminate. Desperation drove the rejected from the house; and three days after, the paraphernalia of a wedding glittered at St. George's. Louisa was the betrothed; and the pride that sparkled in the dark eyes of the bridegroom, as he led her from the altar, was well accounted for, by one glance at the young, the fair, and graceful creature that leant upon his arm. Every look was on them, every heart was raised to invoke a blessing upon their path; when, at the moment that the travelling chariot was drawn up, and the foot of the bride was preparing to press the step, a youth, with distracted mien, burst through the assembled crowd, exclaiming—"She is mine!—she is mine! She can never be another's!" The bridegroom turned, fiercely, upon him, but the maniac smote him to the earth; the report of a pistol followed, and, with an hysterical cry, the unfortunate suicide sank upon the ground.

The bridal festival was closed in blood, and a few months of wasting despair and ill-timed remorse, closed the career of the *self-deceived* and unfortunate Louisa.

Deceived by *inexperience* into a belief that the first emotions of her heart were the impulses of exclusive attachment, she yielded to their influence, till an intercourse with society dissipated the illusion, and taught her that *the fancy* might be enthralled while the affections were untouched; and that nothing can be more dangerous than to listen to the voice of passion, before reason has assumed the empire of the breast.

C***Y.

THE LADY GEORGIANA.

The Lady Georgiana was a young and lovely star of fashion: brought up amidst all the elegancies and enjoyments of life, and, at an early age, united to the object of her heart's affections. For *two months*, the connubial state was one of unalloyed felicity. Theodore was the bliss of the Lady Georgiana, and she was the first object of Theodore's fondest thoughts.

Their desires, their wishes, their aversions were the same. Did Theodore wish to mingle in the gaieties of the Court? The Lady Georgiana immediately put on her costly jewelled robes, and accompanied her beloved partner. Did the Lady Georgiana seek retirement? Her Theodore was by her side, enjoying the tender endearments of connubial felicity, unsullied and unalloyed. The study of the *wife* was, by diligent attention to anticipate the wants of her *husband*, and to render his home a source of happiness. The ambition of Theodore was to administer to the comforts of the Lady Georgiana.

"*Such a wife may I obtain!*" cries the reader in enthusiasm, and such a wife may you enjoy. Two months had elapsed, when Theodore was attacked by an alarming fever; the family physician came to his couch—looked very wise and very grave. "*No hope,*" whispered he, and shook his awful wig. The Lady Georgiana hid her face in her handkerchief, and wept bitterly.

"Oh Death!" cried the afflicted lady, in her agony, "spare my beloved husband, restore my Theodore; and if you needs must have a victim let me supply his place!"

To the astonishment of the lady, a rustling noise was heard in the chamber, and the King of Terrors approached.

"And what," cried he, "is thy request?"

The Lady Georgiana, overcome with terror, shrieked, and fell upon a soft-cushioned chair, averting her head from the dreadful appearance before her; at length, gathering courage, she murmured, in a faint voice—

"There—there he lies, in the most dreadful agony! He implores thy speedy relief! For mercy's sake, put him out of his misery, and *begone!*"

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The charge is given—trumpets sounding,
Urge the warriors on their way;
Forward their fiery coursers bounding,
Eager for the battle fray.

They glitter in the sun's bright beams,
Their standards reared in pride:
They come, they come, as torrent streams
Roll o'er the mountain's side.

They meet, they meet—foes of ages—
Sons of sires who met to die;
Each one, as the battle rages,
Hears their blood for vengeance cry.

With nerves as firm, and hearts as brave,
Sons their father's weapons wield;
They follow where the banners wave,
Welcome Death, but scorn to yield.

They fall, they fall, sires are childless—
Fondest wives are widow'd now;
Death with Glory's laurel's wreaths
Cypress round the blood-stain'd brow.

The strife is o'er—the sun has set
On bands of fallen heroes;
Who proudly rode in martial state,
When first its beams arose.

E.J.J.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

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No. 90.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1831.

VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ADELAIDE, IN HER CORONATION DRESS.
PLATE THE SECOND.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE THIRD.—AN EVENING DRESS, A TURKISH COSTUME, A WALKING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—FOUR MORNING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—TWO WALKING DRESSES, A BREAKFAST COSTUME, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, AN EVENING DRESS FOR A SOCIAL PARTY, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

THE CORONATION.

"*Foreigner.*—What ceremony's here ?

"*Englishman.*—By this same question, sir, I hold you still
(More than I should by little faults of tongue)
Not of our country. Were you *British born*,
Your heart would tell you, as your eyes gazed pleased
Upon our crowded streets and peopled domes—
We place upon a patriot MONARCH'S brow
The crown of sovereign rule. To-day we do it.

"*Foreigner.*—"The sight is beautiful; trust me, I shall
hold
Your Englisher's most loyal."

M.S. COMEDY.

Thursday, the 8th of September, 1831, was a day, the anniversary of which will not only live in the reverence and joy of the present generation, but exist to gladden the hearts of the British people in the future annals of our country. It was then, that the MONARCH and his ILLUSTRIOUS CONSORT, both equally strong in the affections of their people, went publicly forth to perform that impressive, ancient, and splendid ceremony, which the custom and constitution of this empire has for ages considered necessary, to cement the bond of union and duty between the sovereign and the people. It was then, that, sanctioned by the solemnities of religion, and amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of crowding subjects, WILLIAM THE FOURTH of England, and ADELAIDE his QUEEN, received upon their brows those imperial crowns, the assumption of which will ever, we trust, be associated with the consolidation of a nation's liberties. It was then, that we observed,

"These high imperial types of this earth's glory,"

glittering upon the monarch's head, and the coronets of his peers blazing around him, and felt assured, that the most patriotic sovereign of the age, and the freest people in the world, were now united by ties, while death, and *death only*, deride and sever.

We shall not, we need not follow the thrice-repeated details of the ancient formulæ; and, we cannot but think, unnecessarily extended ceremonies of the Coronation itself, in which the public prints have indulged. We cannot imagine that much interest can now attach to a technical description

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of the regalia—of ivory rods and doves, and sceptres and crosses borne by earls, by dukes, by marquises, by bishops; of offerings, anointings, orbs, spurs, swords and recognitions; and we hold it to be sufficient to say, that these, which for centuries have been considered appropriate adjuncts to an institution which derives its origin from a sacred source, and which has always been held in profound veneration wherever a christian monarch was established, were in full requisition upon the present occasion. Although we still cling to the honestly put forth opinions we so strongly urged in our last, relative to the restrictive nature of the general arrangements, and must continue to regret the absence of the peeresses, and the grand procession to the Abbey, (as at former coronations) and which *enriched the people without impoverishing the country's purse*; we were yet never of the number of those who, with senseless vehemence, clamoured for profuse decoration; and certainly could not belong to that more contemptible class, who, running into the opposite extreme, designated, nay libelled the whole as an exhibition of mere superstitious forms and childish spectacle. We regretted, nay we own we still regret, the absence of many pageant glories we have heretofore witnessed, we were sorry so impressive a ceremony should be at all "shorn of its beams;" but we yet rejoiced greatly to observe, that our countrymen and countrywomen suffered no feeling to predominate unworthy of their ancestors, and that, as Englishmen, as a contemporary has admirably put it, we are not yet prepared to cheapen down the *dignity of the crown* to the simple standard of a *republic*—to place the *throne of a monarch* on the same footing with a *president's chair*.

With the arrangements, and the form of the procession, from St. James's, through Pall Mall, by Charing Cross and Parliament Street, to the Abbey, our readers must be fully acquainted; and we, therefore, proceed to say, that even before the first discharge of artillery, at five o'clock, in St. James's Park, aroused sluggards from their slumbers, the streets were fast being peopled, the scaffolds in front of the houses, the stands and platforms in numerous situations erected, house-tops, and balconies to be occupied; and that ere the gorgeous cavalcade commenced its march, we doubt if any can remember so large a multitude assembled in the metropolis, in as small a range of ground, as that which was occupied by spectators on this memorable occasion. This

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multitude was kept in good humour by the continual arrival, and taking up of positions, of the military employed upon the occasion—the Blues, the Greys, the Life Guards, the Lancers, the 7th Dragoons, the Fusileer Guards, &c. with their respective bands, allaying, by their noble appearance and martial music, the restless fever of expectation. At length, the looked-for hour arrived, the chimes spoke ten, the appointed squadron of Life Guards took their leading station; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's two carriages, followed by those of the other members of the Royal Family, appeared in line; and, anon, heralded by 20,000 gladsome voices, came the state-coach, conveying WILLIAM and ADELAIDE, our KING and QUEEN; the former dressed in an admiral's uniform, the latter most chastefully and elegantly wearing some splendid brilliants in her hair, (*and quite English*) in a white costume. The procession extended the whole length of Pall-Mall, and as it passed to its destination, the enthusiasm of the populace appeared to increase with its progress; hats, handkerchiefs, and flags waved in the air, and

"— All tongues cried, 'God save thee WILLIAM!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage."

These manifestations of his subjects estimation of his character, and the esteem in which they held his QUEEN, must have been truly gratifying to both; and we think we can confidently affirm, from indications we could not well mistake, *that both very deeply felt them*. In fact, as has been said of us, the people of England are a king-loving and aristocracy-loving generation. However men may indulge in republican reveries in the closet, there is no permanent object of human sympathy but human beings; that is, no political doctrines or constitution can retain a lasting grasp on the affections of the mass of mankind, save as they are identified with individuals.

Before we quite bring THEIR MAJESTIES to the Abbey, it might be as well to say, that as early as four o'clock, the doors of that noble building were thrown open; but that it was not till near seven, that any very considerable influx of peers, peeresses, and high official personages took place. At nine o'clock, preceded by the Speaker, about four hundred of the Members of the House of Commons took possession of the gallery assigned to them. The gentleman of this senatorial body which most attracted our notice was *Mr. Hume*, for would it be believed that, after inveighing in rough set terms against *court dresses*, he actually appeared in a fine *new suit of court costume*, which Chevin, or Lewis, or Weston might have been proud to have built? Still there were many seats unoccupied, to which, if we dared make political allusions, might perchance be accounted for; and without the choir, the five guinea sittings prepared by the Dean and Chapter, were decidedly at a discount.

The fitting-up of the Abbey was exceedingly well performed, and its general appearance imposing, grand, and impressive. The altar, and table near it, for receiving the articles necessary during the ceremonies, were covered with blue and gold brocade, panelled with gold broad lace, and edged with gold-looped fringe. The step leading to the altar, and the floor leading to the *sacrum*, was covered with a very rich garter blue and gold Wilton carpet,—the pattern, the Norman rose with the ermine; altogether a fine specimen

of English manufacture. On the south side of the *sacrum* was the box provided for the female branches of the Royal Family, and also for the young Princes; there were also a chair of recognition, and a litany chair, for each of their Majesties. King Edward's Chair, and Queen Elizabeth's, and other *apparate*, have been, again and again, quite sufficiently described.

About eleven, the huzzas of the outside multitude, announced the arrival of THEIR MAJESTIES; when the great officers of state, the high church functionaries, the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, marshalled themselves in the nave, and interest was at its highest. Slowly, but splendidly, the procession advanced; coronets and plumes were observed waving through the pillared aisles, the gorgeous robes of the princesses swept the chequered pavement, swords, coronets, sceptres, and crosses were borne by the potent of the land in solemn state along; till as the anthem was pealed forth, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord," THEIR MAJESTIES, preceded and followed by some of the brightest ornaments of our English chivalry and peerage, made their appearance,

"And shouts, prolonged by echo's mocking voice,
A gladsome homage gave."

The ceremonies then commenced with "The Recognition," made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the following words: "Sirs, I here present unto you KING WILLIAM IV., the rightful inheritor of the crown of this realm; wherefore, all ye that are come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, are ye willing to do the same?" A general and hearty acclamation of "GOD SAVE KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH!" was the appropriate reply. All the other ceremonies were then gone through, according to the forms by ancient usage prescribed. Many of these must have been exceedingly tiresome, if not irksome, to THEIR MAJESTIES, who, at one period, seemed for a short time somewhat fatigued, though there is not an individual who witnessed their conduct, but must admit that the personal deportment of the MONARCH and his ROYAL CONSORT, contributed much to the delight which all ranks and classes seemed to take in the proceedings of the day.

The Coronation happily completed, the procession returned to St. James's in the same order, as it progressed from thence in the morning, though envious showers, and some disarrangements in the line of road, marred somewhat the effect of the pageant. Both THEIR MAJESTIES wore their crowns, which were, of course, objects of great curiosity. His MAJESTY's military *aides-de-camp*, heroes who had won honours and medals of merit in many fights, preceded the royal carriage, and were greatly cheered; whilst the scarce less noble bearing of the richly-caparisoned and superb steeds from the royal stable were scarcely inferior objects of attraction. The arrival of THEIR MAJESTIES at the Palace was announced by the firing of a royal salute of twenty-one cannon, which closed this portion of the day's splendours and ceremonies.

In the evening, however, the metropolis was, in a great measure, brilliantly illuminated; the east vying with the west in the blaze of loyalty. The play-houses and Vauxhall were open gratuitously to the public; a balloon ascended from the Green Park, whilst fireworks, and other amusements, occupied the attention of those who selected Hyde Park as the scene of their relaxations.

Such was the Coronation of WILLIAM and ADELAIDE of

England; and although we could have wished some splendours added, and certain ancient pageants retained, which we think were unwisely dispensed with, it must still be admitted that if it "lacked something" (and of this there can be no doubt) "of the gorgeous and stately splendour which distinguished that of their immediate predecessor, it surpassed it in one more essential part—which no pageantry, however gorgeous or extravagant, could supply—that the contract into which they have just entered, is responded to by the cordial wishes and heartfelt congratulations of their subjects of every class throughout their dominions." In fine, the KING OF ENGLAND, and his QUEEN, might take off their crowns, assured that, in the excellent language of the Bishop of London, in the peroration of his sermon at the Abbey, that the people feel they (the Sovereigns) will rule those entrusted to their care in righteousness and justice. Let us, then, obey the able prelate's injunction, and say of WILLIAM and ADELAIDE, "*Together may God preserve them, with health and happiness, and length of years; may they dwell before his face in mercy and favour, and the grace of the Lord our God be with us and them as it has been with our fathers.*"

THE MARCH OF EFFRONTERY; OR THE VANITY OF PERIODICALISM.

There are a class of people, whose officiously mischievous propensities are so strongly commingled with their inordinate vanities, that they ridiculously refuse to "let well alone," at the same time that they greedily seize upon any subject, (however highly placed beyond their habits and intellects and station in life,) which they might conceive calculated to administer to their malevolence of disposition, or their pecuniary fortunes. A stronger instance of the truth of these observations has, we venture to say, never appeared than is contained in the "Prospectus" of a Magazine for October; in which Magazine it is promised shall appear "plainly and fearlessly discussed," the *real* causes which induced the absence of her ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, and the PRINCESS VICTORIA from the CORONATION OF WILLIAM IV.

Now, was there ever effrontery greater than this;—did ever vanity shew itself more ridiculous?

"Oh! trust us, Sirs, it is contemptible,
To see these chattering and strutting daws
In peacock's plumage pranked."

We would indignantly ask if it is not altogether inconsistent, nay *unnatural*, that a personage so high in rank, so considerate in conduct, so correct in manners, as the DUCHESS OF KENT, should place herself and daughter's conduct to be explained by the publisher and proprietor of an obscure Monthly publication—one in the very infancy of its affection-nurtured career, and which will never emancipate itself from the "go-cart" of its babyhood? The answer from every sensible person would be, the supposition is preposterous, and that those who could be deceived by such deceptive advertising puffs, such avaricious, yes, and insolent hand-bill promises, must have indeed

"—— eaten of the insane root,
Which take the senses prisoner."

What, after explanations full, satisfactory, consistent, and honourable, have been rendered public from sources the

"Magazine" dare not approach; and which we know, and will *vouch our whole success upon, is pure*; and after his MAJESTY's first Minister has unhesitatingly said, from the highest authority, that the KING, yes, the KING HIMSELF, was "perfectly satisfied" with the reasons adduced for his Royal Relatives absence from an august but fatiguing ceremony:—After these proofs, strong as Holy Writ, and which weigh down a thousand affected paragraphs in a milk and water prospectus, shall the publisher (one, too, who uses the Monarch's name to lift his own into notice)—and proprietors of this baby-periodical, for the mere purpose of foisting their weakly-constituted bantling into a temporary hour of strength, endeavour to resow the seeds of doubt and the plants of suspicion? Shall sentiments from such, resting on no foundation but their own inventions, meet favour in the world, and "be found upon the tables of the wives, daughters, mothers, and sisters of our statesmen and legislators, of our public men in every department of public affairs?" Most confidently we answer certainly not; our understanding is not to be so abused, and *English wives, daughters, mothers, and sisters, are yet too good, wise, and considerate, to be so deceived by such a very shallow subterfuge.* The web of sophistry is spun by too clumsy fingers to entangle them; and the Magicians of the Magazine will prove, in their performances, but bottle conjurors.

We have thought it right thus, on the one hand, to expose fruitless promises, and to disabuse the public on the other, from the boundless assertions which may be adventured. That public may rest satisfied with the explanations we and others (*who are acquainted with the truth*) have given for the non-appearance of the DUCHESS OF KENT and her DAUGHTER at the Coronation; and being so, turn with contempt from those mischief-making inventions, which must fail from inducing the right-minded to believe that such explanations were not *alike satisfactory* to the KING and the PEOPLE.

THE LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

"With pomp and sacred ceremonials, THEY
Moved 'midst applauding thousands. Not a voice
But spoke from honest heart, when they went forth,
THE MAJESTIES of this all puissant land,
Attended by the Princes." THE BARONS, 1667.

The commencement of the month was altogether a period of much exertion, and, in one great respect, of considerable interest to THEIR MAJESTIES, and their good and loyal subjects, the people of England. We here allude, as our readers will have anticipated, to the *Coronation*,—that joyous, that triumphant occasion, when the solemn ceremonial of a compact, between a patriot monarch and his subjects, was ratified; and London—

"—— Opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London—"

poured her inhabitants out, to vindicate, by their enthusiasm, the necessity of the ceremonial.

But we have already described its splendour, and narrated its peculiarities, its commencement, progress, and consummation; consequently, sincerely hoping that our good KING and his illustrious Consort, will live to see many anniversaries

of a day, which the people of this country will long hold in veneration, we proceed to subsequent occurrences.

On the evening, then, of the 8th of September, a sumptuous dinner was given by THEIR MAJESTIES, at St. James's Palace; at which the KING, presided with a gaiety of manner, a cheerfulness of style, quite refreshing to witness, after the fatigues and exertions the morning's business had naturally engendered. Upon proposing the truly British toast, "The land we live in," his MAJESTY encouragingly observed, "that he had now been King for more than a year, and as he had sought, so he should continue to seek, the peace and happiness of the people over whom it was his duty to preside." We need scarcely add, that the wine cup was emptied with more than common satisfaction, after such an annunciation.

On the following day, the QUEEN, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Meiningen and suite, was present at an extensive review of the cavalry regiments, employed at the Coronation; and upon the 10th of September, in company with the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, her MAJESTY visited the Victualling Office, Deptford, and went on board the Lightning steam-vessel, to take leave of her Royal Highness the Princess of Hesse Homburg, and the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, who, with their respective suites, and attended by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, embarked in that vessel for the continent. Her MAJESTY felt excessively the parting with these her near and amiable relatives, and continued for a long time, after the barque had put off, to watch her progress over the waters for the sake of those she bore to other lands.

Monday, September 12, was another day of courtly and useful splendour, the QUEEN holding a Drawing-room at St. James's Palace. It was very numerous attended, the state rooms being thronged nearly at the earliest permissible hour, with the noble by birth, and the distinguished by fashion. The peeresses who attended at the Coronation, wore the robes and coronets applicable to that memorable occasion, but to our taste and thinking, the graceful plumes waved over other beauties brows, exceeded those glittering ornaments. The crowns of the ladies, indeed, recalled to the mind's eye the tinsel head-gear of a tragedy queen. THEIR MAJESTIES entered the state-rooms about two o'clock; the KING dressed in an admiral's uniform, and the QUEEN in her Coronation costume, with a tiara of purple velvet, encircled in jewels. The reception of company continued till after four, the ladies being first introduced to the KING, and afterwards to her Majesty, by Earl Howe, the Queen's Chamberlain. The whole ceremony was one, indeed, of effective character and convincing splendour. In the evening, untired by forms of station or of state, the Sovereigns entertained a large and distinguished party at dinner.

Gossips, and those who go about to gather news, "whereon to pin their doubts or hang dismay," have made free with the conduct of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, with respect to her own, and the Princess Victoria's, absence from the Coronation. But the good sense of Englishmen soon ceased to be blinded by

"Those wily shifts of party, juggler's tricks,
Which we call deep design and politics;"

and to discover that the *Mother* (with sanction of the *Sovereign*) preferred advancing the health of a beloved daughter, to exhibiting her, at the risk of increased indisposition, amidst the *randeur* of processions. In fact, about the middle of

September, we find the *excellent parent* and *promising child*, doing an act of encouragement and goodness, by going in procession from Norris Castle to a spot nearly adjoining East Cowes, for the purpose of laying the first stone to a chapel, dedicated to the religion of our forefathers.

His MAJESTY has continued to hold his Levees with great regularity, and they have been very generally well attended. Several distinguished men have been rewarded by an advancement to ancient and noble orders; the peerage has received an accession of numbers, and the lists of baronets and knights been increased, by the enrolment in it of many worthy gentlemen,"

"Promotion went abroad, and those whom yesterday
We frankly spoke to as 'my worthy sirs,'
To-day we doff our bonnets to, and cry
'My Lord, it is right well we live to see
Your scutcheon blaze nobility.'"

The Royal Family have visited each other very frequently, and, indeed, continue those interchanges of friendship and cordiality, which evince a unity of private good will amongst them, unbroken by passing differences as to public acts, or political creeds. The knowledge of this is satisfactory, and tends much to the interests of the community.

THEIR MAJESTIES have left St. James's for Windsor. We must, for awhile, content ourselves under the loss, and own that no previous Monarch, has more exerted himself to gratify the public feeling, or to set examples which, in the following, would advance the well-doing of the metropolis, and the triumph of *home productions* and *native industries*. That these examples have not been imitated so extensively as they deserved, is no crime to HIS MAJESTY, though it is a disgrace and a shame to the obstinates who refused to subscribe to his wishes. 'Tis not in the power of the most potent to command success, but we are quite sure that WILLIAM of England has deserved, and will continue to deserve it; since he is well assured that England, in its character and constitution, is

"A sight to gladden heaven! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy;—
Whether to soften honest labour, she
Rejoices those who make the land rejoice;—
Or whether to philosophy and arts,
(At once the basis and the finished pride
Of government and life) she spreads her hand,
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all."

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

CROWNS AND CORONETS.—Much as we admired the splendid and imposing ceremonial of the Coronation of their Majesties, and devout as the feelings were, which such a solemnity was calculated to inspire, we could scarcely restrain our risible faculties when our eyes fell upon the strange appearance of the *coronelled* "peers of England," arrayed in all the dignity and gravity of the heroes of Mrs. Salmon's wax-work exhibition. Those of our readers who may not have been so fortunate as to have, personally, beheld the coronation, give implicit credence to the newspaper reports,

and imagine that when the "peers put on their coronets, the appearance was particularly grand;" but when we assure them that those *coronets*, were, in most instances, a great deal larger than the heads they were meant to cover, it will be supposed that the fidgetty endeavours of the peers, to keep the unwieldy masses in a respectable position, and to avoid their view being obstructed by these "ornaments of their order" falling over their eyes, had a very ludicrous appearance. We beheld several noblemen, of rather irritable dispositions, become in a perfect rage with the heavy incumbrances, and one in particular, distinguished for his obesity, we absolutely pitied; for, with the heat of the day, and the heaviness of the *coronet*, his "consolidated mass" seemed rapidly melting, and issuing from every pore. Those unwieldy coronets, had not even an elegant appearance of themselves, they seemed to be *heavy masses of velvet and brass!* for show, something similar, but not half so neat, as those which we are accustomed to behold at our playhouses!! The coronets of the *peeresses* had a much better, indeed they had an elegant appearance, for they were made with particular neatness, and covering merely the back part of the head, were really *ornaments*; and many noble ladies displayed considerable taste in the manner in which they were worn. An appearance so neat and elegant, contrasted strikingly with the heaviness of the peers upon the opposite benches, who, in their lumbering coronets, reaching to an unpleasing, and we think *uncomfortable*, extent, over their faces, and the large ermine capes, resembled so many cooks from his Majesty's kitchen, attending the coronation of their royal Master! Really, the "lords of the creation" should have benefitted by the refined taste of their fair and noble partners, and followed their example in the choice of coronets; a few pounds distributed among the tradespeople of England (who at the present period stand so much in need of such assistance,) would not only have enabled them to have vied with their lovely and illustrious partners, but have saved them from the imputation of having ransacked the stores of "their houses," for the *coronets of their ancestors*, and from the *lumber* of ages past, brought out the cumbrous masses, which may have had a very good appearance upon the heads of the "giant heroes of the olden time," but when placed upon England's peers of the present day, appear perfectly absurd, and cannot fail to excite feelings of ridicule.

THE KING'S CROWN.—The crown worn by his Majesty had scarcely a better appearance than those of his nobles; it was evidently too large for his head, and to this circumstance may be ascribed a great deal of that fatigue, which his Majesty experienced during the ceremony. This crown was the same that was used at the coronation of his Majesty's royal brother, who, previous to the solemnity, disliking the mean appearance which the former crown presented, (its value then not being above 700*l.*) caused it to be enlarged and enriched with jewels to a very large amount. The present appearance is not particularly imposing, and just before the coronation of his present Majesty, it was in contemplation to have it broken up, and a new one constructed; but from the great quantity of silver contained in it, it was found impossible to form a new crown from the materials, of that splendour which befitted the coronation of a King of England. The plan was therefore laid aside, and the crown remains in its original state.

THE QUEEN'S CROWN was constructed of the diamonds of a splendid stomacher, which formerly belonged to QUEEN

CHARLOTTE. When her Majesty accepted the invitation of the City of London to accompany the King, on the 1st of August, to the ceremony of opening the New London Bridge, the stomacher was sent to the house of *Rundell and Bridge*, to be formed into an ornament for her Majesty's head; but indisposition preventing her Majesty honouring the citizens with her presence, the order for the tiara was countermanded, and preparations for the coronation having then commenced, the diamonds were applied to the construction of her Majesty's crown.

Lady PORTMORE was, unfortunately, prevented attending the coronation, by an attack of a complaint which seldom touches the *fair* objects of the creation, although it is so general among their lords—we mean *the gout*. Her ladyship had contracted with her jeweller for the loan of diamonds to the amount of between four and five thousand pounds, but which the distressing attack we have alluded to, prevented her ladyship from using.

One of the most splendid appearances at the coronation, was produced by a bright stream of sunlight, falling from the opposite window, upon the richly gemmed persons of the peeresses: the blaze of light reflected by the masses of brilliants, was perfectly dazzling and grand.

It was by no means uninteresting to behold, after the royal procession had quitted the Abbey, the peeresses, arrayed in their costly robes, seated upon the steps of the theatre, and reclining their beautiful persons upon the cloth of gold. The fatigue, occasioned by remaining so many hours in one position, upon seats, not the most comfortable that could have been constructed, inspired a scene that no poet, in his brightest imaginings has ever pictured.

We could not but admire the blunt, sailor-like, demeanour of the gallant Admiral, Sir EDWARD CODRINGTON, who, as he was accompanying his lady from the Abbey, observing that many of his noble friends remained behind to inspect the splendid decorations, turned suddenly round, and exclaimed, "But stay, my lady, we may as well do like the rest of the world, and see all that there is to be seen!" Such an exclamation was perfectly in character with the man, to whom our beloved monarch, in equally blunt terms, emphatically wrote, "*Go it, Ned!*"

After all, we think few persons have *benefitted* by the Coronation, but the King's Ministers and their own particular friends; for it has occasioned their participation of some of the most sumptuous dinners that have ever been given in the palace of St. James's! Really, we should not be at all surprised, if some wag in the Opposition was to characterize the Coronation, as the *signal for a gorge!*

THE BEULAH SPA, NORWOOD.—This new spa will certainly become the most fashionable and attractive in England; the many advantages which it possesses, presenting such high claims to public patronage. The waters have all the qualities of those of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Tunbridge Wells, and are, moreover, highly approved of by the faculty. The Spa is very delightfully situated, upon an eminence which commands some of the most picturesque and agreeable views, and is therefore calculated to please the admirers of nature in her choicest garb, at the same time that they experience the efficacy of the waters of the Spa. The ride from London is so short and pleasing, that persons requiring the benefit of the waters, may ride to the Spa in the morning, and afterwards return to their own residences, in sufficient time to occupy their places at the dinner-table; an advantage of no

trifling nature, especially to invalids, who have hitherto been compelled to take long journeys, for the purpose of procuring that, which can now be obtained, in perfection, almost at their own homes, and at a trifling expense. A resort of this nature has long been wanted in the vicinity of the metropolis, and its absence exceedingly regretted; long journeys are at all times hurtful to persons in delicate health, and frequently extremely dangerous; such persons have, therefore, been deprived of the benefits of the waters of Cheltenham, &c. which might have been the means of restoring them to health, and the enjoyment of society. They must now, certainly, be delighted by the institution of the *Beulah Saline Spa*, and be anxious to prove the efficacy of its waters, which are equal to those of any other Spa in the kingdom. The public are indebted to Mr. SMITH, who resides upon the spot, for the present discovery, and for bringing the Spa into that state of elegance which few individuals would have had the industry to effect. We are happy in being able to recommend the *Beulah Saline Spa* to our distinguished readers; no expense having been spared to render it not only convenient to invalids, but agreeable, in every respect, to the general visitor.

We have seen a picture that has been presented to the purchasers of the Court Journal, which purports to be a portrait of the King in his Coronation robes. We have heard of a painter who was accustomed to affix to his pictures the names of the persons intended to be portrayed, the beholder not being able to trace the resemblance. We imagine that the artist of the Court Journal must be a descendant of that illustrious painter, for if he had not cautiously placed his Majesty's name beneath the picture, and the Court Journal had not recorded that it was absolutely meant for the King, we, in our simplicity, should have taken the portrait to have been that of some unfortunate gentleman, with a white napkin pinned round his neck, ready for the *tonsorial operation*, and waiting with philosophic gravity and composure for the soap-orific application, and the coming terror of a blunted razor!

We question whether it was agreeable to the etiquette of the Court, for Lord FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE to wear his cloak on the return of the royal procession from Westminster Abbey. When the peers of England, and the companions of his lordship, braved the "pelting of the pitiless storm," we think that the cloak might have remained in the custody of his lordship's groom.

Among the splendid equipages at the Coronation, the carriage of the young Marquis of HASTINGS presented the most imposing appearance; its elegance could only be equalled by its particular neatness. His lordship, and his beautiful bride, next to their Majesties, were the most attractive personages in the Abbey.

The robes of the Dowager Marchioness of HASTINGS were decorated with the ermine that had been worn at every Coronation from that of George the First, and is a hundred and seventeen years old! Much as the antiquity of this ermine may be admired, we think her ladyship would have appeared to greater advantage in a *newer suit*, her order for which, would also have been an encouragement to the trade of England, now in so depressed a state.

Much as has been said respecting the "uncourteous reception" of the Countess of F. at her Majesty's drawing-room, we believe that her ladyship was given to understand that her appearance at Court would not be agreeable to her Majesty, Lord F. immediately determined upon presenting her lady-

ship *himself*, and, accordingly, introduced her at Court, when she was received in that marked manner, which has occasioned so much conversation in the fashionable world.

Preparations are already making for celebrating the majority of the Marquis of ABERCROM, who arrives at the possession of his immense wealth, in January next. His lordship is now enjoying the shooting season in the Highlands of Scotland, but will return to the metropolis for the winter, where he is expected to be one of the first attractions. We understand that the heart of the young Marquis is still untrammelled; it would certainly be a fine conquest for any of our beautiful stars of fashion.

The building at present erecting at the corner of King-street, St. James's, is intended for a *Betting Room*, and is the property of Mr. Crockford. If we consider the very disadvantageous situation of the present betting room, to proceed to which, men of fashion are compelled to pass through a *common stable yard*, Crockford's speculation appears likely to be crowned with success. We believe that he took the ground at the annual rent of ten guineas per foot! and, also, that he has been involved in many law proceedings, in consequence of blocking up an obscure passage, that has heretofore been a complete disgrace to the street. The *Betting Room*, when completed, will be another ornament to this fashionable part of the town.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE has received his perquisite, as *Lord Chamberlain*, of the splendid chair which was used at the King's throne at the Coronation.

Miss CHAMBERS, the daughter of the late banker, has appeared as a public actress at the Liverpool theatre. We regret to find that this accomplished young lady, who has been presented at Court, and who once moved in the circles of rank and fashion, is compelled, by circumstances, to resort to the profession of the stage.

Many persons were amused by the strange appearance of the Lord CHANCELLOR's lumbering state-coach on the Coronation-day; but few were aware that it had been the cause of some hours anxiety and pain. It seems that the Chancellor's attention had been so much engaged by public business, that he never thought of his own coach until the time arrived when it was required, *and then it was not to be found!* No one in his Lordship's establishment knew any thing about it. Messengers were immediately dispatched to all parts of the town, but without effect, until they thought of applying at Lord ELDON's, in Hamilton-place, where they learned that the coach had been safely laid up in one of the warehouses in Long-acre. Lord BROUGHAM's apprehensions were thus fortunately quieted, and he was enabled to proceed to the Coronation in state!

LA BAGATELLE; FASHIONABLE FACETIÆ, AND JEUX D'ESPRIT.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Mirth, that wrinkled oars derides,
And laughter holding both her sides."

MILTON.

Lord G. has a great dislike to meeting with a punster. "Puns," he exclaimed one day, at a fashionable party, are the very *lowest* description of wit. "If so," quickly re-

joined Lady C. B., "your lordship must allow them to be the foundation of it."

At one of Lady Arran's card parties, one individual was wanting to complete a whist table. "I advise your ladyship," whispered Lord B., "to send for Mr. St. John Long." "Why so, my lord," enquired Lady A. "Because we all know him to be such an excellent hand at a rubber."

Cheap Coronation.—Sam Rogers observes, that the silk stockings, with cotton feet and tops, which are exhibited in the haberdashers shops, should be called *Coronation hose*. A rival wit crowns the joke, by ascribing *economy* to a *Grey knight of the garter*.

Why is Lord Ranelagh, when he is pulling against the tide up the river, like Lord Hill, when engaged in a field of battle? Because he's a *he-rowing* (hero-ing.)

Why is a man waking from a slumber in St. James's church, like an old worn out hat?—Because *the naps off*.

One beautiful summer's morning, a newly-married man, drawing aside the curtains of his chamber-window, and beholding the splendid appearance of the sun, exclaimed, "*The glory of the world is rising!*" The bride, who happened to be rising at the same time, taking the compliment to herself, replied, "What would you say, my dear, if I had my *peach-blossom dress on?*"

At one of the city feasts, a guest expressed great surprise upon seeing that worthy alderman, Sir C. H., served to turtle *four times*. "Oh, that is nothing," rejoined a liveryman, "he is not partial to turtle, *you should only see him eat venison!*"

"Orator Hunt," observed a gentleman one day at Brookes's, "seems rather addicted to *quarrelling* than to any sort of reform." "True, sir," replied Luttrell, "all that he is fit for is a *brush!*"

"A Scotchman," said Lord Aberdeen, speaking of the industry and perseverance of his countrymen, "*never puts his candle under a bushel.*" "No, never," rejoined Sam Rogers, "*unless he means to defraud the insurance company.*"

Why was Wellesley's fortnight's confinement in the Fleet, equal to the imprisonment of another man in Newgate for seven years?—Because he was *as Long* confined.

A celebrated landscape painter has, unfortunately, a passionate wife, who frequently displays the powers of her fingernails upon the artist's countenance. One morning, after one of those domestic feuds, Lord A. called upon the painter to look at a landscape he was about, and perceiving the grievous marks upon his visage, to his enquiry of whether he did not think the subject beautiful, replied, "Why to tell you the truth, my friend, I never saw any painter so completely *clawed* (clawed) in all my life."

Why is a conudrum like a gimlet?—Because it is a very *bores-ing* thing."

Why is the French wife of the Dey of Algiers like Minerva? Because she is a *de-esse*.

An American lady, speaking of a child, only three weeks old, whom she had heard call "*dad*" and "*mam*," was replied to by an Irish gentleman, who declared that he had a child of his own, about the same age, who, when his lady enquired where "*Shelah*, the maid, was?" cried out—"*Snocking the whiskey mommy.*"

"I wonder if the Hammersmith Suspension Bridge answers," said a country gentleman at White's, "If you drive over it, sir," rejoined Raikes, "you'll certainly be *told!*"

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

The withered leaves that lie around, a solemn truth convey,
In wisdom's ear they speak aloud of frailty and decay;
They say that man's apportion'd year shall have its winter too,

Shall rise and shine, and then decline, as all around him do.
They tell him all he has on earth, his brightest dearest things,
His loves and friendships, hopes and fears, have each their falls and springs;

A wave upon a moonlight sea, a leaf before the blast,
A summer flower,—an April hour, that gleams, and then is past!

Human life has been frequently, and not unaptly, compared to the progress of a year; it has its spring and its summer,—its autumn and its winter too; and happy are they, who having arrived at the farthest span, can look back upon the past with satisfaction and content. Such we believe to have been the feelings of the amiable Dowager Duchess of Rutland, who expired, on the 2nd ult. at her house in Sackville-street, in the 75th year of her age. For many years her Grace was one of the brightest stars of the fashionable world, and at the early age of nineteen, was united to the late Duke of Rutland, who died in 1787, while acting in the capacity of Viceroy of Ireland.

The Countess Dowager of Mornington, the mother of the Duke of Wellington, has also departed to her eternal rest, and having attained the extreme age of 90 years, now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Lady Mornington was one of the oldest English peeresses, and, at the age of twenty, walked in the procession at the Coronation of Queen Charlotte.

The aged with the young must die,—myself and all that's mine,

Must roll on with the rolling year, and ripen to decline;
I would not shun the solemn truth;—to me it is not dear,
While I can rise above the skies, and feel that God is near!

The good and pious Bishop of Worcester (F. H. W. CORNEWALL) has also become numbered with the silent dead. His lordship's exemplary character endeared him to a large circle of friends, upon whose hearts his memory must ever live. The Bishop of Winchester first obtained a mitre in 1797, when he became *Bishop of Bristol*; in 1803 he was translated to the see of *Hereford*, and in 1808, he succeeded Dr. Hurd in the diocese of *Worcester*.

With a sigh we pass over the lamentable death of J. CALCRAFT, Esq. M. P.; and also those of E. B. SUGDEN, Esq. eldest surviving son of Sir Edward B. Sugden; of the infant child of Lady Cawder; and of Captain Alexander Nisbett.

The month of September commenced with a matrimonial solemnization between H. F. WORSLEY, Esq. of Hovingham, York, and the amiable CATHERINE AGNES BLACKDEN, of Bledlow, Bucks.

"A bright and joyous union! May their bliss of love increase,
And all their future hours be ripe with happiness and peace!"

His grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 7th ult. united a lady of acknowledged worth, MARY JANE, eldest

daughter of the late Major-general Sir H. TORRENS, K. C. B. to Sir ARBECROMBIE ANSTRUTHER, Bart. of Balcaskie; and the sacred words have also been spoken, that have united JANE ELIZABETH, only daughter of W. DAWES, Esq. of Rye, to Capt. C. F. HEAD, of the 2nd Queen's Royals; and the beautiful ANNA MARIA MASON, of the Regent's Park, to Capt. F. GRAHAM, of the 75th regt. eldest son of the late Lieut. Gen. GRAHAM, Governor of Stirling Castle.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, on the 13th ult. the Rev. A. CARRIGAN solemnized the union of GEORGE DELMAR, Esq. with HARRIET, youngest daughter of the late R. MORRIS, Esq. M. P.

One of the fair daughters-in-law of Mr. MANNERS SUTTON, Miss HOME PURVESS, has been united to JOHN FAIRLEY, Esq., upon which happy event, the following playful impromptu has been hit off by one of the wits of the day:

"Though wandering long in search of bliss,

On earth, alas! found rarely,

He now may every care dismiss,

Since he has got *home Fairley!*"

We understand that Mr. KEPPLE CRAVEN, son of the Hon. KEPPLE CRAVEN, is on his way to Naples, for the purpose of soliciting his father's consent to his marriage with a highly-talented daughter of Melpomene, whom he became enamoured of during the late theatricals at Lord LEVESON GOWER'S.

THE DRAMA.

"The stage—the animated picture of the times,
Which raises morals, and the thought sublimes;
Which teaches by examples certain rule,
And holds its willing pupils to its school.
Source of supreme delight; through every age,
Honour and glory wait upon the stage."—LLOYD.

There has been little in the way of actual novelty, at our theatres, during the past month; neither have the performances been characterized by any particular marks of talent. The *English Opera Company* have concluded their season at the ADELPHI; and MATHEWS and YATES are busily engaged in preparations for the amusement of their own patrons and supporters. At the HAYMARKET, Mr. KEAN has been fulfilling an engagement, representing some of his chief characters with all that power and beauty, which still, even in the wreck of the once mighty actor, characterize his assumptions. In a theatre like the Haymarket, an audience is more capable of appreciating Mr. KEAN'S *Hamlet*, than in the monstrous winter houses; they can distinctly hear every modulation of the actor's voice, and can trace each mark of passion or feeling as it rises on his countenance; and following him through all the gradations of the part, can devote their attention entirely to the illusion of the scene. We scarcely ever witnessed Mr. KEAN'S *Hamlet* with more delight than we do at the present, notwithstanding it is but the mere shadow of what it once was, when the actor, in the pride of his great powers, revelled in the intoxication of success, and seemed to think that these would never fail him. We regret, that, (save in the part of the *Ghost*, by Mr. COOPER,) Mr. KEAN was vilely supported; not an actor in the company, with the above exception, seemed to comprehend the beautiful language which he was giving utterance to. Miss TAYLOR'S *Ophelia* was a pleasing performance.

A new comedy, entitled "*Belles have at ye all*," altered from an old play, has been produced with much success. FARREN, VINING, Miss TAYLOR, and Miss SIDNEY, sustain the principal characters with their accustomed talent; by the aid of these excellent performers, the comedy is exceedingly attractive.

On Thursday, the 15th ult., a gentleman of the name of PLUMER was introduced, for the first time, upon these boards, in the character of *Henry Bertram*; a part in which we have so frequently beheld the first of British vocalists, and in which any inferior performer must necessarily appear to considerable disadvantage. In justice, however, to Mr. PLUMER, we must say, that if his performance was not of that commanding character we have been accustomed to, it was, nevertheless, highly gifted, and particularly creditable to his taste and talent. The voice of the new vocalist appears to possess considerable power and flexibility, and also to have been cultivated in a good school; he is not particularly ambitious of ornament, and prefers the genuine melody to any interpolations of his own; a disposition which we should like to observe in many of our London singers of less pretensions to musical skill than Mr. PLUMER. We have no doubt of this gentleman becoming an acquisition to the stage. He was very ably supported by Miss WELLS, in the character of *Lucy Bertram*; Mrs. W. CLIFFORD also surprised and delighted us by her admirable personation of *Meg Merrilies*. The other performers in the opera do not merit notice.

A droll interlude, under the quaint title of *John Jones*, has been very attractive during the latter portion of the month. The plot of this lively little piece, turns upon the circumstance of one *John Jones* (Mr. VINING) continually supplanting a poor patient being, by name *Guy Goodluck*, (admirably personated by WILLIAM FARREN) in all his wishes. Firstly, we hear of his obtaining a government situation, upon which *Goodluck* had set his heart; then, of his dishonouring promissory notes which the latter had discounted; and, ultimately, of his being drowned, in endeavouring to escape from the bailiffs whom *Goodluck* had sent after him. The farce opens with the appearance of *Mr. Goodluck*, who had just been overturned in his chaise, by its having come in contact with the vehicle of a *Mr. Smith*, (the real *John Jones*, whose person was unknown to *Goodluck*, and who had escaped from the bailiffs, when they supposed him drowned.) This *Mr. Smith* was on his way to solicit the hand of *Eliza Milton*, whom *Goodluck* is also enamoured of. The interest and bustle of the piece is now kept up with great spirit; *Goodluck* hears of *Jones* being alive, and of his being, also, in love with his intended bride, and is in great consternation. *Jones* picks *Goodluck's* pocket of a *billet-doux*, whilst the latter is at breakfast, and which he makes use of. The distress of *Goodluck* increases, and, finally, a communication reaches him, with the information of his being left heir to an estate, provided one *John Jones* has ceased to exist. The increased phrensy of *Goodluck* may be imagined, when *Jones* claims the estate: he, however, ultimately gives one-half to the tormented bachelor, upon condition of his resigning all claims to the hands of the fair *Eliza*. We have given this brief sketch of the plot, that our readers may perceive the humour and drollery of which the piece is susceptible, and we need scarcely add, that FARREN, VINING, and Mrs. HUMBY, render it, by their admirable performance, particularly laughable and amusing.



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NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS—SITTING FIGURE.

A white crape dress over white satin; *corsage* cut low, and wrapped across in loose drapery folds, over an under *corsage* edged with blond lace. *Bouffant* sleeves, one full only, ornamented in front with a *nœud* of *bleu Adelaide* gauze ribbon. *Ceinture* of *moire* of the same colour, fastened in front by a gold buckle. The hair is dressed in the Grecian style, and ornamented with twisted *rouleaus* and bows of ribbons, arranged à la *Taglioni*. Ear-rings and necklace of fancy jewelry.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A back view, half length, of the costume already described.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A side view of Fig. 4.

FIG. 2.—A head-dress of hair, disposed in full curls, and low at the sides; the hind hair is turned up in three separate bows, placed one immediately behind the other. This *coiffure* is ornamented with light sprigs of exotics placed on each side.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the *coiffure* just described.

FIG. 4.—A blue *moire capote*, trimmed under the brim with a *rosette* and *cogues* of ribbon to correspond; a bouquet of blue ostrich feathers is attached, by a very full *rosette* of ribbon, on one side of the crown.

FIG. 5.—A back view of a blond lace *bêret*. The caul is profusely ornamented with citron-coloured gauze ribbon; a loop and end of the ribbon passes across the front on the left side.

FIG. 6.—A front view of the *bêret* just described.

FIG. 7.—A back view of a pea-green *gros de Naples capote*. The crown is trimmed with blond lace, and the curtain behind is also blond lace. A bouquet *en panache*, of fancy flowers, is placed on the left side. The inside of the brim is trimmed with blond lace.

FIG. 8.—A front view of Fig. 7.

FIGURES 9 and 10.—Back views of head-dresses of hair.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

A lilac *mousseline de soie* dress, over white *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* of the latter cut square, and not very low, is much higher than that of the outer dress, which is made *en cœur*, with pelerine ends depending from the front; they are trimmed, as is also the round of the *corsage*, with blond lace. *Sleeves à la Medicis*. A white crape *chapeau bêret*, trimmed under the brim with white gauze ribbon, and a rose and its

foliage. A bouquet of roses, with *nœuds* of ribbon, ornaments the crown.

TURKISH COSTUME.

White silk trowsers, figured in bias stripes of lilac, over which is a caftan of blue *moire*, trimmed up the front, and round the border, in bright and dead gold. The loose robe worn over the caftan, and much shorter than it, is of rose-coloured satin, bordered to correspond. Mameluke sleeves, lined with white satin, and terminating in a deep point; it is bordered, but in a lighter manner, with gold to correspond. The *corsage* is attached to the trowsers; which is of plain white satin, cut rather low, and lightly bordered with gold. Head-dress, a turban of white and gold tissue, ornamented with a bird of paradise and gold fringe; gold gauze veil; rose-coloured satin slippers; necklace of large pearls. This dress is the usual costume of the favourite Sultana of Hussein, Ex-Dey of Algiers.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of bright green *gros de Naples*, *corsage* plain, and half high. *Gigot* sleeve. *Pelerine-canecou* of very fine cambric, trimmed with the same material; it is made up to the throat, and finished by a cambric ruff. Bonnet of rose-coloured *gros des Indes*, trimmed with a curtain veil of blond lace. The crown is ornamented with roses, and rose-coloured ribbons.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A side view of Fig. 2.

FIG. 2.—A *capote* of emerald green *moire*, trimmed on the inside with green gauze ribbon, and blond lace, in the form of a star. A pointed drapery encircles the crown, which is trimmed with two ostrich feathers, placed in different directions.

FIG. 3.—A front view of a rose-coloured *moire capote*, with a square brim, and plain round crown; it is trimmed with full *nœuds* of gauze ribbon to correspond.

FIG. 4.—A back view of Fig. 3.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of bright emerald green *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* is crossed in deep folds before and behind. *Gigot* sleeves of a very large size. *Chemisette* of white *tulle*, with a double falling collar, which goes off on each side of the shoulder. The hat is of rose-coloured *moire*, trimmed with feathers, gauze ribbon, and a blond lace drapery. Nothing can be more elegant than this for a morning visiting dress.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A *gros de Naples* dress of the new colour, *Elmire*. A plain *corsage*, made up to the throat, but without a collar. The

sleeves *en gigot*, of a moderate size. The *collerette* is composed of a single deep fall of cambric, small plaited. Bonnet of watered *gros des Naples*, nearly of the colour of the dress trimmed on the inside of the brim with ribbons to correspond, and blond lace *mentonnières*. A bouquet of ostrich feathers adorns the crown.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

A back view of the first figure.

FOURTH MORNING DRESS—HALF-LENGTH.

A citron-coloured *chaly* dress; *corsage* plain and half-high; *canzou en cœur*, of embroidered muslin. The pelerine and collar are of the new form. Bonnet of citron-coloured *moire*, a shade brighter than the dress. The inside of the brim is trimmed with rose-coloured and blond lace *mentonnières*. Ostrich feathers, and *nœuds* of ribbon, adorn the crown.

FIFTH MORNING DRESS.

A back view of the preceding figure.

SIXTH MORNING DRESS.

A back view of the second figure.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A bonnet of rose-coloured *moire*, the brim of quite a new form, trimmed on the inside with a band, terminated by tulip knots, and *mentonnières* of blond lace. A double row of blond lace, set on very full, edges the brim. A band of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, tied in a full knot, on one side, and a bouquet of ostrich feathers, falling in different directions, on the other, adorn the crown.

FIG. 2.—A back view of Fig. 1.

FIG. 3.—A back view of a blond lace cap, adorned with *nœuds*, and an *aigrette* of *vapeur* gauze ribbon.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

FIRST WALKING DRESS.

A *chaly* dress, of a new colour, between lilac and rose, embroidered round the border in a Grecian pattern. *Corsage* half high; sleeves *à l'Amadis*. *Canzou à mille plis*, of the finest cambric, with epaulettes of the shape of a scallop shell; they are also *à mille plis*. The collar is sustained round the throat by a neck-knot of lilac ribbon. Bonnet of lilac *gros des Indes*, it is drawn, but lined, and trimmed with ribbon only.

MORNING DRESS—BREAKFAST COSTUME.

A jaconot muslin *peignoir*, over a cambric under-dress. The *corsage*, fronts, and border of the dress, are all trimmed with embroidery; that upon the *corsage* is *en cœur*, and in a double row. Pelerine collar, partially sustained round the throat by a neck-knot of lemon-coloured gauze ribbon. Cap of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with ears of ripe corn and gauze ribbon.

SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A *chaly* dress, a white ground figured in Indian green and *ponceau*. Plain *corsage*, a three-quarter height; the sleeves are wide at the top, and of an easy fulness towards the bottom. *Canzou of tulle*, of the round tippet form, and very much trimmed. Bonnet of green *gros des Indes*, trimmed under the brim with a wreath of white gauze ribbons, and blond net *mentonnières*. Knots of gauze ribbon and ostrich feathers, placed in different directions, adorn the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first walking dress.

FIG. 2.—A front view of a Swedish blue *moire* bonnet, it

is trimmed under the brim with *coques* of ribbon to correspond; a rosette placed just at the parting of the hair, and a quilling of blond net, arranged *à la mentonnière*. A band of ribbon to correspond, goes round the crown, and terminates in a full rosette, placed at the base of a bouquet of ostrich feathers.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the preceding figure.

FIG. 4.—A back view of the second walking dress.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A *peignoir*, composed of *chaly* of a new pattern, striped in *vapeur* and white, the white stripes figured in small bouquets. The *corsage*, of the usual form, is entirely covered by a large pelerine. The sleeves are *à l'Amadis*. A rice-straw bonnet, trimmed on the inside of the brim with knots of green gauze ribbon; knots of ribbon, and an *aigrette*, which falls over the brim, adorn the crown.

SECOND MORNING DRESS, HALF-LENGTH.

A jaconot muslin dress, *corsage en canzou*, very richly embroidered. Sleeves *en gigot*, with round *moncherins*, also very richly embroidered. Morning cap of English lace; the trimming is disposed as usual in front at the upper part, but arranged something in the *demi cornette* form at the lower; it is trimmed in a very novel manner with Swedish blue gauze ribbon.

EVENING DRESS FOR A SOCIAL PARTY.

A dress of pale salmon-coloured *mousseline de soies*, *corsage à la vierge*. The sleeves are between the *imbécille* and the *gigot*. White *tulle canzou en cœur*, with a double square falling collar; the collar and trimming is very richly embroidered. The front hair is dressed in full curls on each side, and arranged in a twisted double bow behind; it is adorned with two *aigrettes* of ribbon to correspond with the dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, &c.

FIG. 1.—A front view of an evening dress cap, composed of blond lace; the trimming is arranged with more than usual lightness, and interspersed with fancy flowers and bows of *gris ardoise* gauze ribbon.

FIG. 2.—A front view of a salmon-coloured *gros des Indes* bonnet; the inside of the brim is trimmed with bows of ribbon, and the edge finished by a curtain veil of blond lace; a band and *nœuds* of ribbon, in one of which is inserted a bouquet of flowers, adorn the crown.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the head-dress just described.

FIG. 4.—A back view half-length of the evening dress.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR is the GRANDEST ORNAMENT belonging to the HUMAN FRAME; how strangely the loss of it changes the countenance, and prematurely brings on the appearance of old age, which causes many to recoil at being uncovered, and sometimes even to shun society to avoid the jests and sneers of their acquaintance, the remainder of their lives are consequently spent in retirement. In short, even the loss of property fills not the generous thinking youth with that heavy sinking gloom, as does the loss of his hair. To avert all these unpleasant circumstances, C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA stops the hair from falling off on the first application, and a few bottles restores it again; it also produces whiter and eye-brows, prevents the hair from turning grey, makes it curl beautifully, and frees it from scurf. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per Bottle.

Numerous Certificates of the first respectability, in support of the virtues of Oldridge's Balm, are shown by the Proprietors, J. Wellington Street, Strand, where it is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Vendors.





Newest Fashions for October, 1831. Morning and Evening 

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1831.

The lovely subjects of our ABSOLUTE QUEEN have bid a temporary adieu to the pomp of courts, and hastened to recruit their health and spirits, after the fatigues of the season, at the fashionable watering places. Simplicity of dress is now the order of the day, and it must be confessed that our *Marchandes des Modes* have somewhat of a difficult task, to combine simplicity with elegance, so as to give a dress that *air distingué* which ought to characterize whatever is worn by women of fashion. This secret, however, Mrs. BELL has long been known to possess. She has just given fresh proof of it in her selection of dresses for the ensuing month. We shall present our fair readers with a brief notice of some of those novelties.

HATS AND BONNETS.—We still see a few hats of rice-straw, and, by a singular caprice of fashion, they are now ornamented with flowers in place of feathers, which, instead of being arranged as they have been worn, in sprigs, are united in a bouquet, tied closely together, and placed very high on one side. Bonnets are, for the most part, of rich silks, as *moire*, which is most in favour, or else *gros des Indes*, or the new material, *gros Polonais*; this last is an extremely rich silk. One of the prettiest *capotes* of the month is of rose-coloured *gros Polonais*, with the material disposed in plaits upon the crown. A fall of blond lace is arranged in the style of a fan, round a bouquet of ostrich feathers, which ornaments one side of the crown. Another autumnal novelty is a *capote* of bird of Paradise *moire*, trimmed with *ponceau* ribbons and wild daisies. A large knot of ribbon, with a bouquet of these flowers in its centre, was placed near the top of the crown on the left side, and another near the bottom of the crown on the right. The insides of the brims of bonnets are trimmed with *pompons* of gummed *taile*, edged with *ponceau*,—they resemble a full-blown *coquelicot* at a distance. We see also many bonnets ornamented, on the inside of the brim, with blond lace, and some entirely covered with it, in the form of a fan.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—A mantle of pearl-grey *gros des Naples*, lined with white sarsnet, and embroidered round the border, in a Grecian pattern, of various shades of grey silk, has just been made for a lady of high rank; it is very ample; the pelerine is smaller than those of last year, and forms a point in the centre of the back, and another, when closed, in front. The collar, which is very deep, corresponds.

Several pelisses, of dove-coloured *gros des Naples*, with pelerines of a novel form, have already appeared. The pelerines are *dented* round the edge, and trimmed with *effilé*. Others are of Clarence blue *gros des Indes*, the pelerine and fronts bordered with a rouleau of swansdown.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF NEGLIGENCE.—Silks begin to be worn, but not so much as *chaly*, which is now adapted both in *negligé* and dinner dress. *Peigners*, or *redingotes*, open in front, over richly embroidered muslin petticoats, are most in favour. We see also round dresses, the *corsage* a three-quarter height. Sleeves are almost universally of the large *gigot* form; a few ladies, however, still prefer the *Amadis* shape. Trimmings begin to be worn in *negligé*, but are not yet generally adopted. Some consist of two deep tucks, placed one above another, at some distance round the

border. Other dresses have a very deep bias band, dented at the edges, and trimmed with *effilé*.

One of the most striking novelties in half-dress is the *corsage à corbeille*; it is made half-high, and is draped in cross plaits; another drapery, disposed in longitudinal plaits, comes from each shoulder, and descends, *en cœur*, to the *ceinture*; the *corsage* is of the same form behind. The sleeves of this dress are made *en cornet*, that is to say, they enlarge progressively from the wrist, where they sit close, to the shoulder, where they are of the usual size.

The prettiest of the new half-dress caps have the trimming of the front arranged in the form of two crescents, crossed; in the opening just over the centre of the forehead, is placed a small bouquet of field flowers, from which rises an *aigrette*, composed of ends of cut ribbon.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF DINNER AND EVENING DRESS.—*Gros Polonais*, *gros d'automne*, *gros de Chine*, *satin Polonais*, and *Satin de la Reine*, are all likely to be in favour, and some dresses of them have already been ordered. At present *chaly* and *palmyrienne* are most fashionable in dinner-dress, and *gaze de laine* and *gaze Clementine* for evening parties. The most fashionable *corsages* are those crossed *en cœur*, trimmed with a *mantilla*, which, forming *jockeys* on the shoulders, terminates in front, just under the sleeve. *Béret* sleeves are still in favour, but not quite so generally adopted as those composed of a single *bouffant*, ornamented with ribbons falling in *aiguillettes*.

HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.—*Coronet-logues*, composed of blond lace, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers, are among the most elegant novelties. Head-dresses, *en cheveux*, trimmed with flowers, which, for the moment, seem to have displaced feathers, are also very generally adopted.

The colours most in request are *scabieuse immortelle*, silver-grey, slate-colour, green, marshmallows, rose, and azure blue; this last colour is particularly fashionable. A new colour, called *feuille d'acanthé*, will appear early in the month.

CLOAKS.—On the mantles and cloaks that will be worn this winter are designed various patterns of embroidery. A wadding, laid down on the inside, has the effect of raising the work, and giving it great richness.

THE MAKE OF THE DRESS.—The morning dresses of *moire*, *gros de Naples* and *chaly*, which are so prevalent at this moment, have almost universally one or two very deep pelerine capes, which flow gracefully over the shoulders. The hem or bottom turns up almost to the knees.

The sleeves of these morning dresses are put in regular folds, even when the pelerines are added to the dress. Formerly the fronts of the *corsage* was marked out by plaits which, commencing at the top of the shoulder, descended to the bottom of the waist, where they met *en gerbe*. Some times these plaits are as small and thickly placed as they are in *chemisettes*.

High bodied dresses have transversed plaits from the neck to the middle of the throat, from whence the *corsage* is cut strait almost to the bottom of the waist, which is very becoming to the figure.

OTHER UNDRESS CORSAGES have the plaits extend from the shoulders to the middle of the breast, where they are confined by a narrow band, which keeps them in shape, and unites the two parts of the body, which cut in bias would otherwise not sit smooth.

Low bodied dresses have the shoulders very plain and much off, though on the breast and back they are shaped higher. A new style of dress body is formed by a drapery folded across from each shoulder, and forms a heart shape, meeting almost at the bottom of the waist; the same sort of drapery ornaments the back.

Short sleeves are always made immensely large, and covered with a thin stiff gauze, rather than to have them supported by any under sleeve of buckram, which is apt to rub against the shoulders, and indicate the presence of the females almost in the adjacent saloon. Long sleeves remain the same as usual, decreasing gradually in size down to the wrist.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Morning bonnets are at this moment principally made of silk; *gros des Indes*, or *gros de Tours*, are the materials employed. The *capote* shape is now principally confined to morning bonnets. Those for the early morning walk are trimmed with a rosette of ribbon only, and worn with a gauze veil; the inside of the brim is trimmed with a knot of ribbon placed next the face; the ends mingle with the lace of the morning cap underneath it. Bonnets worn for the public promenades are generally trimmed with feathers. If the bonnet is of Leghorn straw, the feathers should correspond, so they should with *moire* hats if the *moire* is coloured: those composed of white are always adorned with coloured feathers. So likewise are rice-straw hats. Blue, citren, and lavender are the favourite colours for feathers.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Muslins are still worn, but they are less generally adopted than printed *gros d'été*, *chaly*, and plain *gros de Naples*. *Cor-sages*, made *en redingote*, are now closer on the bust, and display but very little of the *chemisette*. High *corsages*, close up to the throat, are coming much into favour. Among the most elegant promenade dresses that have recently been seen in the Tuilleries gardens, we may cite those of *gros d'été*, of light dust-coloured grounds, painted in detached bouquets of foliage of different shades of green, each bouquet united by a knot of light Swedish blue. The *corsage* was *en gerbe*, the gerbe formed by large plaits. The sleeve *à l'Amadis*; these sleeves are not generally fashionable, but are still worn by some elegant women. A *colletette en niche* of blond lace, and a rice-straw hat, ornamented with blue bells and small green flowers, forming three light separate sprigs, placed in the style of bouquet of plumes, and drooping in the same manner, intermingled with knots of green gauze ribbon, figured with blue, completed one of these elegant *toilettes de promenade*.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HOME-DRESS.—Round dresses of plain *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* of a three-quarter height, are beginning to be worn, but are not yet very generally adopted, open dresses, both of white and pointed muslin, being more in request; the first are of very small patterns, and are trimmed round with a *niche* of *tulle*, placed immediately above the hem. The under-dress, which is partially seen in front, is of jaconot muslin, embroidered round the border. There is no collar to the dress, but the *chemi-*

sette has a triple falling collar, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. If the dress is white, it is of the same form, but finished with an embroidery round the border, instead of a *tulle niche*.

HEAD-DRESSES IN HOME DRESS.—One of the prettiest is a cap of English point lace, formed into an *auréole* in front, by green gauze ribbon, figured with white, cut in oak-leaves, and placed under the trimming. There is an opening between the caul and the cap, and the trimming through which the bows of hair or the gallery of the comb passes. Another style of head-dress consists of a *tulle fichu*, trimmed with narrow lace, arranged in such a manner that the *fond* of the *fichu* takes the form of the head, and the corners, arranged on each side with knots of ribbon between, have the effect of a very becoming round cap.

EVENING DRESS.—Nothing is at this moment decided as to the materials or the style of evening dress. *Gros de Naples*, organdy, muslin, *tulle*, and *chaly*, seem in equal favour. Long sleeves are as generally adopted as short ones, and although low *corsages* are the most numerous, we nevertheless see many half high ones.

Among the most admired dresses that have lately appeared, we may cite a robe of embroidered *tulle*, *corsage à la grecque*, with very short *béret* sleeves, terminated by a narrow *niche* of *tulle*. The border was trimmed with two very deep flounces, each surmounted by an embroidered *entre deux*.

A robe of *gros de Naples*, a dove-coloured ground, printed in small squares a shade deeper. The *corsage* was low, trimmed with a bias band cut in festoons, and edged with a very narrow *espilé*, in which the two colours of the material mingled. This trimming forms very deep jockeys over the *béret* sleeves, which are unusually short. The border was trimmed with two bias bands, also edged with an *espilé*, and festooned like that on the *corsage*.

HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.—*Coiffures en cheveux* are most in favour, particularly those of the Chinese style, but sometimes the hind hair, instead of being turned up in bows under the tortoiseshell comb, is arranged in a tuft of corkscrew ringlets, which fall a little on one side; a very small curl, or rather a ring of hair on each temple, is *de rigueur*. The ornaments are a tortoiseshell comb beautifully wrought, *pompons* of ribbon, or at most a single flower.

JEWELLERY.—The only new articles of jewellery are gold ear-rings and ceinture buckles, in compartments of enamel.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Nothing can exceed the beauty and delicacy of the open work on the back of tortoiseshell combs. Some represent baskets of flowers, others fruit, and many are in grotesque patterns.

Botlines, which had disappeared during the very hot weather, have again come into favour. Those for the promenade are of *satén turc*. In half-dress they are of *gros de Naples*. They have not yet been worn in evening dress.

Short sleeves for full dresses are often ornamented by a *nœud* of gauze ribbon, the ends formed *en aiguillette*.

Upon morning dresses they place small collars edged with lace which stand up round the throat like a man's shirt collar, and which are kept in place by a cravat of gauze or chequered *gros de Naples*; the ends of these collars are rounded. On the large falling collar are inserted three rows of embroidery, each of which is separated by lace, and bears the appearance of a tripple collar.

LITERATURE.

MATILDA;
OR, THE HEART OF A FATHER.
A TALE.

"One hour of passionate joy,
And one of passionate grief,
A morning and a midnight,
Fill up thy life's short leaf."—L. E. L.

"You will not forsake me, Edward," sighed the beautiful Matilda, as her white hand fell from the harp-strings, and gazing upon his ensmoured features, she endeavoured to trace his feelings in that agonized hour of separation. "Forsake you, Matilda," exclaimed he, "you cannot think me so unkind;" and he kissed away the tear-pearl that trickled down her beautiful cheek, and endeavoured to cheer the painful time by the most tender and delicate endearments.

The next morning, Edward Mortimer had quitted the metropolis, in obedience to the express commands of his father, who, wishing to dissolve the connexion that had been formed between his son and the daughter of an individual whom he utterly contemned on account of his political opinions, had urged him to quit London upon the immediate arrival of his dispatch, and to join him at the Palazzi Manfredi, at Rome. Edward found that there was no alternative, and that he must obey; he saw the designs of his parent, and the disingenuous manner in which he endeavoured to force him from the being that had become associated with all his hopes of happiness. He would not, however, anguish her heart by a confession of his father's guile; but rather endeavoured to convince her that the separation would be transient, and that he would return to England immediately upon the consummation of his father's wishes, to realize their dreams of bliss. Matilda, willing to believe this innocent duplicity, nevertheless, imagined the reality of the circumstance; still, she would not breathe a word upon her fears, too great even to allow of utterance; she perceived the intentions of Sir Philip Mortimer—pictured the parental ban that would be laid upon the affections of her lover,—and, though convinced of his integrity, still dreaded the results of a father's power, and the machinations that would be set on foot to sever the connexion.

The sunlight streamed into Matilda's chamber on the morning ensuing to the separation, and the same sun lightened the progress of her lover; each moment increased the distance between them, each moment added grief to the heart of the girl; she arose from her fevered sleep, but how different were her feelings to those which were wont to pervade her youthful bosom; the reflection that Edward's smiles would greet her appearance, that his voice would be heard welcoming her, that his attentions would spread an incense of happiness around her heart;—those reflections lighted up her eyes with their utmost lustre, called the rich bloom upon her cheek, and caused the words to quiver with joy upon her lip. *Now* how sad the change; he for whom she lived and loved was gone—in that one word was contained the sum of all her an-

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guish: he was absent—perhaps for *ever*—and what was the world now to her!

The sad reality of the change appeared when Matilda descended to the breakfast parlour; true, there were the relative beings that loved and cherished her most fondly, and these as tenderly beloved; there were the brothers that administered to her happiness,—there was her sister that shared her pleasures and her griefs,—there were the parents whose presence hallowed the domestic enjoyment, and diffused peace and joy over the family party. But *he* was absent,—he, before whose love, the affection of parents, brothers, sister—all sunk as it were to nothing; *he* was gone, and what were the voices of kindness *now*? There was a vacuum in nature,—the one object so necessary towards her happiness had been snatched away from the scene; she gazed around the room, the kind voices of her relatives welcomed her appearance—but even kindness was distressing now—she sunk upon her sister's neck in tears!

"'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart
clings,

With all its finest tendrils—with all its flexile rings,
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast,
Is struck to earth by lightning, or is shatter'd by the blast!

In the mean time, Edward Mortimer was on his way to Rome; but with him there was the consciousness of the cause of the separation, and the parental lecture that would attend his arrival. Still the consideration of the narrow-minded policy of Sir Philip steeled him against the anticipated reproof, and with a determination to resist the projected separation, and openly oppose the will of his father, he rapidly progressed towards his destination, anxious for the painful meeting to be over, and impatient to be again with his beloved.

With those feelings he arrived at the Manfredi Palace, where Sir Philip was abiding with a friend of his youthful days, the Count Manfredi, an Italian nobleman, of extreme wealth and influence in the Papal States. It was midnight when he arrived, and the family having retired to their chambers, it was not possible for him to have an interview with Sir Philip until the morning. An old servant, who had nursed him in his childhood, was awaiting his arrival, who, after conducting him to his apartment, intimated, in vague terms, some important deliberations that had been held by Sir Philip and the Count respecting him. Edward was anxious to know the occasion of these consultations, but with that the servant was unacquainted; it was merely known that they had been connected with his future fortunes, but nothing else had transpired. Preparations had been made at the Palace for the long continuance of Edward, and domestics had been engaged expressly for his service. These strange circumstances perplexed the visitor; but being unable to solve the mystery in which they were enwrap, and, moreover, feeling excessively fatigued with his journey, he resolved to await patiently the issue of the morning, and, therefore, dismissing the servant, he resigned himself to sleep.

X

In the morning, additional mystery awaited him; he requested to see Sir Philip, but was given to understand, that it was required he should breakfast previously to the interview. This he considered unaccountable, and enquired whether the Count, or any of his family, could be seen, but met with a similar reply. He, therefore, partook of a solitary meal, and impatiently awaited the summons of his parent, unable to form any reasonable conclusions from this extraordinary adventure. At length, however, the expected moment arrived, and a domestic was sent to usher him into the presence of his father. Edward immediately quitted the breakfast room, and passing along an antique corridor, hung with tapestry, and from the roof of which descended various banners, illustrative of the ancestry of the Count, he descended to the armoury, a large and lofty hall, covered with burnished coats of mail, and others corroded by the rust of time,—spears, pikes, and swords were interspersed amidst the more ponderous armoury,—and scarfs that had been bestowed by “ladie loves,” in testimony of their knight’s prowess in the field in the days of ancient chivalry, were suspended upon the arms of the individuals to whom they had belonged. An immense window, at the east end of the hall, was blazoned with pictorial representations of the noble deeds of the house of Manfredi—commemorative of deeds of honour, as well as illustrative of the distinguished ancestry of the possessor of the mansion; beneath this window was a small carved door, which appeared to lead merely to a private study or oratory, but how greatly was Edward surprised, upon following his conductor through the entrance, to find himself emerged into a magnificent chamber, furnished and decorated according to the most modern taste. Large windows, spreading along the whole of one side of the room, let in an immense stream of light, chastened by the intervention of looped curtains of lace, while others of a rich silk damask, fell from massive gold cornices, held back by polished grasps of a similar metal; the hangings were of velvet, of celestial blue, with gold ornaments interspersed at various points, while large marble decorations diffused a cool and agreeable complexion to the room. The contrast between the antique and mouldering appearance of the armoury, which he had just traversed, and the splendid drawing-room into which he had emerged, had so great an effect upon his admiring sense, that he did not, at the instant, perceive the individuals present, and was recalled from his admiration, only, by the deep tones of Sir Philip’s voice welcoming him to the palace of Count Manfredi. Edward started at the salutation, and immediately turning his face towards the centre of the apartment, he beheld his father seated at the head of the table, whilst opposite to each other, at the sides, were the Count himself, and his private secretary; a chair that remained empty, at the end of the table, was apparently reserved for himself.

The Count immediately met him with the most cordial congratulations, and conducting him towards Sir Philip for his embrace, the warm affection of the youth was met with the mere formal and cold salute of the haughty sire. “You have obeyed me, Edward, in this instance well,” observed Sir Philip; “I trust you will follow me in my designs as favourably.” “It will be ever my desire, sir,” replied the youth, “to obey you with filial duty and submission, as far as honour will permit.” “’Tis well,” rejoined the baronet, “we have met this moment upon a subject of great importance, and I am rejoiced to find you, who have a principal part to play, so dutiful and so submissive. Take your seat.” The secretary

immediately conducted Edward to the seat that had been reserved for him, opposite to his father, who narrowly watched every movement of the countenance of his son, eager to gather therefrom the feelings that his previous observations had inspired. A settled gloom, however, was upon Edward’s countenance; and the previous intimation that he had had, of some important designs in contemplation, fortified him against the confusion into which this sudden meeting would otherwise have thrown him. Thus far, the measures of Sir Philip, who had contemplated upon surprising his son into a calm acquiescence, were defeated; he was amazed to find that the artifice of this little trick had been productive of no effect, and that he was met by Edward with the same composure, as if he had parted from him but the previous evening.

“You are aware, Edward,” exclaimed Sir Philip, after his son had taken his seat—“You are aware, Edward, of the primary cause of the command which you have so dutifully and so promptly obeyed. You had formed a foolish connexion with a scion of the detested family of Morrington—of that upstart Earl, who, presuming upon his superiority of rank, bearded me in the very sphere of my importance, destroyed my political connexions, and, at length, drove me, an outcast, from my native land, and forced me to abandon all my dearest wishes. With the family of this man you would have allied yourself!—Rather, my son, with beggary and ruin!”

“Allow me, Sir Philip,” exclaimed the son, “merely to suggest the possibility of your having been mistaken in the motives of the Earl; he took up the popular cause, and your vacillating adherents adopted the new opinions, and would have done so, had Lord Morrington never appeared among us—”

“’Tis false!” interrupted the hot Sir Philip; “’tis very false, you seek to palliate his infamy—his mean and pitiful abjection, that has made him shrink from the cause of his order, for the mere sake of ruining a political adversary; a triumph which he has, unfortunately, too well achieved.”

“But, sir—”

“But, son,” echoed the stern baronet—“You are wavering—you have a clinging fondness for the pale-faced girl; and for her love-sick tenderness would compromise your family’s honour; you would crown the victory of this new-fangled nobleman, by a mean prostration at his shrine! But hear me, Edward,—mark me,—you are now separated from the girl:—you must never meet again!”

“Never!” cried Edward, starting from his seat.

“Never!” echoed the father, calmly, but emphatically, as he turned over a mass of papers that lay before him upon the table. “The secretary will explain to you the intentions with which you are to comply.”

“Sir Philip—” exclaimed Edward, moving towards his father, who interrupting his speech, moved his arm towards the chair that his son had quitted, sternly ordered him to be reseated, and attend to the secretary. Compelled to yield, he returned to his seat, and Sir Philip, reclining his head upon his arm, glanced frowningly upon his son, as the secretary proceeded to detail the arrangements that were in progress.”

“In order,” observed the latter, “to consolidate the interests of the two families of Mortimer and Manfredi, and to promote the local cause of Sir Philip, who has determined upon forsaking entirely the country of his birth, and fixing his abode in Rome, it has been considered necessary for the

son of Sir Philip Mortimer to espouse the niece of Count Manfredi; the produce of the English estates of Sir Philip to be instantly settled upon Mr. Mortimer, and an adequate dowry, which has been properly arranged and decided, to be bestowed upon the heiress of Manfredi."

"Such are the arrangements, Edward," rejoined Sir Philip, "with which it is my desire you should comply."

"Sir Philip—" cried the son.

"It is my determination, Edward," interrupted the Baronet, in a tone, and with a look, that spoke more forcibly than words; and again resigned himself, apparently, to the papers that lay before him.

The Count, who had remained till this time silent, now drew the attention of Edward. "I entreat, Mr. Mortimer," exclaimed he, "that you will refrain from hasty expressions, and allow some probability to ideas, that have been formed from mature and particular deliberations."

"And whither, my lord," enquired the youth, "does this preface tend?"

"To the promotion of your interests, to your rescue from a connexion that you would very soon deplore."

"My lord," exclaimed the youth.

"Edward," cried Sir Philip, in return, "respect is due to the head of the noble house of Manfredi. Here, here are papers that may justify the worst opinion that he or I can express of the hated Mortimer, and his puling baby girl. Behold, Edward, and then acknowledge your error."

With these words, he delivered some papers into the hands of his son, and expressing, again, his determination to enforce the performance of his design, he arose from the table, and departed with the Count and his secretary.

With astonishment, Edward unfolded the papers; they were letters addressed to an Italian nobleman, and evidently in the handwriting of Matilda. They were of the most recent date, and were dictated in a spirit of the most extravagant fondness. Edward trembled as he read letter after letter, each one breathing the same fulsome regard; and, in one of them, expressing an intention of cheating the credulous heir of the proud Sir Philip Mortimer, into a matrimonial engagement! Agonized by these fearful documents, Edward threw them upon the ground, and fell in a delirium upon the sofa, giving vent to his agony in tears.

His first impulse was to write to Matilda, to charge her with perfidy, and demand an explanation; the resolution was no sooner conceived than acted upon, and a letter was speedily in the hands of his servant, to be conveyed by the post to England. But the servants had been bribed; and Edward's letter was instantly in the hands of his father. Then, as if doubting in some degree the accuracy of the proofs before him, he wrote a kinder letter, dictated in milder terms, expressing unabated fondness, and detailing the whole of his father's plans; but the second epistle experienced the fate of its predecessor, and was speedily in the possession of the Baronet.

A week passed, and no further mention was made of the nuptial engagement. Edward had been introduced to the Count's niece, a beautiful girl of nineteen, but proud as she was lovely; triumph and power seemed to flash in every glance of her dark eyes, and her very walk was characteristic of her disposition, and more calculated to inspire awe than regard. She was envied, because she was heiress to the immense fortunes of Manfredi; but no one loved her, nor did she seem desirous of love; she was indifferent to the passion,

and when she obtained the homage that her beauty necessarily commanded, her highest happiness was achieved, and she gloried in the triumph over the less gifted females of her circle. She had yielded to the Count's desire to ally herself with Sir Philip's son without concern; it was her father's will, and she submitted, conscious that the pre-eminent nature of her attractions would not fade, though possessed by a husband: and though in the trammels of wedlock, the homage that she obtained, would not be lessened either in its frequency or its spirit. Such was the daughter of Manfredi—such was the girl for whom Edward was to forsake Matilda—the fond, the kind, the innocent woman of his affections; her happiness he was called upon to sacrifice, all her hopes to perish, merely because a parent's revenge desired it. From the silence that had been preserved since the first intimation of Sir Philip's intention, Edward trusted that his evident disapprobation of the plan had moved the determination of his father; but he feared to put the question which involved such formidable results. Anxious for an answer from Matilda, he was earnest in his enquiries; but day after day passed, and no communication came,—no reply from the object whom circumstances had involved so deeply, and whose silence was, ultimately, construed by Edward, into a tacit confession of guilt.

"It is so!" cried he, "and Matilda has deceived me!—Cruel, unfeeling girl; deceptive, wicked—"

"Aye, all that you can conceive of baseness," rejoined a voice immediately behind him, and Edward, turning to perceive from whom the words proceeded, perceived Sir Philip, and the haughty, though lovely Isabel. "Shame, shame," continued he, "thus to remain supine and idle, when beauty such as this affords a willing ear. Turn, Mortimer, turn, for shame, from the contemplation of an unworthy girl—a wicked wanton—and seek happiness where it smilingly awaits thee!" With these words, he joined the hands of Isabel and Edward; the former smiling at the evident confusion of her projected husband, which she ascribed rather to the eminent nature of her own beauty, than to the distracting thoughts of Edward.

"This is as it should be," cried Sir Philip, in a tone of joy. "I see—I see the accomplishment of my dearest wishes, and Edward Mortimer is worthy of his sire. Come, follow with your charming bride to the dining room,—this is a day of happiness!"

And, leading the way, he was followed, silently, by Edward, with the proud Isabel leaning upon his arm; she, doubting not the influence of her attractions,—he, agonized by the intensity of his conflicting thoughts:

But where was Matilda then,—the innocent, the suffering girl? Alas, unaware of what was passing at the Manfredi Palace, she dreamed not that she was the victim of foul conspiracy; that her fame, dearer than life itself, had been sullied by the machinations of her father's enemy; and that her lover was upon the point of being caught in the snare that had been so well laid for him. All that she thought of was his return; she counted the hours of the tedious day, and watched through the lingering night, momentarily expecting to receive some communication from him; she became agonized by the time that had elapsed since his departure, and the sympathy of a sister, the fondness of a kind parent, all were ineffectual to remove the grief from Matilda's heart. Silent was her sorrow, but it was intense and dreadful; she spoke not of the one great thought that pervaded heart and mind, she mentioned not her apprehensions—dared not to

murmur the fears that occasionally arose, and every succeeding time with greater power; her every accustomed pursuit was abandoned,—music, painting, and all the little accomplishments failed in their effect; her colours were untouched, her harp had not been touched by her light fingers, since the night when she parted with her lover,—she dared not again awaken its music, no, she was suffering too much already.

Soon, indeed, was she to hear of the intended nuptials of Edward; the report reached England, exaggerated as such tales usually are. The gallant attentions of the lover were blazoned, and the peerless beauty of the bride, with the immense fortunes that they would inherit. Matilda was among the first to hear the tale. Swiftly the rumour reached her ears in all its gaudiest colours, when, unable to articulate, she sank lifeless at the feet of the reciter! The bolt had been shot with its utmost fury, and had struck to her heart; like the lily, blasted by the lightning's stroke, so was Matilda,—her best hopes, her fondest, most charitable expectations had been withered—seared by the one word that had been spoken—spoken but to destroy!

“A whirlwind from the desert came—and all was in the dust!”

Still the riven-hearted girl was at a loss to conjecture the cause of Edward's perfidy; it could not be—even with the highly-coloured statement before her—it could not be that he was faithless to her; she could not credit that he, who had vowed so solemnly to be hers, and hers alone, could forsake her for another; she could not credit that he was so very false. “It is his father's scheme,” cried she; “it is the haughty Sir Philip's plan to tear him from me; perhaps, to destroy my hopes, and bow me to the grave, that his son may be taunted into an union which his noble spirit must abhor! It is, it must be so,” cried she, and new vigour seemed to infuse her almost lifeless form—“it is the fearful truth; I read it well. But Sir Philip shall not triumph—no, oh no!” The utmost power of woman's heroism was inspired—that heroism which so often leads the weak and fragile creature to deeds worthy of immortal admiration, and prove the falsity of the notion, that woman is incapable of noble deeds. Even the weakest of her sex will display courage and intrepidity in the cause of the object of her affections, worthy of the stoutest of the stronger sex;—call it by whatever name you will, it is undoubted bravery after all, and, as such, deserves the highest honour. Matilda was womanly to the extreme in her personal formation—delicate and fragile; but as she could love, so could she suffer for the one object of her regard; and the sacrifice that was at stake, was sufficient to impel her to even a severer task than that which she determined to effect.

Pride and pageantry put forth their highest splendours to celebrate the important event that now seemed so rapidly approaching. The voice of rejoicing was heard in the halls of Manfredi, and the heart responded to the syren minstrelsy of every pleasure that fertile Italy could afford; fetes, balls, and masquerades beguiled the tedious hours, and, with the spirit of an Euphrosyne, proffered the enchanted cup to Edward's lips, but he disdaind the deceptive glare, and dashed, indignantly, the proffered draught from his lips: he fled from the golden halls when the splendours were most perfect, when beauty was arrayed in its richest smiles, when the dance was most beguiling, and the song most sweet—all had lost their charms with him, and he retired from the scene in disgust, knowing the cause by which it had been inspired.

There are times when reflection traces back the past, and lingers fondly upon beings whom circumstances now command us to despise. The friend that has betrayed us, yet has qualities that claim regard; the faithless one that we have loved, still maintains a place in our affections, that not even her perfidy can erase. No; there is that little spot left upon the soul, that clings to it till death, and, at times, diffuses its incense over our hearts and minds. We condemn the individual, but tears fall over his error; our love for the girl may be extinguished, but still her falsehood may be deplored. There is none of heaven's creatures so bad but that they have redeeming portions of character; and though events may have destroyed our respect, it cannot entirely perish our regard for them. Thus felt Edward Mortimer, one night, when disgusted with the pomp and glitter of the festival, he had retired to the solitude of his chamber, there to commune with his own thoughts, and ponder over the gloomy prospect of his future life. Matilda, she, whose image still haunted him, was the absorbing theme of his reflections; she, whom he despised, but whom his heart still loved. Suddenly the light notes of a guitar were heard, but in so soft a tone, that Edward was doubtful whether the sound proceeded from any thing real, or merely from his own excited imagination; the air, too, was so singular; it was his own composition, and no one but himself, and Matilda, could accomplish it. He listened attentively, but nothing greeted his ear but the soft zephyrs of evening, sighing through the larch and pine trees of the surrounding hills, and he smiled at the delusion of fancy. In a few moments, however, the music was again heard, but in a louder tone; the air was the same; every note thrilled upon his ear with electric effect, and, starting from his seat with a loud exclamation of surprise, he threw up the window hastily, to perceive from whom the music emanated. A little peasant boy was beneath the casement, accompanied by an elderly man, who held the case of the instrument while the boy played.

“False hopes—delusive all!” cried the lover, and sunk back upon the couch in tears. The music was instantly hushed; a mysterious silence succeeded, which Edward was at a loss to account for; the air was not half finished, but his appearance at the window seemed entirely to have terminated it. “The poor boy,” said he, “was perhaps frightened at my distracted appearance. My sorrows have made me fearful indeed!”

A menial at this moment entered, to announce, that a poor wandering minstrel boy wished to play to him; that he had not wherewithal to pay for his night's lodging, unless successful in his present appeal. Edward, anxious to know from whom the boy had learned the air, immediately desired him to be admitted, and the minstrel, and his companion, was, accordingly, ushered into the apartment. Edward had reclined upon the couch, his head reposing on his hand, and the dim twilight almost obscuring his person. “You wish to play to me,” observed he; “I heard an air which you played just now, that recalls friends of former days to my memory; you, perhaps, will try it again.”

The minstrel bowed in accordance, and run his fingers hastily over the strings; but he was interrupted by Edward, who impatiently inquired where he had learned the air.

“In England, sir,” rejoined the boy. “I was in the service of a lady there whom I had often heard play the

same; it was composed by her lover, a gentleman by whom she was forsaken, for a nobler fortune—"

"'Tis false," interrupted Edward, starting from his recumbent position, "that lady, sir, was false, and wicked! oh, wicked—wicked woman!"

"No! oh no," ejaculated the boy, "I knew her well; she was too faithful—perhaps too good. Her happiness was fixed upon the faithless one, and when she learned his perfidy—"

"Her perfidy!" cried Edward. "I have evidence of her guilt, her shame; letters written by her to an abandoned paramour!"

"Merciful heaven, what do I hear!" cried the boy, and the guitar fell from his hands to the ground; "what is it you mean? Let me not remain in this agony of suspense; reveal the cause of your ingratitude, and kill me, Edward—kill me!"

"Matilda!" exclaimed the astonished lover, as he recognized the voice and features. "Matilda! perjured woman! What brings you here? Think you to cheat me still?"

"In pity's sake do not speak thus to me. What wicked fiend has spoke to my dishonour!"

"Proofs, damning proofs!" ejaculated Edward, and instantly retreated towards the door; but Matilda intercepted his progress; she caught his arm, endeavoured to speak, but her emotion overcame her powers, and she sank in a stupor at his feet, as he hastily flung out of the apartment.

At this moment Sir Philip entered by another door, and, astonished at the strange sight which he beheld, enquired the occasion; the companion of Matilda, who was in reality an old servant of the family, explained that the minstrel had been playing to Mr. Mortimer, but had suddenly fallen into a fit. Sir Philip pitied the youth, and was passing on, when Matilda exclaimed, in a tone of agony, "No, no; you must not tear him away. I am innocent; they do accuse me falsely; I am innocent!" These frantic exclamations, recalled Sir Phillip, who, glancing enquiringly at the old man, demanded the immediate cause of such agony as the youth appeared to endure. The stranger, then compelled to reply, acquainted the baronet that the boy had been enamoured of a lady of higher birth than his own, whose friends had endeavoured to separate them, by circulating the most infamous reports respecting him: that his lady scorned him, and the poor youth's heart was breaking!"

"Oh, hopeless boy!" cried Sir Philip, and stooping to gaze upon his countenance, continued, "so fair, so young! and so unhappy!" He paused again, and then snatching the lifeless form of Matilda from the ground, he passed his hand lightly over her face, and exclaimed, "The victim of premeditated villainy! Wretched authors of so much misery, to one so beautiful, so young!" He then silently placed the girl upon the couch, and, seating himself beside her, gazed intently upon her face, anxiously watching the moment of her recovery. He had received a lesson from the distressing scene that he beheld, to which his own stern heart yielded, and he now writhed under the living reproof before him.

"Where, where is the beautiful victim!" cried the distracted Edward, as he rushed into the chamber, holding in his hands the letters which he had received from Sir Philip; "the victim of treachery and crime!" Then beholding his father bending over the lifeless form of Matilda, he shrunk back, and exclaimed, "Sir Philip; unnatural parent; you would have destroyed me and my bliss for ever, by these wicked forgeries, confessed as such by the very villains by

whom they were provided: you would have ruined me for ever; you have riven the heart of the faithful girl, and she now lies perishing before you."

"God of heaven!" exclaimed Sir Philip; "is this—"

"Matilda Morington!" cried the frantic Edward; and Sir Philip averted his head in penitence and shame.

Matilda awakened to animation, glanced her pale eyes around, and faintly ejaculated, "Indeed, indeed, I am innocent!"

"My love, my life!" rejoined Edward, pressing her in his arms; "forgive my error, and no power on earth, no, not the dread of a stern father's malediction e'er shall part us!" And he clasped his arm firmly round the almost lifeless girl, resolved to meet the worst.

"You have not that to fear," exclaimed Sir Philip, in a tremulous and deeply agitated tone; "be happy Edward, and, if you can—*forgive your father!*"

EPIGRAM.

A BAD RULER.

A timid writing-master crossing o'er
From Cork to Bristol in a crazy packet,
Was frightened when the waves, with deaf'ning roar,
The tiny vessel toss'd, and drench'd his jacket.

Each curling billow which the vessel laves
To COPY-BOOK seem'd than its neighbour greater:—

"They say (sigh'd he) BRITANNIA rules the waves,
"If so, I wish she'd learn—to rule them straighter!"

L. H. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PYRENEES.

Bagnères de Bigorre is a small town of about 6000 souls; thrown, as it were, into the midst of the Pyrenees with an azure sky, delightful valleys, cool and limpid streams, and a coronet of snowy mountains which surround it. To the poet—to the man whose heart is sensible to the wild and beautiful scenes of nature, it is a spot to excite strong sensations and deep felt pleasure; to the general observer, it is a domain where Charlet and Granville would gather spiritual harvests. For, there are two sorts of nature,—two sorts of people; the uncultivated man, with his mountains, his liberty, and his rude simplicity; and the man of civilization with polished manners, agreeable vices, and absurdities that might provoke Molière.

From Tarbes to Bagnères, the road lies across delicious fertile plains,—a garden sprinkled with villages; the Pyrenees bounding the horizon, and blending their azure with the silvery clouds. This road is much frequented during three months of the year, by strangers who come to Bagnères for remedies or for pleasures. Its mineral waters have enjoyed from time immemorial, a reputation which is justified by numerous cures; little intrigues seconded by great interests, had for a time weakened it; but for several years the influx of invalids and other visitors has increased its success.

To see this little town watered in all directions by copious rivulets; the buildings shining with the mountain marble which adorns both the public edifices and the houses of the poorest tradesmen, one may comprehend the calumnies of those who detract from the beneficial qualities of the waters; for, God forgive me! I think one must easily acquire health,

with a brilliant sun, a pure air, and a soft transparent atmosphere!

It is in summer that I would lead you there; for, as to small towns and their gossip, you and I reader know enough of them to disregard them. But I wish I could show you Bagnères de Bigorre in the month of July, when its population is doubled and the *saison des eaux* gives it a new life. It is in summer, on a fine day, or rather in the evening,—for then the glowing sun sets on the Pyrenees, throwing streams of light on the shining rocks, and disappearing majestically behind the picturesque towers of the Marboré, and the Brèche de Roland: It is then I would take with me a man of warm and poetical imagination, (Janin for example) to depict for you this lovely episode of nature.

Towards the end of June, the promenades begin to fill with a crowd of strangers; wiskeys, landaus, tilburys, cabriolets, roll along the principal *allées* of the baths; all is noise and tumult—joyous and agitated life; excursions into the mountains; acquaintances at every step; novelties in every street! It becomes a congress where all Europe presides by deputies: there you meet with the grave Catalonian with black eyes, a short cloak and red silk sash; the elegant Parisian; the lively brunettes of Castille; the Englishwoman fair and cold.

The promenades assume the character of a carnival, and for the strangers who meet thus once a year at the foot of the mountains, it causes a truce to seriousness, and becomes a time of freedom and leisure. Here they breathe awhile free from political discussions and daily common-place occupations: and as if life were too long, it is spent in gaiety, pleasures, and excitement. In such a state of existence, how freely the heart beats! how one emotion calls up another! All is enjoyment! Every day brings a new excursion; to-day you admire Campan and its valley; its pretty white houses and fertile plains lying between two mountainous boundaries; the one rough, steep and wild; the other fresh and beautiful, washed by the transparent waves of the Adour: to-morrow you take the pointed staff of the mountaineer, to climb the *Pic du Midi*; or you go to exhaust your admiration on the *Chaos*, an extraordinary assemblage of half-uprooted mountains and masses of rock, thrown and heaped together in confusion, and suspended over head, whence they menace the traveller with certain annihilation! Then comes the evening with the distractions of town; balls, cards, scandal, and even a theatre.

From the continual collision with foreigners, there results, among the inhabitants of Bagnères, a mixture of manners which deprives them of every thing like primitive character. But at fifty paces, among the mountains which almost touch them, you find men who are types of their class; men such as Cooper has depicted in his admirable romances.

Between the peasant of the immediate vicinity of Bagnères, accustomed to social and polished life by constant intercourse with strangers and with the town—and the mountaineer of Gèdres and Gavarnie, the interval is a whole age of civilization. This difference is conspicuous, even in their dress. The Bagnèrè's peasant wears the costume of the town; the phrygian cap, the head-dress of his forefathers, has, by degrees, disappeared; and the time, perhaps, is not far distant, when civilization will place a *modern hat* on his head. The mountaineer always wears the red cap, and the Catalonian belt, and has a peculiar grace in his simple un-

studied costume. Polite, obsequious perhaps and interested, the countryman of Bagnères attends strangers as a cicerone, respectful and attentive, to the studied forms of society: the mountaineer climbs over the roughest *Pics*, chasing the izard; and if *he* becomes your guide, you soon perceive that a word in praise of his native country, is worth more to him than a salary. He does the honours of his mountain with peculiar delight, regarding it as a privilege of heaven to have been born on those rocks, which he proudly loves; and when he leads you, for example to the famous amphitheatre of rocks, crossed by a bridge of snow, he uncovers his head, and standing erect, exclaims "Behold the circle of Gavarnie!"

I remember to have seen in one of my wanderings a good old man, ninety years of age, ugly, deformed, but with lively eyes of a most humorous expression. He lived in a cabin, at a short distance from the Blue Lake and the *Pic du Midi*, one of the highest points of the French chain of Pyrenees. The inhabitants of the valley had a profound respect for him, without, however, the smallest mixture of superstition; for he neither passed for a sorcerer nor belonged to the race of *Cagots*, to whom a fatal recollection still attaches. This old man, who could neither read nor write, had an admirable rectitude of judgment; he was constantly sought as the arbiter of every dispute; his decisions were always respected, and his laconic and energetic *patois* abounded with wit and good sense. But that which surprised me most in his character, was his profound ignorance of political events. Far removed from towns, the noise of the various revolutions had not reached him; or at least, he had never thought them worth remembering. His historical information was the record of *such a winter*, remarkable for its mildness; such or such a *tree* uprooted by a storm; or an *officer* wounded by the smugglers on the frontiers. Since the commotions which have overturned so many countries, my thoughts have often turned involuntarily to the old man of the *Lac blue*. Certainly after so many changes and troubles, there might be a selfish pleasure in taking refuge in a complete ignorance of all things! When disputes succeed each other rapidly; when Bolivar dies from ingratitude, despairing of giving liberty to a world—we recoil to the starting point. But the road is open; and let what will come, we must on; and who would buy repose at the price of indifference?

D. V.

AN EXCURSION BY WATER; OR, UNFORESEEN CATASTROPHE.

I think there is not in the world a more frightful spectacle than that of a man committing suicide; a being employing his strength in the destruction of his life: his *thought* in the annihilation of *thought*. It is a sight to derange one's senses! While I live I shall never lose the recollection of a one who, before my eyes, and almost by my side, dashed his head against a stone wall. I will relate the mysterious circumstances which preceded this act of despair; it is an incomplete history, of which a great part remains hidden; but the detail with which I am acquainted must certainly touch the hearts of all who have suffered.

In default of that confidence which the pen of an author should inspire, many witnesses are living who will confirm the truth of my narrative; for, among the numerous travellers who visit the tower of Dunkirk, there are few, I

should think, who have not heard the catastrophe related, either by the gaoler, or by some of the inhabitants in the vicinity.

In the early part of May (it is now about a year ago), I arrived at Dunkirk, and established myself in the *Hôtel de Flandres*, which is the most celebrated inn in the town. A young traveller occupied a room near my own, so that we very frequently met on the same staircase. From the looks which are exchanged, and the manners assumed in such *rencontres*, two men can generally translate, as it were, the opinion which each forms of the other: my young neighbour soon read in my countenance the advantageous idea which I entertained of him, and his attentions and affectionate politeness, on all occasions, assured me of his gratitude. I was prepossessed in his favour by his features, his manners, and the melancholy which was stamped in his character. It was an air of sadness which seemed not so much the dejection of misfortune as the inquietude of passionate feelings; the weight of happiness on a sensitive mind. Often I surprised him oppressed by melancholy reflections, and quite unconscious that his negligent attitude, and his large black pensive eyes attracted the attention of every one present.

It was not long before we spoke and became intimate, and we had not been a fortnight in the *Hôtel de Flandres* before all our secrets were known to each other. I learned that he loved a lady of illustrious family, in whom Nature and Art had united all their favours. I did not enquire the name, or the dwelling of this cherished beauty; it concerned me little; for it was not probable that I should ever see her.

One day that we were sitting on a stone bench before the great gate, and chatting in the sunshine, a young lady approached us; she held a brilliant purse and an embroidered handkerchief in her hand, and appeared equipped for a walk. Her features, resembling those of a young roman virgin, were rendered still more modest in their expression by two bands of black hair arranged across her forehead. When a downcast look shewed the long lashes which fringed her eye lids, it seemed as if a veil were thrown over her angelic countenance. I knew not which most to admire; the good taste of her simple and elegant dress, or the delicate proportions of her figure. Turning her blue eyes towards my companion, "the sea must be magnificent," said she; "will you not come with me?"

At the sound of her melodious voice I recognized a Parisian. She added some words which I do not recollect, but they were well spoken.

It appeared that the two friends had already talked of me, for I was immediately engaged to be of the party; this quite unexpectedly, as far as regarded myself. We walked towards the harbour. At this moment the aspect of the heavens was dark and threatening; the air cold and humid. It was no longer the soft pure atmosphere, warmed by the enlivening sunshine of May; grey clouds, violently driven by the wind, traversed the sky; and passing rapidly over the summits of the hills, piled themselves in fantastic heaps on the horizon: while the sea, of a dark bright green, arose in waves, whitened by froth, and resembling flakes of snow on a forest of pines. The wind whistled around us; and I can fancy that I still see floating the plume which adorned the hat of our elegant companion. She had some difficulty in resisting the breeze, and the long willow branches which rudely brushed against her silk dress, threw it about in disordered folds; but her quick pace and lively manner shewed

that this contest of the wind and waves delighted her. She seemed to find pleasure resisting of the rough breeze with the beautiful cachemere which was sometimes nearly torn from her shoulders, and in feeling her hair blown in dishevelled curls across her forehead.

We walked on the wooden jetty which leads to the bridge, when a boat passed close to us, manned by four rowers. We paused to see it, as moving against the wind, it rose and fell upon the waves; and were still admiring it, when one of the boatmen taking off his tarred hat, said, in a voice which drowned the noise of the water, "My pretty lady, will you take an airing in our boat?—a good sailer!" The offer was accepted. The young friends placed themselves on a cross seat, and I took charge of the tiller. The young lady, fearless apparently of the dangers of the sea, enjoyed, with enthusiasm, the unaccustomed spectacle. She admired the swallows, those good friends of the sailor, which, twittering as they came near us, circled in rapid flight: the sea dogs, which, thrown by the storm to the summit of the waves, shewed their black and shining heads; and the white pigeons, suspended in the air; their long wings resembling arches of ivory. If the young lady found pleasure in these scenes of nature, the friend who accompanied her was not less happy; for to give delight to a beloved woman is one of our softest, sweetest pleasures. But the aspect of the sea became still more poetical when the last rays of daylight, piercing the horizon, tinted the clouds which were scattered over the heavens with all colours; some violet and bronze, others yellow, silver and ruby coloured, but which reflected in the sea, spread over its surface a long train of golden light. Night approached, the wind and the waves seemed to calm themselves at the sight of the peaceful star which was now rising. "It is late," said the lady; "we had better return." Immediately the yard was placed across the mast, and the oars laid along the boat. We tacked, and the wind drove the light vessel rapidly to shore.

The rowers, fatigued, seated themselves at the foot of the mast, and we soon heard their hoarse voices chanting a sea song. It was a melancholy and monotonous air, resembling some of our old ballads, and the burthen of the song was nearly this, "*Adieu! plus de bonheur.*" Doubtless, these melancholy words, sung to an air still more sad; the night, the solitude of the waters, and the calmness of the sky, harmonizing with the thoughts of her heart, touched the sensibility of this amiable woman. I perceived tears on her lovely face; tears which were dried by the chaste kisses of her lover. Alas! shall I own it? Much as I am accustomed to find consolation and delight in the happiness of others, this moment was one of the most wretched in my life. I compared my own griefs with the boundless felicity which these young strangers appeared to enjoy; and surely there is nothing which adds so much to the misfortunes of love as the sight of prosperous affection. Heaven forgive me, the miserable, though momentary, feeling of envy which I blush to confess! for jealousy is a mean and contemptible sentiment. And after all, the envy of another's happiness is as silly as it is shameful!

About three days after this excursion, the two friends left me. A long interval of time passed without bringing me any news of them; and I had almost forgotten the acquaintance I had so accidentally formed; when being again at Dunkirk, I was much surprised to meet on the shore, the same young man who had so strongly excited my jealous and

melancholy feelings. He was seated there alone, and watching the waves as they broke, one after another, on the sands.

There is nothing which so much soothes the disquietude of the soul, as the sight and monotonous noise of the sea. It seems as if the wave contained our grief; that in breaking, it destroys or interrupts it; and in retiring, bears it away. I saw that he had traced characters on the sands at some distance; but the water rose and covered them, and quickly effaced the beloved name. I approached and extended my hand to him; but on seeing me he uttered such a cry of grief that I shuddered! He arose hastily, embraced me, and pressed me to his heart, as if I were come to restore to him the happiness he had lost. He attempted to speak, but sobs choked his voice; at length he wept, and was relieved. He called on the name of his beloved, and sighed and lamented like a child who has lost its mother! I led him to the *Hôtel de Flandres*, where he was again lodging, and remained some time in his apartment; he had chosen the one which his mistress had occupied; and to irritate his feelings still more, he had constantly before his eyes the furniture which she had used, the mirrors which had reflected her image, the bed on which she had reposed!

"Look," said he, more than once, "on this sofa; I still see her straw hat, and the green veil, falling over it; it was there, near the window, that she sat by my side, one hand resting on my shoulder. It was one morning that she wished me to teach her to draw: that key—there, too, her hand has rested." And he kissed the key.

I feel a regard—an affection for the unhappy; and I attached myself to this young man particularly, taking a melancholy pleasure in listening to the recital of his misfortunes. Every evening when the sun descended behind the misty hills of England, we walked along the shore, where he remained for hours, silent and motionless, his eyes fixed on the waves. Sometimes these sad reveries were prolonged far into the night, and the respect which grief excites, prevented me from interrupting them. One night we had been a long time seated at the extremity of the pier; it was so dark that nothing was clearly perceptible either on land or sea, only, now and then, a star would glimmer between the thick clouds, which quickly concealed it again. This long reverie in the darkness, the sombre aspect of all around us, had exalted his imagination, already irritated by the privation of sleep. Suddenly turning towards me—"See," said he, "the reflection of the moon floating on the waves! and how lightly our boat dances!" At this moment, a whole evening of love was present to his disordered mind; he was seated beside his beloved—he felt the pressure of her arm—heard the sound of her voice, her exclamations of delight—the song of the boatmen; he admired the velvet hat, and the long light plume, that threw an unsteady waving shadow on the bright waters. "At length he exclaimed, "What!—the departure, this stranger, the ball—was all that but a dream? Are we still together?—and alone? Oh! I have suffered—I thought you had abandoned me—I had resolved to kill myself!" I seized his hands, and pressed them in my own—I could not speak.

He remained some time silent, looking around him with surprise and anxiety. "Pardon me," said he, at length, "this scene shall not be repeated." From this moment he appeared calm; he desired to return to the town, and I hastened to conduct him. We entered my own apartment; and the circumstance which gave me the greatest hope of restoring him was, that he requested to pass the night there, refusing

to re-enter the chamber which his mistress had occupied. The next morning he arose almost with the sun; and as I was uneasy at seeing him go out so early, he told me that, not being able to sleep, he was going to church, where he would pray God to grant him the repose he so much needed. I embraced him cordially. "There are griefs," said I, "for which this earth has no consolation." When he returned, I perceived by the redness of his eyes, and the tranquillity which he seemed to enjoy, that abundance of tears had greatly relieved his heart. Towards the evening, hearing the bells ring the *angelus*, he expressed a desire to return to the church. As I was going out at the time, having some business in that part of the town, I proposed to accompany him to the door. On our way, he consulted me on the project he had formed, of renouncing the world to enter the ecclesiastical state. I endeavoured forcibly to dissuade him from this idea, declaring that the remedy was worse than death itself. The examples which I cited in support of this assertion, quickly decided him; he abandoned his proposition; and we parted promising to see each other again soon. Alas! I ought rather to have yielded to him in this project of religious suicide; for instead of entering the church to pray, as he had told me, he had the gates of the tower opened, mounted to the summit, and before I was a hundred paces from the church, hearing a cry, I returned, and beheld the corpse of a man, which, falling from the tower, was dashed on the pavement at my feet! He was dead before he reached the ground, for his head was fractured by striking a cornice near the top of the tower. I can still hear the dead short noise of his fall—it is all that I recollect; for at the dreadful spectacle I lost my senses! It would have been better, no doubt, to have shown more fortitude—more firmness of heart; but I could not command myself—I loved this young stranger—and I was led to Duncirk by the same sorrowful feelings which destroyed him.

D. V.

A LOVER'S SONG.

Oh think not I can e'er forget
The sacred, hallowed past;
"The seal upon my heart is set,"
It must for ever last.
The sun may set to rise no more,
The pearls forsake the sea,
The sands forsake the yellow shore,
Ere I prove false to thee!

Oh, think not I can e'er forget
What I have loved so well;
My aching heart is fondly set,
Like the elfin spirits spell!
The dream of sweetest bliss will fade,
The world a wreck may be;
But I'll prove true my lovely maid,
Ah, Ellen, I'll be true to thee!

Oh, think not I can e'er forget
Thy radiant looks of bliss;
Oh no, I'm not that ingrate yet,
To banish thoughts like this:
But oh, I must be roaming still,
Upon the stormy sea,
For let me say whate'er I will,
You'll not prove kind to me!—

Y. Z.

HECTOR OF SAVOY,
AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

The happiness of the peasants of Cambray, and the remarkable *fêtes* that were celebrated there, particularly that which occurred on Trinity Monday, in 1660, was so well known throughout the duchy, that the population of all the neighbouring towns and villages assembled upon the occasion, to partake of the hospitality of the inhabitants of Cambray, the poorest of whom built up huts in the court yards; and platforms and canvas-awnings against the doors, and on the roofs of their houses, for the accommodation of visitors.

On the Sunday, an influx of population began to gather; and from the highest to the lowest every house was filled with tenants, so that politeness, nor ceremony, was not studied: they all slept as they could find room, and some even took repose in the fields and gardens. Even the servants, and lowest class of people who had not any acquaintance in the place, nor a roof to receive them, flocked thither in surprising numbers.

Before they passed over the draw-bridge, or when they had gained some obscure street, they disrobed of their everyday clothes, and put on their best. The men attiring themselves in good broad cloth, and the matrons and young girls wiping the dust from their foreheads, combed out their tresses, put on light thin shoes, and changed their hats, gowns, &c. For this purpose the men ranged themselves on one side of the road, and the women on the other; each back to back, not daring to look round, lest they should be overcome by the sight of white shoulders, or a well-rounded arm.

Mademoiselle Bertha Lens, niece to the bishop of Cambray, had sent a courteous message to her friend Mary de Berthencourt, by a special messenger, to inform her that the Trinity *fêtes* were on the point of taking place, and requesting she would come and visit her, for that a year had now passed since she had heard any news of her friend. The latter lady was greatly rejoiced at the invitation, and speedily set out for the episcopal palace under the escort of four men-at-arms. As soon as Mademoiselle Bertha beheld the white barb which bore her gentle friend, she ran wildly into the court, and pressed her, on alighting, to as affectionate a heart as ever beat in human breast.

The young ladies having much to talk over of their little affairs since they last parted, determined upon sleeping together. About one in the morning, Mary Berthencourt awoke, and sighed heavily as some sad thought crossed her mind. It chanced, too, that she had been dreaming of a certain Henry of Savoy, her knight, who had plighted his faith, and received hers in return, swearing by the Holy Evangelists, by St. Michael, and his knightly spurs, that he would consummate their nuptials as soon as he had made peace with the Bishop of Cambray.

But to do that, was neither so quickly, nor so easily, accomplished; for the said Henry of Savoy had, on the preceding year, taken part with the citizens against the bishop; had entered the palace at the head of three hundred armed men, and would infallibly have slain his reverence, if he had not dressed himself in the garments of Benedict (*his jester*), by which means he contrived to escape to a place of safety.

Being at length returned to his palace with a number of troops, the citizens, fearful of their fate, crowded round him to crave pardon, when the bishop declared Henry of

Savoy to be under the ban of the empire; that he should be deprived of all his titles, goods, and lordships, and offered a reward of three thousand golden crowns as the price of his head.

Anxious to gain so large a sum, many of the citizens (even those who had requested his assistance against the bishop) sought him with all the ferocity of wild beasts; but the worthy knight, with a few determined partizans, kept them in breath, for a long time, harassing whenever they had the opportunity, and wounding and plaguing them without mercy. Such thoughts and remembrances as these caused Mademoiselle Berthencourt's eyes to overflow.

Bertha, when she awoke, stretched out her pretty arms, and yawning, shewed a double row of pearly teeth, enclosed in bright coral, and caged in a little picture of a mouth. She turned from side to side, her eyes half open, apparently in search of some one who was not present. Then throwing one arm round the neck of her friend, and laying her head on her shoulder, continued in that position some time; at length she said, in a low voice, "Mary! dear beloved Mary! I must deposit a secret in thy bosom, with which I am well contented to be troubled. *I am beloved, Mary; beloved by a brave and noble knight! There is not, nor ever can be, his equal, for tenderness, skill, or renown. None other knows how to love as he loves! for, Mary dear, to converse with me one short hour, he risks his liberty—nay his very life! To lessen the perilous chances that are against him, Bertha reckons much, dear Mary, upon thy courage and faithful attachment.*"

"By-and-by, when every one of its inhabitants will have left the castle, to partake of the festivities of the Trinity, my beloved knight will come hither disguised, and enter by the neglected postern, of which he has a key. I shall feign a serious illness, and require thy good offices; having given my waiting women leave to go out and partake in the sports of the day, so that my sweet friend will have plenty of time between that and night-fall to escape in."

"I will do whatever you require of me," said Maria; "but what is thy chevalier's name?" Mademoiselle Lens placed her mouth close to Mademoiselle Berthencourt's ear, and gently pronounced it. Maria fainted; and it was a long time ere the cares of her friend could restore her to sense, when she began to weep most bitterly. "Hector of Savoy!" said she, wringing her hands; "Hector of Savoy!"

Bertha concluded that this expression of grief was occasioned by fear for her safety, and, sighing, she innocently spoke to her friend, saying "Yes; such love exposes me to great dangers, but it were better to be dead than not beloved of Henry!" Mademoiselle Mary looked stedfastly at her friend, and tenderly embraced her. "*I will be thy faithful friend, even unto death!*" said she; tears again streaming over her sweet face.

Towards the hour of vespers, a man, shrouded by a large hat, entered Cambray, at the gate of the Castle of Selles; he paid the toll without uttering a word, and hastened on towards the episcopal palace, and without appearing to notice the sports of the day more than he was compelled to do to avoid suspicion.

The said rejoicings were, nevertheless, magnificent; and not to be equalled by any that had hitherto been witnessed: jugglers, savages, wrestlers, backsword players, and a variety of others, filled the plain. At a distance was an ox roasted

whole, with porkers, geese, fowls, and pigeons in its belly; and the merchants drew the finest wines in abundance, letting it run for everybody's use.

Being arriyed at the episcopal palace, and on the point of gliding through the postern, this disguised man was suddenly stopped by a procession which advanced in the opposite direction, and it was some time ere he could accomplish his object, the crowd was so great.

The retinue consisted of the halberdiers on horseback, then the archers in scarlet clothing, their chief wearing a yellow cap. Many of different descriptions followed, furnished with cuirasses and red caps. Then came the bishop's car, the pope's car, and the emperor's; and, lastly, the car of the holy Virgin, who was represented by a young girl of matchless beauty, and seated on a throne supported by angels; for certain, the machine was ingeniously raised to a great height by hidden springs, and then lowered with celerity and gracefulness.

At the foot of the car was seen the archangel, St. Michael, combating with Satan, with which the good citizens were highly delighted; when the good spirit had to reply to the evil one, he whipped his flaming sword (made of the brightest copper) through the body of his antagonist, whence proceeded a large piece of red cloth, in imitation of a sanguinary outpouring.

The night was witness to as busy a throng of foot-pacers, as the day had been, so that it was late ere the street was clear. Then Hector flew to the postern, where he was received by a veiled female, of whom he took no heed, conceiving her to be one of the young lady's attendants.

Alas, one of the citizens, notwithstanding all his precaution, was witness to Hector's admission into the castle, and ran to tell the Bishop, as soon as the procession was closed. This latter, greatly enraged at what he heard, doubled the sentinels, and ordered the gates to be barred, and the portcullis raised; and then, not knowing where to find Hector, he set out in search of him, with a drawn dagger in his hand, and attended by a number of armed men. The noise and clatter these made in the castle, greatly terrified the two lovers. Hector instantly lowered the point of his sword, crossed himself, and said a short prayer, determined to sell his life at a dear rate.

At that moment, the veiled lady, ascending a secret flight of stairs, broke in upon them, saying, "Take, chevalier, this female's mantle, and give me yours, and your hat, in return. Quick! quick! I will wear them in lieu of mine!" On this they separated, and *she*, dressing herself in the garments of Hector of Savoy, barricaded the door with all the furniture she could collect, and waiting the assault of the Bishop, silently commended her soul to God!

The citizen who had recognised Hector, cast his eye on the little window which gave light to the room, (and which window at that period was denominated a *Judas*) and said, in a low voice to his followers—"By St. Sebastian, three thousand golden crowns are mine; he is determined to sell his life dearly, but those barricades will ill support him." He instantly raised his arquebuse, and putting the point of it to the *Judas*, let the arrow fly. A great shriek was uttered! the victim struggled for a moment, and then was heard no more.

Loud shouts ascended from the assailants, and "he is dead! he is dead!" resounded on all sides.

"Dead! dead for me! accursed be the stroke which took the life of a faithful chambermaid, instead of mine."

"Dead! Mary de Berthenecourt!" cried Bertha, in dreadful agony.

"How, Mary de Berthenecourt! *was it she?*" said Hector; and instantly flying to the postern, he leaped into the fosse, and buried the remembrance of his fault in a watery grave.

THE GALLERY OF GENIUS.

CONTINUED.

Our pleasing task we cheerfully resume,
The names of gifted females here to trace,
Who, with those named already,* may assume
Within Apollo's Gallery a place.

Hail LONDON,† tho' thy pen some time hath rest,
Of thy productions thou may'st think with pride;
They clearly shew us that within thy breast,
Love, genius, truth, and tenderness reside!

But who paints manners with a touch so skilled,
Increasing fame on each new work attends?
'Tis GORE,‡ whose comic novels all are filled,
With points in which we trace ourselves and friends!

Two sister-authors shall together be,
Whose lively prose and verse both merit praise;
And, better still, we true religion see,
MOODIE§ and STRICKLAND,|| in your moral lays.

A host of talent in the Annuals see—
HILL, HOPLAND, JEWSEBURY, WALKER, BOWDICH,
BOWLES,
ROSCOE, WHITE, WILSON, CONDER, BROWNE, and
LEE¶—
Whom Fame each year upon her list enrolls.

But here we close, with one all-powerful name,
Whose genius all (who *envy* not) must own!
Who veils with elegance love's dazzling flame,
And to her native land gave charms unknown

Until *she* came! as versatile as great.
A Poet, Novelist, Musician, too;
The Boudoir sketch, or mighty nation's fate,
Are, gifted MORGAN,** all alike to you.

* Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hemans, Lady Charlotte Bury, Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Miss L. H. Sheridan, Mrs. S. Hall, and Mrs. Howitt.

† Miss L. E. Landon, authoress of the *Improvisatrice*, *Golden Violet*, Poems, &c.

‡ Mrs. Charles Gore, authoress of *Women as they are*, *Pin Money*, *School for Coquettes*, &c.

§ Mrs. Moodie, authoress of *Enthusiasm*, *Patriotic Songs*, and other Poems, &c.

|| Miss Agnes Strickland, authoress of *The Cavalier*, *Seven Ages of Woman*, *Patriotic Songs*, Poems, Tales, &c.

¶ Our limits will not allow us to enumerate the productions of these highly-gifted and accomplished females, but the Annuals, embellished by their contributions, ornament almost every drawing-room table in the kingdom.

** Lady Morgan, authoress of *St. Clair*, *Wild Irish Girl*, and several other elegant novels, France, Italy, *Book of the Boudoir*, a *Collection of Irish Melodies*, &c. &c. Of this lady, and her sister, Lady Clarke, the author of many celebrated Parodies, Ireland may well be proud.

REMEMBER ME!

Remember me,
In the noon's bright hour, when light and life
Are spread by the golden sun;
When the trees and the flowers with sweets are rife!
When the task of day is done,

Remember me!

In the sacred repose, and the stillness of night,
When all is at peace in the vale;
And the earth and the waters reflect the moon's light,
And you list to the nightingale,

Remember me!

When you join in the throng that in rapture's gay halls,
Awaken each impulse divine;
And the incense of homage to loveliness falls
At thy own fair and radiant shrine,

Remember me!

When another one's hand in the dance's wild maze,
Enrapturedly presses your own;
When your beauties, revealed to another one's gaze,
Inspire *another's* love tone,

Remember me!

In those happy moments so brilliant and gay,
When time on joy's light pinions flies,
Ah, then think of him, who though far, far away,
Still blesses his Julia, and sighs,

Remember me! * *

THE FATAL RING;

OR, THE FAREWELL LETTER.

My dear Edward,—To you who have been for fifteen years my sworn friend—whose breast has been the depository of all my joys and sorrows—who have participated in the one, and consoled me under the other—I write at this moment with feelings of the deepest regret, for having come to pain your heart, by the relation of circumstances, that may be discredited and ridiculed by those who are not so well acquainted with my character as you are.

Listen, Edward, with your usual patience, to the relation I am about to unfold, for I stand in great need of that proof of your friendship. So strange and so appalling is what I shall disclose, and the leading circumstance so grievously afflictive to me, that I dare not seek you to relate them verbally, and scarcely do I know how to recapitulate with my pen scenes at which I shudder. But when thou hast heard my tale, thou wilt not laugh, my Edward, and call it the distempered dream of a maniac,—wilt thou? No, I am sure thou wilt not so much afflict me. Oh! if I could doubt of the facts, there would be some consolation for me; but no, the remembrance of the execrable scene haunts me—follows me for ever! I cannot get rid of it! It is always before my eyes.

Oh, Edward! when a creature suffers as *I suffer*, he is, indeed, much to be pitied. But you, who are ignorant of the

extent of my misfortune must now be told that the engagement is at an end between me and Laura.

You know the numerous obstacles that were opposed to our union, and how insurmountable they appeared; but that of which you are ignorant, Edward, is—that the poor girl was terrified at seeing passion accompanied by such tormenting disquietude. She looked with terror towards the future; the time past filled her soul with regrets. I read the lesson of her heart; I saw that she preferred a negative, dull, peaceful state of quietude, to the overwhelming powers of a sublime but tender passion, whose attendants were doubt and agitation.

After this investigation, I resolved to suffer *alone*; and not to think of associating this weak-minded girl with the unhappy fate which seemed destined for me. I, therefore, wrote to her, and gave her back her vows, since to keep them would have cost her so much pain. She replied by a letter, wet with her tears, and accepted the sacrifice I offered to her.

Oh! I did, indeed, offer it in all sincerity. Heaven is my witness, that Laura's happiness was the first wish of my heart!—but you know not how deeply I felt her acquiescence. You have often told me that a good action, or an heroic effort of courage, would support the soul under the most painful privations that necessity and duty could impose; but I confess to you, my friend, that I have not found it so.

Nevertheless, there was some consolation in another of your axioms: viz. that *study* was a panacea for mental suffering. When we can identify ourselves with the feelings and characters of those whose pages we are studying,—when we can assimilate our sensations with theirs—it seems as if we are not the only beings in affliction; and we seem to lay the burthen of *ours* on *them*, and, as by a secret voice, we become encouraged and consoled.

Two months ago, I passed the entire night in writing the results of my study. My ideas flowed with rapidity; sheets covered with irregular penmanship lay scattered about, filled with gloomy thoughts—thoughts that would fail to interest any one but you or me, my friend; for you are accustomed to the extravagant notions, and bursts of imagination, to which I give way in a moment of despair.

When the morning dawned, I was unrefreshed—my blood heated, and my head heavy and painful; but I succeeded in withdrawing my thoughts from *self*, and that was a conquest gained.

I had requested, over-night, to have a bath ready for me at an early hour, as Dr. F. had recommended a more frequent use of that salutary comfort. I had scarcely time to pass into the bathing-room, ere my lamp, which had been but indifferently furnished with oil, gave symptoms of extinction, and finally lasted only till I was immersed in the water.

Now then, Edward, I again repeat my request, that you shall neither laugh at, nor doubt what you are about to read, for therein you will do me an injustice.

The good effects of the bath were not tardy in showing themselves. The warmth refreshed me, and relaxed the tension of my limbs, which my late vigil had dried up. My burning forehead became gradually covered with perspiration. Thought was suspended, though not altogether annihilated, and my eyes began to close under a gradual drowsiness.

I remained for some minutes in this delightful state, when I fancied I heard a confused murmur around me; there also appeared a strange kind of light passing before my eyes; but

I felt so comfortable that I did not rouse to open them, nor to call out; and though surprised at the movement apparently around me, I could not summon resolution to discover its meaning.

At length I heard a sound as of a thunder-clap, but more sharp and terrible.

I awoke with affright, and leaping up in the bath, I perceived, standing opposite to me, a being of a most frightful aspect, and who looked at me with an eye such as I never saw in nature.

The sight convulsed me—I was choked; my feelings are past expression.

He extended his left hand towards me, and I perceived he held that fine antique ring, which you must recollect I bought of a Jew.

The spectre then passed the ring several times before my eyes, as if to prove to me that it was mine; he left me sufficient time to recognise the most minute indentations on it, as well as the figures of the two animals engraved on the black stone of this piece of jewellery. He then elevated his right hand, and shewed me three fingers; he also pronounced distinctly the word *three*, and struck me severely on the head, after which he disappeared.

When I came to my senses, I was in bed, and surrounded by persons anxious for my recovery, who were attracted by my cries; they had flown to the bath, and found me half drowned, and, in a few minutes more, my life would have been extinct. Why, oh why did they recal me to existence!

My first enquiry of my servant was after the casket in which I kept my valuables, and, amongst others, the fatal ring.

At that order, he trembled, and turned pale, and a bitter smile contracted his lips.

"The devil take me," stammered he, "but you know all."

I thought the poor wretch alluded to my recent dream, and really I supposed I must still be under a delusion.

It then flashed into my mind, with the rapidity of lightning, that the appearance I had witnessed was a joke put on me by some of my friends, and that they had bribed Antony to their interest. "*Yes! I know it all*," I said, "and you shall be punished as you deserve."

Antony went out despairingly, and in five minutes I heard an explosion.

I ran instantly to my servant's chamber, and found he had blown out his brains.

He left a few lines for me on the table, saying, "Sir, I am a miserable man. I have robbed you of your jewels. I am dishonoured, and therefore unfit to live."

An insupportable terror overcame me: I fell senseless on the ground, and was carried to bed in a most pitiable state.

Edward ('tis as true as my belief in the Diety), the apparition of the last night again appeared to me, only that it exhibited but *two fingers*, and its voice simply announced the monosyllable *two*.

The meaning of his mysterious words and actions were now clear to me: the fatal ring was doomed to cost the life of three persons, and one of these had submitted to his fate.

During my slow recovery, I was informed that a young woman, poorly clad, and carrying a child in her arms, had called several times to ask for me; she very earnestly en-

treated an interview, and was most anxious to speak of something particular.

I gave orders that she should be brought to me when she came again, and in another hour she was conducted to my chamber.

When I cast my eyes upon her, I beheld a pale emaciated being, her eyes red with weeping: and, who unable to support herself through weakness, was obliged to cling to the chairs.

"Antony loved me!" at length broke from her. Her knees seemed to give way, and she sunk into a chair to prevent her falling.

"It was *for me* that he robbed you," said she; "it was for me he died—I am—this is his son!"

As well as her sobs would allow her to proceed, the poor girl added, "Pray, sir, take back your ring; that is the only one remaining of his fatal gifts. I have not yet disposed of that for food. Take it again, sir, but pray do not denounce me to the police, for what would become of my child, the only blessing that is left to me! what would become of the son of my poor Antony, if I was to be cast into prison?"

She held the ring to me, and overcome by the recollection of my vision, and in despair at seeing how true were her words, I remained immovable, and absorbed in gloomy reflections.

Poor creature! she thought that I rejected her supplications; and throwing herself at my feet, she seized my hand, and bathed it with her tears.

The grief of the poor unfortunate drew me from my reverie. "This ring must be destroyed," said I, "that it may be no more injurious. Give it to me quickly!"

The child, during its mother's abstractedness, had taken the ring out of her hand to play with, and in so doing, had, unheeded, put it in his mouth. All at once he uttered a piercing cry; and shuddering convulsively, his limbs becoming contracted! His poor mother clasped a lifeless corse to her heart!

The ring contained, underneath the sygnet, a mortal poison!

The horrible figure that pursued me appeared at once over the shoulder of the despairing parent, and this time it silently extended only *one finger*. Who, thought I, is to be the *third victim*?

Now then, an idea occurred to me for the first time, and surely it was heaven inspired me—Tell me, Edward, if I put an end to the troubles caused by this fatal ring—if I turn aside, the fatality which menaces another, by voluntarily drawing down its consequences on my own head!—What will become of me? I have lost every thing that attached me to life! Existence is valueless; it is a trouble to me!

The phantom has predicted my dissolution, and I am too much concerned not to believe in it. Another victim is required, and *only one*. Will Providence chastise me for devoting myself on this occasion?

For a long time I have desired earnestly to die. The fear of divine wrath alone has restrained me, but now I feel that God will bless the deed! Ah! 'tis here again—adieu!—adieu!

AUGUSTUS.



KING WILLIAM IV.

By Sir J. Wilson

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 91.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1831.

VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY, WILLIAM IV., IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

PLATE THE SECOND.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESS, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—TWO MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESSES, A GRECIAN FANCY COSTUME, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—AN EVENING DRESS, A DRESS FOR THE THEATRE, A MORNING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS, AND TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO MORNING VISITING DRESSES, AN EVENING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

THE LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

" Mere common deeds will pass unsung away,
A short hour's wonder, or at most a day ;
A gossip's fable, politician's tale,
Blown like the autumn's leaf by every gale ;
But their's are actions clinging to *their life*,
With influence laden, and with interest rife,
These let the historian trace with honest pen,
And chronicle the deeds which meet his ken."

STUART.

Had we to dilate upon the public sway of the sceptre, the course of political parties and opinions, the national events of the month just dropped away, as it were, from the years' calendar, like the crackling branches, and the seared and wind-withered leaves of October ; were we, in short, to deviate from our more quiet—more attractive course, and dash, in imitation of contemporaries, upon seas of disputation, there is a field expansive enough to answer all such purposes, and sufficiently stocked with those materials which are consistent with the accomplishment of such an undertaking. But though in doing this, we should have to speak nobly, heartily, of our KING, and applaudingly, cheerfully, of our QUEEN, for their conduct in nice and trying, and *lynx-watched* events,—where various little errors are magnified into crimes, as *they have been*, but to no effect ; though such we should have to say, we will yet pursue the even tenor of our way, and cling to a description of the peaceful movements of *private life*, in preference to the agitating collisions and struggles of public actions.

The measure which has so long agitated both houses of Parliament, and set the country in a flutter from one end to another, has necessarily prevented, for awhile, much of that friendly intercourse which in great families, would otherwise have existed. Still we find their MAJESTIES entertaining distinguished foreigners, and numerous of our nobility, &c. at Windsor, (generally) with that urbanity of manner, and hospitality of dealing, which makes even the most luxurious

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and costly banquets the more rare ; for like a gift well bestowed, one may say of such :

" They gave with words of such kind breath composed,
As made the gift more sweet."

Prince Frederick of Wirtemberg, son of Prince Paul, and the Princess Helene, of Russia, has been among the most recent and distinguished visitors to the MONARCH and his QUEEN. And on their account, in particular, more than one splendid dinner has been given at the Castle, well calculated to impress these Royal Visitors with just ideas of English grandeur and magnificence.

HIS MAJESTY has still continued his regular Wednesday levees ; they have been generally well attended, and many honourable marks of distinction have been conferred upon some of these high official occasions upon those who have deserved well of their country and humanity.

" And gained a name by deeds, or arts, or arms,
Time cannot wither, nor the chilling hand
Of frightful death erase from truth away."

The KING is a constant man, and a firm man. He does his duty becomingly and determinedly, but selects a proper, a propitiatory time for doing so. Thus when it became necessary from the sudden, perchance unexpected, turn of events to prorogue his Parliament, he chose a day when disappointments might be expected to be allayed, passions cooled, and parties reconciled. He accordingly selected Thursday, the 20th October, for that national and necessary purpose. The grenadier guards, the Scotch fusiliers, the life guards, with their splendid bands, were early on duty, and gave animation to the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace. About two, the royal procession began to move, the state coach being preceded by four others, with the usual pomp, containing the principal officers of the household. HIS MAJESTY wore his favourite dress, an admiral's uniform, and was otherwise decorated with various orders of great distinction. Cheers accompanied his progress to and from the house, but we think we have noted them more general, and more enthusiastic. The Park and Tower guns

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fired, both on his taking his seat on the throne, and descending from it. Of his speech let opinions vary; suffice it, His MAJESTY delivered it distinctly and firmly, and the "prompter's whisper was not needed there." The Grand Duchess Helene, Princess Lieven, &c., went to the house in one of the Queen's carriages, and the assemblage of peeresses and ladies of distinction, high plumed in costly state, "was particularly numerous, and gay in the extreme." The appearance was very interesting, and to a foreigner must have been even captivating and astonishing. At twenty minutes past three, His MAJESTY returned to the Palace, with a full assurance of having fulfilled, as became a monarch and a man, his high and official duty.

Subsequently to this event, the Royal Family have interchanged visits of kindly friendship and feeling. Schisms seem afar off, and we trust we may conclude by saying—

"We're true, we're firm hearted, we will not yet fall,

The fortunes of England triumphant are still;

If we strive for the honour of him who turns all,

To the good of who love him and walk by his will."

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

PEERESSES AND THE PARLIAMENT.—Our readers may be aware upon occasions of the Prorogation of Parliament, by the King in person, that the Peeresses are supplied with tickets at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, admitting them to the House of Lords, for the purpose of witnessing the imposing ceremony. Upon the late occasion, the attendance of Peeresses was expected to be extremely numerous, on account of the interesting state of public affairs; and the approaching ceremony was looked forward to with much anxiety. At length, an intimation appeared in the Gazette, and was published in the newspapers, that the Peeresses would, as usual, be supplied with tickets on the following day, *between stated hours*, at the office of the Lord Chamberlain, though no precise day was appointed for the prorogation. Strange to say, however, when those noble ladies made personal application, they were told that *nothing was known respecting the appointed ceremony*, and that they could not be supplied with the required tickets, from the simple fact of the officers having been supplied with none themselves!! When shewn the copies of the Gazette, the reply was, that it was exceedingly strange, but they had not heard of the appointed prorogation, officially, *neither had they a single ticket for the Peeresses!!* Now, we would enquire, whether it is proper or decorous, that ladies of the highest rank and distinction in the country, should be thus hurried from their breakfast tables or their *boudoirs*, at a very early period of the morning, and, even then, find that they have been deceived and disappointed? Was it meant by the Ministers as a mischievous *hoax* upon the Peeresses? Is there among the "sworn officers of the crown," any individual who delights in beholding the choice "beauties of England," arrayed in the smiles and joyfulness which the expectation of an imposing ceremony are calculated to excite, pass in their carriages to St. James's, and return with that peculiar expression of countenance which disappointed hope seldom fails to inspire? Surely they merited more generous treatment; and we can scarcely believe that any official individual could have displayed such a total want of gallantry; and yet the circum-

stance is absolutely fact. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, a nobleman who is considered as the leader and supreme mover of high life, and whose devotions are unceasing at the shrine of female loveliness, has, and we regret to state his defection, suffered the congregated elegance, beauty, and wealth of England, to be hurried from their respective mansions, between stated hours, upon a stated day, like waiting maids attending for situations, and then to be told, that nothing is known about the subject of their application! Lord JOHN, but a short time ago, received a valuable present from the ladies in the vicinity of Woburn Abbey, and he has repaid the compliment by a *slight* that can neither be excused nor overlooked. We cannot imagine how those individuals will be able to make peace with the noble ladies, for we think that the offence calls for marked retribution.

The strongest marks of friendship continue to be shewn to Mrs. FITZHERBERT by every member of the Royal Family. On the 16th ult. that respected lady had the honour of dining with their Majesties.

Nottingham Castle, at the time of its conflagration, was inhabited only by two old females, the noble possessor never having resided there. His fine seat at Clumber we are happy to find has not been attacked by the rioters.

THE BEAULAH SALINE SPA.—*Norwood.*—We paid another visit to this delightful spot, a few days ago, and were happy to find it fully and fashionably attended. We have no doubt of its becoming a most popular resort, for independently of the benefits of the waters, which have been examined and analysed by Messrs. HUME, FARADY, and other eminent chemists, and pronounced by them to be of equal, if not superior efficacy, to those of Cheltenham and Leamington.* The agreeableness of the drive from town, the salubrity of the air, and the extensive and charming views which are commanded from the Spa, render the spot eminently attractive and captivating. As our readers are, probably, but little acquainted with this portion of the environs, we shall briefly describe it:—Norwood is about seven miles from town, and is situated between Camberwell and Croydon: the road taking two directions, one of which leads through Dulwich, past the splendid Gallery of Pictures (which is well worth inspection), the other across Denmark and Herne Hills, into the village. The latter is the more romantic route, the road being lined with stately forest trees, throwing their deep umbrageous features over the paths, and intercepting and chastening the sun's oppressive rays. A variety of handsome mansions are seen at intervals throughout the road, the whole appearance of which is very picturesque and romantic. The first object of interest in Norwood is the very neat church of the village; about a mile farther is the Spa, the entrance lodge to which is a remarkably pretty structure, built in the style of the Elizabethan era; from thence a path leads to the Spa, where a very efficient band of music is placed for the amusement of the company. The celebrated, though now almost forgotten *Wood* is at a short distance from the Spa on the road leading

* We beg to correct an error which we committed, in describing the *Beaulah Spa* in our last number, having stated the waters to resemble those of *Tunbridge*, which is not the fact. The *Beaulah* waters consist principally of magnesium salts, and, therefore, are of the same nature of those of Cheltenham, &c.

** We intend to give, in our next Number, a correct and beautiful Engraving of the *Beaulah Spa*.

to Dalwich, and from this spot the view is delightful;—the richly tinted foliage of the delevity, the varieties of wood and grassy verdure, with the picturesque appearance of the Surrey hills, in the distance, combine to perfect the beauty of the scene. We have never seen any thing to surpass it, except the romantic scenery of Devonshire. Returning to town in this direction, we descend the hill, at the foot of which stands a house of considerable notoriety some years ago, but now railed in and at some distance from the road: it has become a private residence, and is passed unnoticed except by those who remember the period of its celebrity. The pretty village of Dulwich, with its stately college and gallery, is then passed, from which we again break into the scenery of Denmark Hill, and proceed to town. It will thus be seen that the road presents eminent attractions, and we are assured that those of our readers, who, like ourselves, never imagined such pleasant views in the vicinity of town, will be delighted with the drive. Great accommodation has been provided by Mr. SMITH, at the Spa, to whose exertions the public are indebted for the elegance and beauty of this healthful resort, and which we are happy to find recompensed by the patronage of the fashionable world.

THE QUEEN'S CROWN.—This splendid and valuable *bijou*, has, at length, been broken up, and the jewels applied for the construction of other ornaments for the use of her Majesty. Many noble and distinguished individuals were gratified by the inspection of this magnificent object, and the universal expressions which its sight inspired, were those of enthusiastic admiration. The Duke of Buccleugh was the last nobleman honoured with her Majesty's permission to inspect the crown. A very ridiculous rumour has been circulated respecting the falsity of some of the jewels, for which there is not the least foundation, every diamond being perfect, and of the first water; one of them, alone, has been estimated at the value of twenty thousand pounds. Some of the diamonds were worn by her Majesty at her entertainment after the prorogation of Parliament.

The Gentlemen of the King's Privy Chamber have, according to notice from the Chamberlain, sent in their names and places of residence. Those who have neglected to do so, are no longer considered in the service of his Majesty. A notice has also been issued from the Chamberlain's office, stating that the *King's Levees* are discontinued till further orders.

It may not be generally known, that Knights of the Garter were, originally, accustomed to wear the blue ribbons of their order round the neck, with the George, or badge, hanging upon the breast. This mode, however, was varied in the year 1681, according to the taste of the, then, Duchess of Richmond, who, when her son was installed, introduced him to the king with the ribbon across the left shoulder. The king was much pleased with the alteration, and expressly ordered, that in future it should not be worn in any other manner.

The beautiful Lady LYNDHURST, and her noble partner, have left town upon a short excursion to France.

It is delightful to behold the charming and accomplished lady of Mr. MANNERS SUTTON, every morning engaged in the maternal duty of administering, personally, to the health of her young and beautiful child, by accompanying it in her carriage, for the purpose of allowing the fragile infant to experience the benefit of the fresh morning air. Engaged in this truly "delightful task," Mrs. MANNERS SUTTON passes the early part of every day, and thus with the lovely child

upon her knee, whilst the attendant is seated opposite in the carriage. This amiable lady realizes a perfect picture of maternal duty and affection.

We have frequently adverted, with pleasure, to the graceful and beautiful *equestrianism* of English ladies of distinction, and still with pride uphold their paramount reputation for skilful horsemanship; but we cannot avoid reprobating a practice that we find one or two ladies have adopted, as it is not calculated to maintain that character for refined delicacy, which English ladies have ever enjoyed; we allude to the discontinuance of veils in the morning ride. Beautiful and well regulated features are, certainly, calculated to command admiration, but in the public resort, and in the enjoyment of so peculiar a recreation as that of horsemanship, their exposition, devoid of that graceful curtain which the delicacy of English ladies have ever prompted the assumption of, cannot fail to be regarded with feelings of regret. It is our hope, that this slight intimation may prevent the adoption of the custom.

The charming Countess of HARRINGTON and her noble partner left town a few days ago, in a carriage and pair of post horses, for their picturesque seat at Elvaston, where they purpose staying until a certain interesting event, (which we alluded to in a previous number) shall have transpired. It was at this delightful seat the nuptials of the noble and truly happy pair were solemnized, and the circumstance of its having been chosen for the birth-place of the heir of the House of Harrington, must impart an additional interest to the spot. Pembroke House, late the residence of Lord GODERICH, will be occupied by the Earl and Countess upon their return to town.

By a singular arrangement of the Covent Garden play bills we find the announcement of a character to be personated by a lady, "*accompanied by herself upon the piano forte!*" We were not able to witness this strange performance, but consider, that a lady accompanying herself on the pianoforte throughout a character, must have had a very novel and curious appearance.

The christening of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, for whom their Majesties have expressed their intention of standing sponsors, is now postponed until the commencement of the new year, in consequence of the pressure of public business at this particular period. The noble parents have in consequence quitted the metropolis for Scotland, and are now abiding at the family seat of the Duke. Sir WALTER SCOTT, whose continental tour was delayed by the expectation of attending the christening, has also left England.

The Clarendon Hotel, with the exception of the Coffee Room, is entirely occupied by the Royal party, who are sojourning there. The Grand Duchess has expressed her intention of remaining at that hotel until her departure from England, when Don Pedro will return to this country, and occupy his old apartments. We understand that the expenditure of the Grand Duchess Helene and Prince Frederic, amount daily, to upwards of one hundred pounds. Seventy-five pair of wax-lights are consumed every evening.

We were quite surprised at the dirty and lumbering appearance of the old saddle which disgraced the fine horse rode by the first postillion in the King's state carriage upon the day of the prorogation of Parliament. Really, it looked as if it had been brought from the repository of some dealer in marine stores.

We were much amused, a few days ago, by seeing a singular equipage in the park, between the splendid brichtska of a fashionable duchess, and the chariot of a noble baroness of equal celebrity in the circles of *ton*. It consisted of a small, low, rickety vehicle, drawn by a solitary, half-starved donkey, in which a being of very unequivocal description, and his *sombre* dulcinea, were enjoying their morning's ride, as comfortably as their more high-born companions. Lady W—— appeared very indignant at the singular intrusion, but the "lady and gentlemen" in the cart kept in the line with the greatest equanimity, and preserved one of the most ludicrous scenes we ever beheld.

Lord BROUGHAM is at present enjoying the delights of the pure air, and beautiful scenery, in the neighbourhood of BROUGHAM-HALL.

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

Louis Philippe has at last taken up his abode in the Thuilleries, which he entered at night with his family in a very private manner; it has been repaired and furnished, and the greatest possible care has been taken to efface every where the *fleur-de-lis* of his predecessor. The presence of one of the cavalry of the National Guard, and a single hussar is the only visible sign of the chateau being inhabited. Philippe has taken the apartments of the Dauphin, and those of the Dauphiness are inhabited by the Queen, but those of Charles X. are still vacant. Mademoiselle d'Orleans and the young princesses occupy the Pavillion of Flora. And the Duke of Chartres, now called Orleans, occupies the apartments of the Duchess of Berry. Those of the Duke de Bourdeaux remain vacant. The royal family held a court on the evening after their arrival; it was very numerous but not selectly attended.

The Dey of Algiers is become very popular. He is seen in all public places, and receives a number of visitors, particularly ladies, whom he always treats with great politeness, but remains inflexible upon the point of introducing them to his wives. He is very well received whenever he appears in public, for it is generally understood, that he has contributed largely to the subscriptions for the relief the poor.

Some time ago, the Dey of Algiers dined with M. Cassimir Perrier, and there was a good deal of joking about his having had his own cook to prepare his dinner, which consisted of a couple of fowls fresh killed and simply boiled in water with rice. The *badinage* on this subject has been superseded by an account given of the dinner prepared for Donna Maria, on a visit which she lately made to M. Lafayette. She appeared in a Brazilian court-dress of black *tulle* richly embroidered in gold, and trimmed with a flounce also embroidered and festooned like a window-curtain. The robe was worn over crimson satin, and her train of eight yards long, was of Lyons silk; a gold ground, figured with black and crimson. The border of the robe was composed of blond lace *niches*, intermixed with large bouquets of roses and tufts of marabouts. Ivory medallions, in which were the arms of Portugal and Algarves placed in different parts of the border. The jewels worn with this singular dress were of the most magnificent description.

One of the negroes who accompanied the young Queen, was charged by her Royal father to prepare her usual dinner, and, certainly, if the bill of fare which has been published, is

not a hoax, the *regime habituel* of the Brazilian Infanta is not less extraordinary than her costume:—It consisted of a soup composed of water, pepper, and a sprig of thyme, some slices of melon-rind fried in oil, and two lemons boiled with all-spice.

The Royal Academy of music, and the new theatre in the Palais Royal, will, it is supposed, be fashionable this season; both are already tolerably well attended, especially by the English. The Italian opera is also the fashion, but all the other theatres are nearly, if not quite, in a state of bankruptcy, for from the general distress of the times, the Parisians are forced to give up every amusement, even their favourite one of the *spectacle*.

The fashion of smoking cigars has become so general, that the ladies who exclaimed, at first, loudly against it, now begin to tolerate it. One of the French papers observes that from tolerating to liking is but a step, and that it is not impossible we may see the French ladies imitate those of Spain, all of whom smoke *cigarettes*; but then they are rolled in perfumed paper, which mingles its odour with that of the tobacco.

A young officer of the national guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time with letters and compliments, followed her about like her shadow, and at last became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference began, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover gave him a good sousing in a tub of indigo. Then, in order that the dye might be solid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and *eau-de-Cologne* that the tint of indigo disappeared, but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue.

Literary saloons and reading rooms, have increased in Paris since the revolution to such a degree, that in certain parts of the town you find them at fifty paces from each other. For example, on the boulevards, between the *rue du Helder*, and the *rue Monmartre* there are ten. No sooner is a ground floor to let, than it is directly transferred into a *Cabinet Litteraire*. Many of these establishments speculate upon the advantages to be derived from having a pretty *dame de comptoir*; this fashion which is completely out of date at the *restaurants*, and on the decline at the *cafés*, begins to take in the *salons litteraires*. In one you have a fine woman,—in another, a lady elegantly dressed. Here you are attracted by large black eyes, sparkling under finely arched eye-brows. There, a pair of languishing blue eyes draws your attention. Some fashionable work, embroidery, or bead-work for example, draws your observation to a delicate white hand, ornamented with rings of the last fashion. Or the lady quits her seat behind the counter, to look for some thing on the table in the middle of the room, which is covered with papers, pamphlets, &c.; and while she is thus employed, you cannot help admiring her elegant shape, her pretty little foot, and well-turned ankle, set off by a *chaussure* the most elegant.

The Ex-Emperor and Empress of Brazil, have lately paid a visit to Delisle's, where the Empress has purchased several dresses for Donna Maria, and for herself also. The robes for the young Queen of Portugal were of white, rose-colour, or blue gauze, figured in gold or silver. Those that the Empress

chose for herself were of various kinds. Don Pedro assisted his royal wife with his opinion and advice upon every article she bought.

The Dey of Algiers and Don Pedro attend the Opera regularly, and, to use a theatrical phrase, they draw good houses. The Dey—who, by the bye, has very modestly put upon his visiting cards, "*Hugetin, Ex-Dey d'Alger*"—is always dressed in the first style of Turkish magnificence. Don Pedro usually appears either in uniform, or in a plain frock. He is a fine-looking man, but with a cold and pensive air. Not so the Ex-Empress, his wife, who appears always in good spirits. She, too, dresses very plainly, but so as to display to advantage her natural beauty, particularly her hair, which is very fine. She is much admired, and as simplicity is at present the fashion, she is regarded as quite a *femme à la mode*.

Cholera Morbus.—Among the numerous precautions which are every where taking against the cholera-morbus, the most original is, perhaps, the anti-epidemic mask, invented by the Baron Massias. It is so contrived, as to preserve the face completely from the air, for which there is no opening but one opposite the mouth. The circumference is closed by wire or by whalebone, covered with cotton, so that the skin cannot be rubbed; immediately under this opening, is a tin box closed at bottom, which opens by means of a *charnière*. Several holes are made at the sides, in the lower part, and there can be also, if necessary, one in each corner. In this box is fixed against the sides, a double frame, the edges of which are of tin, and covered on both sides by a metallic substance in fine net work. The upper and lower part of the frame are separated by an empty space of about eight lines; the lower part opens by means of a *charnière*. A little pad, composed of muslin, and full of little bits of sponge, is placed between the upper and lower parts of the frame. A hole is made in the middle about an inch in diameter, opposite to the opening for the mouth; another pad, composed in the same manner, but neither so large nor so thick, is placed at the bottom of the box on a thin layer of mahogany. Both these pads must be impregnated with a solution of camphor. When the mask is put on, it will be impossible to breathe any other than the air purified by the camphor.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Oh, did we take for heaven above,
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What angels we should be!"—MOORE.

In a world, like ours, where the roses of life bloom amidst an abundance of thorns of bitterness—where sorrow treads upon the heels of joy—we eagerly snatch the brief moments of pleasure, to enjoy them, confident of the near approach of care, anxiety, and grief. Thus, then, let us, with light hearts, enjoy the happy matrimonial alliances that have been formed during the month, though our tears must soon be demanded by the memories of the "shadows left," of "joys departed." We find that H. H. SOUTHEY, M. D., F. R. S., Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty, has become the husband of the youngest daughter (CLARA) of the late T. LATHAM, Esq. of Champion Hill. Also, that the fair MARIANNE, daughter

of W. SEALE, Esq. of Toleshill Heath, has been led to the sacred temple of Hymen, by T. H. SMITH, Esq. of the Inner Temple, and there become his bride. The lovely EMMA, daughter of the late T. R. WILLIAMS, Esq. of Lee, Kent, has consummated the happiness of the gallant Lieutenant T. A. GILBERT, Royal Artillery, whose bliss must be complete and perfect, in the possession of so much worth and beauty.

CONSTANCE, daughter of General Sir GEORGE ANSON K. C. B., M. P., &c. has been united to R. N. COLLEY HAMILTON, eldest son of Sir Frederic Hamilton, Bart.; after the ceremony, a splendid *déjeunée* was given by Sir Frederic, in Great Cumberland Place, to a large party of distinguished individuals assembled to congratulate the happy pair. Viscount ENCOMBE, Lord Eldon's grandson, has, also, received the hand of the Hon. LOUISA DUNCOMBE, second daughter of Lord Feversham. The charming widow of the late C. BLIZARD, Esq. has become once more a bride, having honoured with her hand, T. WING, Esq. of Park Place.

Now Sorrow comes with her tale of gloomy deprivation, and the notes of rejoicing are turned to those of sadness, for we find, first in the roll of death, the young and engaging son of the noble Lord DURHAM, the Hon. CHARLES WILLIAM LAMBERTON, (whose portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has been so much, and deservedly admired) who expired at Brighton, in the 14th year of his age. With equally mournful feelings, we record the decease of T. H. NORTH, Esq. M. P.; also that of Lieutenant General MALCOLM GRANT, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. Lord LE DESPENCER has, also, departed to his last abiding place, after having attained the age of sixty-five. The late Hon. Mr. STAPLETON's infant daughter succeeds to the title of Baroness Le Despencer.

We have to regret the decease of HARRIET, wife of Capt. T. HAMMER, R. N., who expired, on the 10th, at Holbrook Hall; as well as that of the fair CAROLINE FRANCES, daughter of T. BACON, Esq. of Doddington Castle, Berks, whose spirit, purified from its earthly associations, has passed

"To that bless'd sphere, the heav'nly world above,
Where reigns eternal peace and deathless love!"

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS AND BIRTH DAY PRESENTS.

LANDSCAPE ANNUAL—FORGET ME NOT—JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT—FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING—HUMOURIST—MRS. KERR'S MELODIES—COMIC ANNUAL (*Cuts*).

Who will say that winter is dull and dreary, or complain of the dark days and long nights of Christmas time, when such a profusion of glittering *bijoux* present themselves, possessing eminent attractions, and calculated to dispel every symptom of *ennui*, and afford continued and high gratification to the admirers of the fine arts, and the writings of our best authors. We have now the above-named "Annals" upon the table, and hasten to do justice to their respective merits.

LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.—A very splendid volume of this popular and interesting work; the drawings are particularly chaste and beautiful, and reflect the highest credit upon the talents of Mr. Harding, the artist. They have been engraved in a style of corresponding excellence. *Interior of Milan Cathedral*, by Higham, is very neatly and beautifully executed; there is a mellowness of tone preserved throughout,

which is admirable in works of this description. The *Isola Bella*, *Naples*, *Persano*, and *Celaso*, are exquisite sea views; whilst those of *Persano* (a delightful village near Florence, seated on an eminence, overhanging the brink of a valley, from which the view embraces the windings of the Arno, with its combination of woods, villages, vineyards, castles, and mountains, almost as far as Florence, "fair city of the sun.")

The *Temple of the Clitumnus*, *Nepi Sorento*, and *Castell-a-Mare*, afford a combination of romantic scenery of hill and dale, which is to be found alone in the picturesque and classic land of Italy, and which has been faithfully and delightfully executed by the artists of the *Landscape Annual*. *Florence from the Cuscine* is a charming view, by Goodall, and to quote the words of the accompanying remarks, "it gives a picture of comparatively busy and happy life; the careless jest, the song, the laugh of the peasant girls, enliven the clear and sunny air, while the fairest of earthly cities, is seen with its grey tinted hills, and Fiesole, gently swelling in the distance,—its domes and towers, and pinnacles,—its olive groves, its gardens, and white painted dwellings, lying stretched, as if by enchantment, at your feet." The only objectionable portions of this splendid collection of engravings are a few of the *skies*, which resemble more the sombre aspects of a London atmosphere, than the clear bright "sunny air" of Italy. In *Redaway's*, otherwise admirable, engraving of the *Ponte Santa Trinità*, this error is very conspicuous. The literary portion of the "Landscape Annual" is from the talented pen of Mr. Roscoe, and will be read with pleasure and advantage; many singular historical facts are recorded, and a profusion of interesting anecdotes are interspersed throughout the volume, calculated to rivet the attention, and carry the delighted reader, pleasurably, to the end of the book. Those of the *Medici Family*, of *Michael Angelo*, *Giotto*, and other eminent artists, are particularly interesting, whilst the slight sketch of *Tempesta* is perfectly thrilling. To the classic, to the antiquary, to the lover of the picturesque and beautiful, as well as to the polished traveller, the "Landscape Annual" will be found valuable and interesting.

FORGET ME NOT.—This, the father of the annuals, the sire of a numerous family, appears this year in all its pristine power and splendour, opening with a grand design by Martin, of *The Triumph of Mordecai*, which has been transferred to steel by Finden, in a manner which demands the warmest praise. Mr. Finden is a perfect master of his art, and the skill which he displays, is only to be equalled by the care and attention which he devotes to the minute details of his subjects. His works are always beheld with delight, and the various *gems* which he has put forth in this year's "annuals," are calculated to add to his already exalted reputation, and establish his claim to a position, the highest in the scale of art. *Don Juan*, by W. Finden, after Holmes, is a sweet and captivating picture; the figure of *Haidée* is very lovely. *Uncle Toby and the Widow*, by Rolls, after a design by Richter, is capital; nothing can be more characteristic than the expression of the Widow's countenance. *The Thunderstorm*, by W. Finden, after Wood, is another charming engraving; the innocence and beauty of the child's countenance, contrasts well with the dark and fearful aspect of the heavens, whilst the village church and mill-stream in the distance, impart a peculiar interest to the scene. Kidd's *Stage-struck Hero* is a very humorous piece; as is also *The Frosty Reception*, by Buss. *Mayence* is a fine specimen of Prout;

but we think *The Disappointment*, after a design by Carbould, is most calculated to excite the admiration of our fair readers. Such a subject should have been illustrated by Miss Landen; she, alone, is capable of doing justice to Carbould's exquisite design. Mrs. Hoffland's tale is pretty and affecting, but the subject is the legitimate sphere of the one sole and absolute empress of broken-hearted love. *La Pensée* is a perfect gem; the expression of the face is dazzlingly beautiful.

The literature of the *Forget me not* possesses high attractions. *The Beauty lessened into Love*, is a light and playful tale, with an embellishment after Lawrence by Robert Grave, executed in the best style of that young and highly talented engraver. Miss Landen has been very sparing of her contributions: one piece only gracing the present volume, but that one is so very beautiful, as to heighten our regret at its being a solitary evidence of her great and original poetic talent.

THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.—Neatness and elegance characterize the embellishments of this interesting volume, while a light and lively spirit pervades the chief portions of the literature; rendering it, in an especial manner, suitable to the young minds to which it is dedicated. *The Little Queen* is a charming story, as is also that of the *Young Artist*, illustrating a pretty picture after Passmore. Mary Mitford, the ever-delightful Mary Mitford, has enriched the volume with one of her choice sketches, so beautifully wrought, that we are certain of its becoming a favorite. *The Ballad*, and *William and his Story Book*, are extremely pretty and pleasing embellishments. Hood has supplied one of his comicalities to illustrate the former one.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.—Mr. Alaric Watts has produced a volume of his popular annual, the embellishments and literature of which are equal to those of any of its splendid rivals. The introductory plate, *Allegro*, is a charming portrait; whilst the dramatic scenes of *The Arrest*, *The Tarentella*, and *The Supper by the Fountain*, are full of interest and effect. The remainder of the embellishments are highly finished and beautiful. The literature is worthy the high reputation of Mr. Watts; he has secured the assistance of some of our most popular writers, whose contributions enhance the value of the volume. *Sketches of Modern Poets* are characteristic and clever; but we think Mr. Watts might have found a more appropriate medium for the publication of his satirical effusion, entitled *The Conversazione* than the pages of the Literary Souvenir. From a hasty glance, we, also, consider it rather too personal; the readers of the Souvenir cannot be at all interested in the literary disagreements of Mr. Watts. The present volume, however, possesses great attractions, and we can recommend it to the notice of our readers.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT is a very pleasing juvenile annual, replete with interest and beauty. The plate of *The Orphans* speaks a tale of itself. The other embellishments are remarkably good, and the literary portion of the volume is of considerable merit, and is edited by Mrs. A. Watts.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING appears this year with great and gorgeous attractions: its beautiful embossed morocco binding,—the brilliant portrait of *Lady Carrington*, from Lawrence's painting, facing the title page,—choice engravings from designs by Westall, Stothard, Carbould, Wood, and other eminent artists,—with contributions from the most talented and popular authors, combine to render the volume a perfect *bijou*, glittering with the combined lustre of literature and art. Finden has beautifully, and exquisitely, exe-

cuted a charming design by Richter, of *The Fairy of the Lake*; and a lovely picture by Westall. *The Poet's Dream*, has been adequately engraved by Goodall. The *Embarkation*, by Whichelo, is a rich and glowing composition, fraught with masterly power and beauty, and is, in our opinion, equal to any thing Turner has ever achieved: we cannot commend this composition too highly. *The Orphan* is pretty and pleasing, but we dislike the dark figure behind; the *cap* entirely disfigures the face. *The Greek Mother* is full of purity and beauty. *Expectation*, by Wood, though a very sweet and graceful picture, appears to some disadvantage by comparison with Paris's "Bridesmaid" which it bears great resemblance to. A little more of the freedom of the latter would have considerably enhanced the beauty of "*Expectation*."

The literary portion of the volume does credit to the taste and discernment of its Editor. Miss Mitford has an interesting tale called the *Incendiary*; and Mr. Bayim, emerging from his wonted gloom, contributes a pleasing sketch with the title of *The Substitute*. Leitch Ritchie's *Tale of a Traveller* is wonderful, and very abrupt. *The Golden Basket Bearer*, by Mr. St. John, classical and pretty. But the most delightful, because the most *natural* tale in the book, is *The Orphan*, from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton; it is one of the most affecting sketches we have ever read. The following lines are from a poem by the same highly-gifted writer.

There is no trace of thee around,
Beloved! in this abode;
The winds sweep o'er the silent ground
Where once thy footsteps trode.
There is no shadow in the glen—
No echo on the hill—
The sun that sets shall rise again,
And find them lonely still.
And still the same wild thoughts of glee
Are bright upon each brow—
Of all who used to welcome thee,
Ah! which remembers now?
I gaze and gaze upon each fair
And young and joyous face;
Into their undimmed eyes—but *there*
No thought of thee I trace.
It is not that my heart hath swerved
From what it ought to be—
Oh, fondly hath that heart preserved
Each little thought of thee.
It is not that I do not love
Even more than I did then;
But that *thou* never more shalt rove
Through these sweet scenes again!

THE HUMOURIST.—We have been much amused by the drolleries in this annual collection; they are eighty-one in number, and scarcely one of them fail to create a laugh; some of them are irresistibly droll. *Fast and Loose*, a large lady jammed in a turnstyle, whilst three living creatures are passing easily through on the other side—*Crossing the Line*, a gentleman in a very unequivocal situation—*Colossus of Rhodes*—and *Regiment of the Line*, are capital hits; but *Entre nous* (enter nose) deserves immortality. The accompanying literature is lively, spirited, and humorous. *The Two Adjutants* is a good story in rhyme, as is *The Cares of*

Corpulence, in prose. *Dick Dowlas* is one of the best things we have read for some time; we wish our limits would allow us to quote. As it is, we can only recommend *The Humourist* to our readers, as possessing superlative attractions.

MELODIES, dedicated, by special permission, to Her Majesty, by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR.—It is always a pleasurable task, to encourage and support rising talent; but our gratification is heightened, when the modest and unassuming merit of the production, disarms the severity of criticism, and establishes more fully the claims of the young aspirant to fame. Of such description of merit is the work before us; a sweet spirit of delicate and perfect melody pervades the whole of the music, whilst chasteness, force, and beauty, characterize the accompanying poetry. Mrs. KERR is an authoress who evidently *feels* every sentiment which she gives utterance to, and who writes rather from inspiration than study, and whose choice gems of poesy are like the soft tones of the Eolian lyre, delicately beautiful, and whose beauty is mingled with a wild and delicious spirit of harmony, appealing forcibly both to heart and mind. There is, also, an originality about these charming compositions, which more eminently entitle them to distinguished notice.

The work has a very splendid appearance, and the embellishments, after Westall, Chalon, &c. are masterly and beautiful; the vignettes, too, have a pleasing and appropriate appearance; we particularly admire the "*C'est a moi*," it is a charming little gem. "*L'amour est le plus léger*," and "*Votre absence est le cause*," are also very pretty ideas. We are confident that our fair readers will be delighted with a work of so much merit and beauty as Mrs. KERR's *Melodies*.

One Hundred Cuts to the Comic Annual.—This is a very cheap and a very droll collection of humorous subjects, admirably executed, and printed upon two large sheets. Some of the ideas are excellent, and calculated to excite considerable merriment and laughter; among which we may particularize, The Loves of Miss Dinah and Master Sancho, The Detachment, Hot and Cold Baths, The Brotherly Attachment, &c.

THE COMIC OFFERING, edited by Louisa H. Sheridan.—That which L. E. L. is in the world of sentiment, Miss Sheridan is in the world of *fun*; the absolute empress, unrivalled and unparelled. Her present volume of the Comic Offering, fully establishes the high reputation which her previous effusion gained her, and is, in every respect, calculated to afford the utmost amusement and delight. The engraved drolleries are exquisite; each of them speaks a volume of waggery, and many will occasion hearty and uncontrollable laughter. We have no hesitation in saying that Miss Sheridan's "*Offering*," is one of the most acceptable we have ever been presented with; it is, undoubtedly, the most humorous and *really* droll of the Comic Annuals. The accompanying literature is of the first description, and we regret that our limits prevent us from transferring a specimen of those exquisite effusions to our pages.

THE DRAMA.

The *Haymarket Theatre* closed its season on the 18th ult., the greater part of its concluding performances having been supported by Mr. KEAN. Nothing, however, of novelty having been produced, we pass on to our review of Drury Lane, which opened on the 1st with TOBIN's play of the *Honey Moon*, in which Mr. JONES, from Edinburgh, made his ap-

pearance in the part of *Rolando*. J. RUSSELL in that of *Lampedo*; a Miss KENNETH as *Zamora*, and Mrs. BRUDENELL in the character of *Violante*. Of these, Miss KENNETH promises to become the greatest favourite; her performance of the interesting part of *Zamora*, being remarkably clever, and giving promise of future excellence. We have since seen this young lady in the part of *Peggy* (*Country Girl*), and our opinion is, that she will become, when more accustomed to the London Stage, one of the brightest acquisitions which it has had since the time when the only adequate representative of the *Country Girl* was in the zenith of her popularity. Mrs. BRUDENELL, whose devotions are alternately addressed to the tragic and comic muses, gave a very lively and spirited representation of *Violante*.* The *Rolando* of Mr. JONES was a failure. Mr. WALLACK and Miss PHILLIPS displayed considerable talent in their respective characters of the *Duke* and *Juliana*.

The comedy of the *Country Girl*, with the exception of Miss KENNETH's *Peggy* was very badly played. WALLACK, COOPER, and FARRER should have sustained the characters of *Sparkish*, *Belville*, and *Moody*, and while these performers were in the company, it was bad management to place those parts in the hands of BALLS, HILL, and ANDREWS, very creditable actors, no doubt, and rising in their profession; but at a national theatre, the town expects *matured* and *finished* talent in the representatives of principal characters. If managers and actors persist in the ridiculous system of *starring*, they must take the consequence, and play to empty benches.

The French drama of *Dominique*, which has been hacknied at almost all the minor theatres about town, was produced as a "novelty" here. It is altogether unworthy of notice.

Mrs. and Mr. WOOD have commenced their engagement, and attract very good audiences. The sweet voice of Mrs. WOOD is quite as delightful as ever; but we think that of her talented partner has more than its usual huskiness. A Mr. TEMPLETON has appeared in *Young Meadows* and *Belville*: he promises to become popular. We particularly admired the beautiful expression which he imparted to the air "O, how could I in language weak;" his falsetto is particularly effective. Miss FIELD, who undertook the part of *Lucinda*, is a singer of second-rate pretensions: she was favourably received. The long talked of melo-drama *The Lions of Mysore*, has at length been produced, and the stage of Drury Lane has become converted into a *menagerie* and a *lion ring*. Such performances cannot be commended, and are, indeed, perfectly appalling. Our fair readers have shuddered at the recital of the *bull fights* of Spain,—are the combats with lions fraught with less terror? Such exhibitions are disgraceful to a civilized country, and whether there be danger in them or not, they are not of a character to be tolerated upon an English stage. The dialogue of the "drama" is particularly wretched.

Hamlet, with Mr. YOUNG in the principal character, was the tragedy with which the rival theatre commenced its performances for the season. We never beheld Mr. YOUNG in

* Considerable amusement was excited, when the picture of young *Montalban*, to which *Violante* had been unfolding the secrets of her heart, was carried off the stage. Inadvertently, the face of the picture was disclosed to the audience, who found it to represent a bluff, portly old gentleman, with above sixty winters on his brow!!

this, his principal character, to greater advantage than upon the present occasion; every scene being portrayed with all that fine and minute effect, which is so eminently characteristic of this great tragedian. We regret that the present season will terminate Mr. YOUNG's performances upon the stage. The subordinate characters in the tragedy were very indifferently sustained.

Miss INVERARITY has appeared in the character of *Rebecca* (*Maid of Judah*) and *Rosina* (*Barber of Seville*), in both of which she has displayed her brilliant talent to the utmost advantage: delivering the difficult music with precision and beautiful effect. Her *Rebecca*, if it ranks second to that of Miss PATON (Mrs. WOOD) is second to that alone; and Miss INVERARITY need fear the rivalry of no other professor. Mr. MORLEY was quite unequal to the part of *Cedric*.

In the *Barber of Seville*, a Mr. REYNOLDSON supported the character of *Bartolo*, the music of which he delivered very creditably. HODGES, who appeared at the Olympic last year, was advertised for *Fiorello*, but did not appear: WILSON undertaking the part, by whom it was sustained with much greater talent than Mr. HODGES is possessed of. Indeed, we consider both Mr. HODGES and Mr. REYNOLDSON useless appendages to the establishment.

Little Miss POOLZ has appeared in a multiplicity of characters, in a lively piece, (written for her), entitled *A Genius Wanted*, with much and deserved success.

FANNY KEMBLE has at length, essayed her powers upon another character of her great relative,—that of *Queen Katharine*. We had prepared some remarks upon her talented performance, but the length of our preceding articles compel us to postpone their publication until next month.

The OLYMPIC THEATRE has again opened under the direction of Madame VESTRIS, who, adopting our suggestions, has engaged a more talented *male* company than she possessed last season. LISTON, HORN, and JAMES VINING preside over the principal departments, and the pieces which have been produced have, therefore, been ably sustained. "Talk of the Devil," is a very inferior production, and in which LISTON appears to great disadvantage. A farce called "I'll be your Second," has, however, introduced this popular player in a better point of view.

HORN has superseded young SPAGNOLETTI, as Colonel Dervell in *The Chaste Salute*. Miss SIDNEY retains her original character, which she plays with such eminent ability. "I don't see how I can refuse you," is delightfully sung. Some slight alterations have been made in the cast of *Olympic Revels*; but the present representative of the *Swiss Boy* is not half so droll as the original personator of the character. *Gervase Skinner* is a humorous trifle, and well supported by LISTON.

ADELPHI.—A terrific piece called *The Sea Serpent* has been produced here, from the horror-teeming pen of Mr. Ball Fitzball, who seems concoctor general of the terrible to this establishment. It is a very wretched production; but as it seems to have been written merely to exhibit "the effects peculiar to this theatre," we shall pass by it without comment. *The Wreck Ashore* continues to attract. JOHN REEVE ought to be voted a pension by the managers, for his exquisite drollery in *Magog*. It is one of the richest comic assumptions that we have ever seen. *Victorine*, an adaptation from the French, is powerfully supported by Mrs. YATES; and REEVE as *The Lion*! in a burlesque of *Hyder Ali*, does greater wonders than his quadruped rival at Drury Lane.





County of Jersey.

Grecian

Fancy Costume.

The Queen.



Dress for the Theatres.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-coloured *crêpe lisse*, over satin to correspond; the *corsage* is made low and square, and lightly embroidered round the bust. *Beret* sleeves, very short and full. A rose coloured gauze ribbon is crossed, something in the shape of an X, on the bust, forms a heart behind, and is disposed on each shoulder in very full *nœuds de Paye*. A Grecian border, of bright green and carnation mingled, adorns the skirt just above the hem. The hair is combed back upon the forehead, and the hind hair dressed in platted bands, which are brought across the forehead on each side, and then turn back, and form a full knot on the summit of the head. The *coiffure* is composed of a mixture of ends of ribbon with golden ears of ripe corn, and a *ferronière* of dead gold placed high upon the forehead.

MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

A *jaconot* muslin dress, *corsage en peignoir*, with sleeves of the Medicis kind, lightly embroidered at the lower part. The skirt is also finished with a double row of light embroidery. The bonnet, of the *demi capote* shape, is of white rippled satin, trimmed with green and white gauze ribbon and sprigs of field flowers. Blond lace cravat, fastened with a gold and ruby brooch. Cashmere shawl.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *gaze Polonais*, over a white *gros de Naples* slip. The *corsage* sits close to the shape, it is cut low and rounded on the shoulders; it is ornamented round the top of the bust with rose-coloured gauze ribbon, forming a point in front, and terminating in a bow behind. Short full sleeves; the fullness caught up in the centre of the arm, by a bow of rose-coloured ribbon; the *ceinture* corresponds. The skirt is trimmed with a band of rose-coloured ribbon, placed at the edge of the hem, and terminating on the left side in a knot, formed by the ends of the ribbon, in which a bouquet of flowers is inserted. The hair is dressed à la *Princesse Marie*, and ornamented by a gold chain, disposed *en ferronière*, and a bouquet of flowers placed on one side.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A front view of the first evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the morning dress.

FIG. 3.—A side view of the second evening dress.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of pale salmon-coloured *gros de Naples*, lightly figured in a new pattern. The *corsage* is made high, to sit close to the shape, and ornamented only with a fold of the

same material, which, forming a *petit cœur* in front of the bust, goes plain round the back. The sleeves are à l'*Amadis*. The *caneton* is of white *tulle*, very richly embroidered; it is of the pelerine form behind, with ends which descend below the knee. It is very full trimmed round the bust, and finished with a ruff at the throat. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, the ribbon that trims it is rose-colour and white, with a slight intermixture of *brun henneten*.

GRECIAN FANCY COSTUME.

The trowsers are of white and crimson striped silk, made very large. The tunic of white satin, with a *corsage à l'enfant*; the fulness confined round the upper part by an embroidery in gold. Loose sleeves of extraordinary width. The skirt, which does not descend lower than the middle of the leg, is finished round the border with a superb embroidery in gold. The head-dress consists of an Athenian cap, it is of silk embroidered in gold, and placed on the crown of the head. The hair parted on the forehead, is confined on each side by a bouquet of flowers, and being braided at regular distances with pearls, falls over the bosom and shoulders. Rose-coloured slippers.

SECOND MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

A *gros de Tours* pelisse, of a new and very rich shade of fawn colour. The *corsage* is made high behind, and to sit close to the shape, but open on the breast, and finished, *en revers*, with satin of a deeper shade. The *revers* is very broad at top, open on the shoulders, and forms a pelerine behind; it descends down the front in the style of a broken cone, and is scalloped at the sides. A band, of the same material as the dress, crossed by gold galon, goes up the centre. Cambric *chemisette*, with an embroidered falling collar. Bonnet of the *demi capote* shape, trimmed on the inside of the brim with a band and rosette of rose-coloured ribbon. The crown is trimmed with bows, and with an ornament of cut ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of Fig. 4.

FIG. 2.—A bonnet of lilac *gros des Indes*, trimmed on the inside of the brim with blond lace, arranged à l'*avantail*, and knots of *vapeur* gauze ribbon. A bouquet of fancy flowers and bows of ribbon adorn the crown.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the morning and carriage dress.

FIG. 4.—A half-dress cap, composed of blond lace, through which the hair protrudes; it is ornamented with bows and rouleaus of rose-coloured ribbon, and roses with their foliage.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *Ipseintine*, *corsage en petit cœur*, cut very low, and trimmed with a double fall of blond lace. *Beret*

sleeves. The mantle is of violet-coloured *reps Africain*, and lined with white *gros de Naples*; it is of ample width, with a pelerine and collar of an entirely new description, trimmed with satin rouleaus and tassels to correspond. The head-dress is a black satin *chapeau-beret*, with rose-coloured feathers.

DRESS FOR THE THEATRES.

A dress of pearl-grey *chaty*; a low corsage fitting close to the shape, and embroidered round the top. Sleeves à l'*Imbecille*, with double *mancherons*, embroidered in green and lilac. The border is worked to correspond, and is trimmed above the embroidery with a narrow double flounce. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged in a knot, from which a cluster of curls escape behind. A bouquet of damask roses is inserted in the knot, and a *ferronnière* adorns the forehead. The scarf is of rose-coloured *gaze cachemire*, it is twisted round the head only at the moment when the wearer quits the box.

MORNING DRESS.

A pelisse of watered fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*. Plain *corsage*, round pelerine, cut in *dents*, and trimmed, as is also the front of the dress, with rouleaus. Bonnet of pale blue satin, trimmed with fancy flowers, blond lace, and ribbon to correspond. Cachemire scarf.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING AND WALKING DRESS.

A dress of bright slate coloured *gros de Naples*; a plain high *corsage*, with Medicis sleeves. Pelerine of a large size, and of the form called à l'*Amazone*; it is trimmed with the same material and gold buttons. Swedish blue satin hat; the brim is lined with pea-green, and trimmed with *nœuds* of green and white gauze ribbon; full bows of ribbon decorate the crown. Drah *gros des Indes bottines*.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A pelisse dress, composed of jaconet muslin. Plain *corsage*, made up to the throat, with Medicis sleeves. A dark green ribbon is run through a casing that borders the front and bottom of the dress. The front is edged with a double trimming of the same material, small plaited. Round pelerine to correspond. Full ruffs and neck-knot of ribbon, striped in various shades of green. Morning cap of English lace, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a small bouquet of half-blown roses placed on one side. This dress is peculiarly appropriate for the breakfast table.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

A wrapping dress of *aventurine gros de Naples*; plain *corsage*, high behind, but open in front, displaying an embroidered cambric *chemisette*. Sleeves à l'*Amadis*, with worked cambric *mancherons*. The apron is of Swedish blue *gros de Naples*, with braces *en cœur*, and very large *jockeys*; it is of a three-quarter length, and cut in round *dents*. Morning cap of embroidered tulle, trimmed with Swedish blue ribbon. The square falling collar is of cambric, trimmed with the same material.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Cambric trowsers; a frock of sky-blue *gros de Naples*, short enough to display the trimming of the cambric petticoat. The apron is of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a brace *en cœur*; the brace and pockets are embroidered in damask roses; there is also one on each side of the skirt.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the third morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of a morning dress, composed of green chaly, trimmed round the back with *dents*, lightly embroidered in white, and attached by gold buttons. High standing collar, cut in *dents*, and embroidered, as are also the *jockeys*. The hat is a back view of that of the morning and walking dress.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A cambric under-dress, the *corsage* is disposed in folds, and made up to the throat; it is finished by a ruff, composed of cambric, cut in cocks'-combs, and edged with narrow lace. The outer dress is of celestial blue *gros de Naples*, it is of the pelisse form, open in front, and trimmed on each side with a light embroidery of the darkest shade of blue. Low *corsage*, of the shawl kind, with a double pelerine; the first cut in long round *dents*, the second embroidered to correspond with the fronts. Medicis sleeves. The hat is of blue *gros des Indes*, of a lighter shade; it is trimmed with *coques of ribbon* to correspond with the dress, on the inside of the brim. Ornaments of cut ribbon adorn the crown.

EVENING DRESS.

A pink crape *demoiselle redingote*, over *gros de Naples* to correspond. *Corsage* of a delicate height, finished, in the shawl style, with a lappel of a new form, which, as well as the fronts and border of the dress, is very richly embroidered in white silk. The sleeves are of the *Amadis* shape. Crape hat to correspond, trimmed, in a novel style, with blond lace, cut ribbon, and ostrich feathers.

MORNING DRESS.

A high dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, plain tight *corsage*, nearly covered by a double pelerine of a new form, for which we refer to our print. The sleeves are of the long *gigot* kind. Satin bonnet of a rather darker shade than the dress, and of the round *capote* shape; it is trimmed with *nœuds*, which are edged with blond lace, and interspersed with ends; they are of green ribbon. A short blond lace veil is thrown carelessly back upon the crown. The falling collar is also of blond lace.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

A blue velvet *chapeau beret*, trimmed on the inside of the brim with gauze ribbon to correspond: it is arranged à l'*Sultane*. A bouquet of ostrich feathers also to correspond, placed on one side of the crown droops over the brim.

A Lady of Edinburgh, who, from dislike to publicity, begs leave to decline giving her name and address, acquaints Messrs. Rowland and Son, of her having had a juvenile party at her house last Halloween, and of the occurrence and extraordinary results which thence ensued. In performing one of those rites of superstition common on that eventful evening, her daughter, while invoking the appearance of her sweetheart, was encountered by a young man in terrific costume, which so greatly alarmed her that she kept her bed during several days; the powerful effects of fear being additionally manifested by the hair of her head, which previously was of jet black and of fine growth, becoming entirely grey, and so thin, that very little remained. Under these circumstances, a friend of the family recommended ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, which, having been used daily since November last, up to about a fortnight ago, effectually reinstated the young lady's tresses, and in their natural colour, to the great delight, and we may add astonishment, both of herself and friends. This is not the first instance of change and renovation of the hair by ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, in similar cases, as well as in those of severe accouchement, anxiety, &c. This universally celebrated specific having long been known to ladies of the first distinction as the best guarantee for the prolongation of female beauty.



Fashion & L. N. 1901



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NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1831.

Our sovereign lady and mistress now commands her fair lieges to lay aside the light and simple costume, usually adopted in the beginning of autumn, and to appear in the costly and elegant garb so becoming, because it has the richness, without the heaviness, of winter dress. At this season, when thousands of manufacturers look to the ORDINANCES of our ABSOLUTE QUEEN for bread, she, in her maternal solicitude for their interests, ordains that every vestige of summer costume should disappear; and that expensive silks, new fancy materials, and embroidery, should be the order of the day. These, in their turn, must give place to the rich satin, the superb velvet, and costly fur. Mrs. BELL, always on the alert to bring forward such novelties as are sanctioned by elegance and taste, is this month more than usually happy, as our fair readers will see by the slight sketch we are about to give them, of the mantles, dresses, &c., which her creative genius has introduced.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Hats of *moire*, lined with satin, are, in our opinion, among the most elegant of those just introduced. The crown is round, and of a moderate height, the brim a little larger, and some thing wider than those lately worn. Some are trimmed with ribbons only; others with cocks' feathers, arranged in the shape of a branch of weeping willow; this ornament is placed on one side, and a full knot of ribbon on the other. *Feuille d'Acanthe aventurine*, rose colour, and Swedish blue, are the colours most in favour for hats. Sometimes the satin that lines them is of the same colour, but more frequently white.

All the new autumnal bonnets are decidedly of the cottage shape; more so, indeed, than they were last summer. Small brim, cut square at the ears, but pointed in front, and shading the face very much. The crown is placed very far back. On the left side is a small knot, from which issue two long light bows, and two ends of ribbon, arranged something in the style of the wings of a windmill in motion. The curtain behind is very full. *Moire* and *Gros des Indes* are the favourite materials for bonnets.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Mrs. BELL has introduced some very elegant autumnal mantles in *Gros de Tours*, *Gros des Indes*, and *cachemirienne*; the last are of different patterns, the others plain. We refer to our print for the model of a singularly elegant one. Others are made with sleeves, which form a point upon the hand, and a double collar. But the most ingenious, and, perhaps, the most useful novelty since the introduction of the *chapeau bras* by Mrs. BELL, is a mantle for evening parties, made with whalebone in the sleeves, in such a manner that it can neither fall upon the dress, nor rumple it.

Several orders have already been given for wadded pelisses. They are composed either of *Gros des Indes*, or *Gros de Naples*, and are, in general, of the new colours, *aventurine*, *feuille d'acanthé*, and *de Maintenon*; this last is an extremely rich, but sober, colour. Wadded pelisses are made in a very plain style, and are distinguished only by the richness of their material. They have a plain tight *corsage*, with *amadis* sleeves, the upper part of which are sustained by elastic bracelets; they are very narrow, and are concealed

immediately below the elbow by the fulness of the sleeves. There is always a large pelerine, and sometimes two.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HALF-DRESS.—Plain and figured *chaly*, *Gros de Naples*, and merinos, are the materials in favour; but we must observe, that very few dresses of the latter material have yet been seen, and they are of the most beautiful and expensive kind. *Chaly* and *Gros de Naples* are in equal favour. The most novel *corsages* are made à la *vierge* in front, with full backs, which fasten invisibly, or else with a little fulness at top, and drawn at bottom. An ornament, of a perfectly novel form, somewhat resembling a *collerette*, composed of the same material as the dress, adorns the top of the *corsage*.

HEAD-DRESSES IN HALF-DRESS.—Satin and *moire* are the favourite materials for half-dress hats. We have even seen some lined with velvet, but as yet very few. The prettiest are of blue satin, trimmed with a bouquet of short curled ostrich feathers, to correspond. A round brim, of a very becoming width across the forehead, and rather close at the ears; the brim is lined with blond lace, gathered in the shape of a fan.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—Among the new materials which belong to winter rather than autumn, but for which many orders have already been given, are the *satin polonais* and à la *reine*, *reps Africain*, *Ipsilentine*, and *moires à colonnes satinées*. These materials are of extreme richness. The *satin à la reine* unites the gloss of the richest satin, to the softness and graceful flow of cachemire. A new article, called *gros de Tours à rubans de satin*, will, it is expected, be much in favour; it fully equals the finest velvets. The gauzes for evening dress are, perhaps, the most novel and beautiful that have ever yet appeared.

These novelties will begin to be generally adopted towards the middle of the month; at present *chaly* and *cachemire* are most in favour. Some have the *corsages à la Grecque*, and short wide sleeves, with falling plaits; it is a great improvement to these sleeves that they are lined with a stiffened material, instead of having an under sleeve.

HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.—Dress hats are becoming very fashionable. Velvet ones begin to be worn, and will become general by the end of the month. Some are of *feuille d'acanthé* coloured velvet, trimmed with white *marabouts*, disposed in the form of a branch of weeping willow. The *marabouts* are of the colour of the hat, which we should observe is of the *demi-beret* form. The plume was placed on the right side, and falls very low on the left.

It is expected that turbans will be very much worn. The most elegant are of *gaze satinée d'Alger*. The folds of which the turban is composed, are put close together near the front, which is ornamented with a bandeau of the same material, forming a point, and embroidered in silver. A tor-sade, also embroidered, comes from the left ear, and traverses the turban, forming, in a light style, the figure of an S, and terminates at the back of the crown.

The fashionable colours are *feuille d'acanthé*, *aventurine*, *brun hannelton* and *de Maintenon*; all these are various, and rich shades of brown, rose-colour, Swedish-blue, green, red, lilac, and *ponceau*.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Hats and Bonnets.—*Capotes*, the brims of which are smaller than any that have yet been seen have re-appeared in our promenades. The brim is short at the ears, wide and square across the forehead, but so shallow that its edge is almost on a level with the curls on the forehead. The crown is of the usual shape, and terminated by a *bavolet*. These *capotes* are composed of *moire*, or of satin, and are ornamented with a small *panache* of short ostrich or *marabout* feathers, placed very much on one side.

We see also in *negligé*, many *capotes* of black *moire*, trimmed with black feathers, and some of marsh-mallows, or granite *moire*, ornamented with gauze ribbons the colour of the bonnet, or with knots of satin ribbon spotted with black.

Promenade hats have the brims a little shorter than those worn in the summer. They are always lined with different and very striking colours. *Moire* is the favourite material, and the ornaments are ribbons or feathers.

MAKE AND MATERIALS.—*Out-Door Costume.*—*Douillettes*, (so wadded pelisses are called) are coming much into favour. Several are made of rich twilled sarsnet, but the greater number of *gros de Naples* or *gros des Indes*. They are made in a very plain stile, without any other trimming than a deep hem round the bottom, and one of half the breadth up the fronts, a large pelerine, and a deep falling collar. High Dresses composed of Cashmere wool, under the names of *Indonstanes* and *Thibitiens*, begin to be worn in the promenades. They are painted and figured in various patterns; that called *Mozambique* is extremely fashionable, and is remarkable for its elegant singularity. These dresses are made either with plain *corsages*, or with folds at the upper part, which form a *demi cœur*. The sleeves are either à l'*Amadis*, or of the short *gigot* shape. Boa tippets, Cashmere scarfs, and velvet pelerines, are all in favour with these dresses: the pelerines are most numerous. The sleeve of the dress must, if worn with a velvet pelerine, have a very deep velvet cuff, which is substituted for a bracelet. *Feuille d'Acanthe Aventureuse*, Swedish blue, and drab, are the favourite colours for those dresses.

Mantles are as yet little worn; but before the end of the month they will be very generally adopted. The new materials for mantles are of fine Cashmere wool; that called *Natalien*, is of a very original description: being of a double kind it does not require lining. Others are printed, figured, or embroidered in various patterns, distinguished for their novelty and singularity, particularly those called *Palameda*, *Zenobia*, *Manteau des Sultanes*, &c.

Costume de Spectacle.—The most elegant evening dresses are those seen at the theatre of the Palais Royal, and above all at the Opera. At the first it is generally evening *negligé*, at the latter for the most part grand costume. The materials most generally adopted for the first, are Cashmere and various fancy materials of silk and wool, which resemble it. The *corsages* are made half high, and usually à *schall*, with jockeys of the same material over white gauze sleeves à l'*Imbecille*. If the material is of a plain ground it is embroidered in silk above the hem: sometimes the *corsage* is of a three quarter height, and plain; in that case a blond lace *canezou à schall* is worn with it, which terminates like a *fichu*

with pointed ends, crossing under the *ceinture*; *gros de Naples*, *gros des Indes*, and fancy silks are also worn, but the materials above cited are most *distingué*.

Cashmere, *chaly*, and *moire* are generally adopted in grand costume. The *corsage* is made low, and usually *drapé en cœur*. The sleeve is of the *cornet* form. The *corsage* is always trimmed with blond lace disposed in a new stile; a *mantille-pelerine* of the material of the dress is cut in *dents de scie*, of a large size, and with the points turning towards the breast: they are edged with narrow blond lace set on very full.

We noticed at the Opera some open dresses of the tunic form, composed of *chaly*, a *ponceau* pattern upon a white ground, with drapery *corsages*, narrow on the shoulders, and opening in the redingote stile over a white crape under dress. *Beret* sleeves, also of white crape, and plaited in contrary directions.

Coiffure de Spectacle.—Dress hats and *bérets* are in favour, so are head-dresses of hair adorned with flowers. The first are now generally of plain velvet, with low crowns and large round brims: those of *ponceau* velvet are much admired: the inside of the brim is trimmed with blond lace, *en evantail*. A velvet torsade trims the front, the brim is cut square towards the left ear, so as to shew a velvet ornament, from which comes a long white ostrich feather that droops over the shoulders. A second feather droops over the top of the crown, which is sometimes formed of velvet bands, interlaced in such a manner as to form squares, every second one of which is open.

HEAD-DRESSES AT THE KING'S CONCERT.—Crape turbans, embroidered in silver, and trimmed with silver *esprits*. Silver gauze *bérets* and crape hats, both adorned with silver *esprits*, or ostrich feathers; sometimes with a mixture of both, were the *coiffures* of the matrons. The younger belles were *en cheveux*. Their hair dressed high and light, and generally in soft braids upon the forehead. These *coiffures* were ornamented with flowers or knots of ribbon only.

Extract from the Philadelphia Freeman's Journal of February 19, 1822.—“Every discovery, no matter of what nature, in a lesser or a greater degree, adds lustre to the human mind, and reflects credit on the individual who, by his zeal, industry, and researches, has brought to perfection such discovery. But, in the illimitable field of chemistry, how much more is due to him, who shall effect in that exhaustless science, an useful preparation, so as to make age appear young, and to adorn beauty. I have been led to this remark, by having seen the wonderful effects produced by the application of Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, upon those who had been bald, or whose hair had been thin and weak. From the respectability of the recommenders of this precious capillary restoring and preserving balm, and from conversations with others who have made trial of it, I was induced to use it, in order to satisfy myself. I was hereditarily bald, and was the sport of my juvenile associates, whom nature had endowed with this ornamental clothing. Their scoffs and jeers I bore with a philosophical froideur. After having tried a great variety of unctions, none of which had the effect of preventing the falling-off, much less of restoring to me my hair, I consequently declined them, after patient and reiterated attempts, as spurious in toto. Still anxious, in an advanced period of age, to appear no older than I really was, I resorted to Oldridge's Balm, and to my utter astonishment, and to the wonder of those who grew with my growth, strengthened with my strength, and declined into the vale of years with me, I can boast as fine a covering of hair as any of my acquaintance, from sixteen to thirty years of age.

“A. AKEROYD, South Front-Street, Philadelphia.”
OLDRIDGE'S BALM causes whiskers and eye-brows to grow, prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops the hair from falling off. Abundance of certificates from gentlemen of the first respectability in England, are shown by the Proprietors, C. & A. Oldridge, 1, Wellington Street, Strand, London, where the Balm is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders.—Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXXIII.—English Earls.

THE EARL OF RADNOR.

"Of lineage time-marked, BOUVERIE's ancient name,
Hist'ry enrols upon her page of fame;
From Flanders LAURENCE came to plant his line,
'Midst England's knights in chivalry to shine:
From him, descending noble heirs have sprung
To higher titles, by advancement's tongue;
'Till by a Monarch's well advised grace,
The name of RADNOR dignifies their race."

After an unavoidable recess, so to speak of a couple of months, it is pleasant to be enabled to resume the theme we now again take in hand, with a history of the *genealogical* advancement and honours of a noble family whose members have been our own and our ancestors neighbours for years; and the *biography* of a nobleman whose progress we have noted with no common interest, since circumstances, and localities almost threw us in every-day acquaintance with each other. However of this further as we advance, since it will be more consistent in the first place, to state, that WILLIAM PLEYDELL BOUVERIE, VISCOUNT FOLKSTONE, of Folkstone, in the county of Kent, BARON LONGFORD, of Longford in Wilts; Baron PLEYDELL BOUVERIE, of Coleshill, in the county of Berks, and a baronet, was born the 11th May, 1779, and is now therefore at the ripe and considerate age of something more than fifty-two years.

His Lordship on the decease of his much regretted and highly respectable father, an event which took place on the 27th January, 1828, succeeded to the family honours, and hereditary estates, as *third* Earl of RADNOR.—

"A title honour'd by his active mind,
Which ever seeks due exercise to find."

From a reference to those ancient records, and historical documents, which from their antiquated nature, are best adapted to our present occupation; we find that the surname of this family has at different periods undergone very great changes. For instance, from De Bouverie, De la Bouverie, Des Bouveries, Des Bouverie; it has been finally settled, by act of Parliament, into *Bouverie*. That the family is not only of early origin, and of ancient fame, we have sufficient proof in the history of the low countries, since in their annals we find frequent and highly honourable mention made of their prowess and their name.

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LAURENCE DE BOUVERIE, a native of Flanders, appears to have been the first of these who left his native country to become an adopted subject of ours. He, with his wife Barbara Vanden Nove, niece of an opulent silk-manufacturer of Frankfort on the Maine, having taken up their abode at Canterbury in 1568.

From this gentleman's heirs or relatives, sprung what may be designated the first hereditary titled honours of the Bouverie family; inasmuch as we find that his great grandson, WILLIAM DES BOUVERIE, Esq. (eldest son of Sir Edward de Bouverie, Knt. who flourished as an eminent London Turkey merchant in 1694,) was in 1714 created a Baronet. This gentleman was twice married, and, like his father, was a merchant, a metropolitan active and industrious tradesman; thus proving *them* as *now*, that honest exertions can in this the city of cities, this the opulent and still increasing London,—

(" ————— Babylon of old,
Not more the envy of the world than she,")

meet their rewards; and that on honour's head honours may accumulate, without their possessor dating his lineage from sovereigns, or his wealth from the parsimony of his ancestors.

In 1717, Sir Edward de Bouverie, the father of the above-mentioned, dying without issue, was, in 1736, succeeded by his brother JACOB, who was elevated to the Peerage by the titles of Lord Longford, Baron of Longford, and Viscount Folkstone. This honourable advancement bears date the 29th June, 1747. His Lordship

"Twice to hymen spoke his marriage vows,
And twice was blessed with honourable spouse."

His first wife being Mary, daughter and heiress of Bartholomew Clarke, Esq. of Hardington in the county of Northampton, by whom he had a large family; and after her decease, "when sorrow had its tears somewhat allayed,"—Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Lord Romney, by whom he had one surviving son, who assumed the surname of Pusey, and married (1798) Lucy eldest daughter of Robert 4th Earl of Harborough, and widow of Sir Thomas Cave, Bart.

In 1761 the escutcheon over the portals of their mansion told of the death of one Earl and the accession of another in the person of his eldest son William, the second Viscount; who on the 29th October, 1765, was created Baron Pleydell Bouverie, of Coleshill, in the county of Berks, and Earl of RADNOR, with the remainder of the Earldom in default of male issue, to the male descendants of his deceased father, Jacob Viscount Folkstone. The first wife of this nobleman,

("For he too found the wedded life a state
That sham'd the dull monotonous repose
Of single blessedness—")

was Harriet only daughter of Sir Mark Stuart Pleydell, of

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Coleshill, Bart. by whom he had an only son JACOB VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE.* He subsequently united himself on the 5th September, 1751, to Rebecca daughter of John Alleyne, Esq. His Lordship, in 1765, (death having again taken a "helpmate" from him) again entered into the wedded state, his choice falling upon Anne, Lady Dowager Feversham, by whom he had two daughters, who died in their infancy. He was succeeded in January, 1776, by his eldest son JACOB, born 4th March, 1750, who thus became the *second* EARL of RADNOR. This nobleman, married on 24th January, 1777, the Hon. Anne Duncombe, daughter and co-heiress of Anthony Lord Feversham (a dignity conferred upon his Lordship which expired with him, in 1763,) whose issue consisted of, WILLIAM, the *present* Earl.

Duncombe Pleydell, M. P. Captain R. N.; Frederick Pleydell, a banker in Westminster, and a gentleman of highly liberal principles, who married, in 1811, a sister of the present Sir William A'Court.

Jacob the *second* Earl, was recorder of Sarum, and caused to be erected the Court-house and Council-Chamber there, and High Steward of Wallingford. He was a nobleman of the old school; plain in his habits and dress; punctual in his occupations and engagements. As a magistrate, he was constant in attendance, and just in decision; as a nobleman, liberal (if not frequent) in his entertainments; (the corporation of Sarum benefitted by these, and why should not their "most sweet voices" be so required?) and the deserving tradesman, or the honest traveller, ever found a jug of potent home-brewed and other cheering sustenance to recreate their feelings. He was a staunch tory, a thorough "King's man," but let that pass: he was also a great patron of provincial theatricals—of the poor player who had pitched his scenery at Salisbury; and it is yet a pride to us to reflect that many a time and oft we have sat in the same box with the venerable Earl and his Lady, sharing their talk of the drama, and their wishes for the prosperity of the humble illustrators of it, before them. Let these compassionate traits be remembered. In the night of his career, he sunk into a kind of listlessness and apathy; and on the 27th January, 1828, his thread of life snapped for ever, and he was succeeded by William the present and third Earl of his name.

This Nobleman may without exaggeration be said to have been a public and a bustling character, one invariably on the liberal side in politics, and at certain periods of his career, somewhat too hasty perhaps in his decisions, and too violent towards a tendency further to excite the already inflated feelings of the people. As Lord Folkestone, however, his earlier actions, and progress will be sufficiently remembered, and it were ill taste in us to recall the days of Wardle, and the tergiversations of Cobbett. His talents are considerable, and on some recent occasions (the divorce bill of a *gay ex-Secretary* for instance, the oppressive game laws, &c. &c.) he has energetically exerted them on the side of honour, feeling, honesty, and morality. At home, he is a good master and landlord, and like his father a most just magistrate; the poor find in him a frequent advocate when they have deemed them-

selves deserted; and the rich an uncompromising opponent if they have set right at defiance. In fact, he is "a righteous judge," if we must not call him "a Daniel come to judgment." In his earlier green years of inconsiderate youth, we have heard tales (possibly they *were such*—mere *false inventions*) of betting tables, and bartered estates; but those *cares* no longer encumber the soil of Longford, (where the barrel of ale is still brewed for the poor, and the cold sirloin laid out for the wayfarer), for its proprietor is now garnering the reward of a prudent sowing. In all things in fact, he might be said to have sobered himself down, or rather advanced himself upwards, to that truly noble character—a respected, and energetic British Nobleman.

His Lordship married on 2nd October, 1810, Catherine, only daughter of Henry Earl of Lincoln, and grand daughter of Henry second Duke of Newcastle, by whom he has an only surviving daughter, Catherine (b. 8 July, 1801), who married 13th May, 1828, Lieut. Col. Edward Pery Buckley, of the Grenadier Guards. The Earl's Lady dying, he on the 24th May, 1814, conferred his hand and title upon Anne Judith, third daughter of Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart.; and has issue Jacob Viscount Folkestone, born 18th Sept. 1815; Edward, b. 1818; Jane Harriet, b. in 1819, and Mary b. in 1825. The sister of the present Lady Radnor is the wife of Paul Methuen, Esq. sometime M. P. for Wilts, and who like his brother-in-law will be remembered for his Parliamentary essays, and now High Sheriff of that county.

The motto of the Bouverie family well assimilates with the character, the conduct, and the energies of the present head of it. It is *Patria cara carior libertas*; which being interpreted means, "my country is dear, my liberty is dearer." Upon this no further comment is necessary; the sentence speaks for itself; is firm, is emphatic; and we can have no doubt, but that judging from his plain straight forwardness of conduct and habit, that William third Earl of RADNOR would if it should ever be unfortunately necessary to do so, vindicate in his own person the force of its inculcations.

The country seats of this nobleman are Langford Castle, near Salisbury, Wilts, and Coleshill House, Berks. His town residence, St. James's Square.

There are two traits in the government of his conduct, by the present EARL OF RADNOR, which deserve peculiar notice, since they demand especial praise. The one is his liberality to neighbours, and even strangers, if they behave as gentlemen, with regard to sporting over his well-stocked manors,—well-stocked, indeed, on account of his generosity and forbearance respecting them; and the other consists in the employment, when in the country, of the tradesmen in his vicinity, in preference to sending a-field for them; and when in town, of giving his orders (and LADY R. is equally *English* in the same respect) *exclusively to his own countrymen*. Plain and John Bull like in his own habits and person, he detests to see any thing foreign about him, which may interfere with the well doing and simplicity of British produce or industry, or both. "*Look at home*" is his motto and his practice, in regard to these things; and it were better for old England did more of his lordship's compeers regulate their conduct by the same motive. It is no wonder *English tradespeople* should be put off with the crumbs from the rich man's table, when the *bold assurance of foreigners* lift them almost to a participation in their employer's feast! "*Fie on't, oh fie!*"

* Sir Mark Stuart Pleydell bequeathed his property, in 1768, to his grandson, Jacob, late Earl of Radnor, and to other members of the family, in remainder, directing that whoever inherited the same, should adopt the name of Pleydell Bouverie, an injunction, since fortune from it springs, not likely to be heedlessly slighted.

I'LL FOLLOW THEE!

I'll follow thee,
Wherever thou goest, o'er land or sea,
On fortune's tide, or by fate's decree,
Still will I follow, follow thee!

Love is the holding chord of life,
And when 'tis sever'd both must fall;
For love will live to our *final* hour,
And never, never yield at all.
The lamp will burn when the taper's fed,
And the light will still be bright;
When one expires the other yields,
And sinks in endless night!

And such is love,
Wherever 'tis found, on earth, or sea;
Such as it was, 'twill ever be,
And I will follow, follow thee!

The world may coldly frown upon
The loveliest and the best;
'Tis not the evil one, alone,
That care's cold couch hath prest.
But in the wreck of all our weal,
We may be happy still;
For the sun will shine o'er the barren glen,
As bright as on vine clad hill.

And love like the sun
Spreads rapture on all it beams upon;
Then, when our day of life is done,
We'll fade with it too, for our course is run!

I'll follow thee in scenes of bliss,
Of pleasure and of pride;
And should we tread the paths of care,
Still I'll be at thy side;
I'll share thy bliss—I'll soothe thy care,
With precepts from above;
My lot's with thee, where'er it be,
And this, and this is *love*!

I'll follow thee,
Wherever thou goest, o'er land or sea;
On fortune's tide, at fate's decree,
Still will I follow—follow thee!

L'ABBE DORIA'S DOG;

OR, A TALE OF MODERN ROME.

L'Abbé Doria was a tenor singer at the Pontifical Chapel. His tones were pure, although a little nasal, and his excellent method of instruction caused him to be in great requisition as a singing master; it was in that capacity he became known to me.

The Abbé had a dog; and I particularly noticed him one day, not because there was any thing extraordinary in the animal, but because his physiognomy pleased me; it announced a good temper, and I always feel attracted towards the possessors, whether bipeds or quadrupeds. I, therefore, familiarly patted the animal on the head.

After the marvellous talents we have heard recounted, and,

the singular acts we have seen done by the canine race, I will not venture to repeat in these pages the eulogium which Signor L'Abbaté was in the habit of making on his dog; but there can never be any harm in sounding the praises of one's dog! In saying that Signor Doria belonged to the papal choir, is an acknowledgment of his honorary title of Abbé, and also of his bachelor state; he lived in a modest retired manner, in a little mansion at the foot of the Quirinal Mount. (I feel while I write, that it is impossible to speak of Rome without causing one's pulsations to vibrate even to one's finger ends.)

The Abbé was not alone in his domicile, he had his friend *Tever* along with him; that is to say, his dog was *Tever*, which also signifies the classic synonyme of Tiber. There are possibly some persons in the world who will think it mighty ridiculous to name a dog after a river, and we will not dispute the point with them. Be that as it may, *Tever's* education was confined to the *useful* and the *amiable*; he had no knowledge of abstruse sciences, he understood only his mother tongue, and rendered to his master all the services usual to the employment of both male and female domestics. Many persons in the world are homely enough to prefer useful qualities in a domestic, to those resplendent talents which dazzle, but which contribute not to the happiness of life. *Tever* opened the doors; he announced the visits of strangers; he turned the spit; and daily in the morning he filled the office of purveyor, with a fidelity scarcely to be met with in persons holding that office. His master provided him with a basket, which he regularly carried to the baker, who put in three *pagnettes*, (or little loaves) two of which were for the Abbé, and the other for his dog. Every thing was regulated with as much care as if performed by human means. The dog's portion, however, was sometimes by far the largest; for, being small of size, and his master very tall, while the one was occupied to forgetfulness of all but the sweet sounds of his art, the other indemnified himself by making free with an extra loaf. Although accustomed to the solemnity and grandeur of sacred music, it always produced the effect of raising emotions of wildness and melancholy in the Abbé's soul. He was young, and youth is the season of love! As to his companion—if the expression of *his* countenance must be anglicised—the head always a little inclined to the right, something vague and restless in his walk, and his abstruse meditations, added to the impression caused by his master's melody, it renders it very possible indeed, that his heart was occupied by some favourite object.

The two bachelors had a certain degree of decorum to observe on each part. Signor Doria sometimes re-entered his apartment with traces of great agitation on his countenance; but after a little, his eye ceased to sparkle so wildly, and his heart beat with less vehemence. *Tever*, also, would sometimes return to his home with open jaws and rapid breathing; and the scandal-mongers in that quarter—for the eternal city has its *coteries* as well as smaller towns—pretended that he had been roving about, during the performance of the sacred offices of the church, and that he had only tasted of the holy water as a matter of form. We will not seek to exonerate *Tever* from this insinuation, however odious it appears; he is as much the master and controller of his own actions as any one else.

Doria, being very exact in giving his lessons, surprised me greatly by his absence for a whole week; and I accordingly went one morning to see what had happened to him. I sur-

prised him in a fixed attitude, his eyes rivetted on a Madonna suckling her babe. There was a melancholy tenderness, as well as piety, in his look that was very affecting; but on perceiving me, he pretended to be highly pleased: an appearance that, under some circumstances, it behoves us to give credit to.

"Why have I not seen you all the week, *caro mio*?" said I, employing all the Italian words I could think of, in that phrase, to my entire satisfaction.

"Ah! pardon! pardon me my dear scholar," said he, elevating himself to the extent of his great height; "an important event has deprived me of the pleasure of waiting upon you. I have become a sponsor since I saw you last."

This event, so common in itself, appeared to him so important, that I felt quite surprised; and, moreover, at the smile which overspread his countenance, in which there was a certain arch and worldly expression, that contrasted strangely with its usual placidity. However, I carried my discretion to the extreme verge, and was silent; though I frankly own I felt a great wish to joke him upon what I conceived his air authorised me to suspect. Was it he, or myself, whom I respected? Without doubt, we had both a share in the sentiment.

At that precise moment *Tever* entered; he deposited his basket in its accustomed spot, and the poor musician ran towards him with a movement of curiosity which he was not sufficiently master of himself to contain. The dismay which again overspread his features was strongly marked, in opposition to the smile just before painted there.

"Again!" said he, and his arms fell listlessly against his side. I could not resist questioning him minutely, and with an unusual interest, so much was I excited.

"The perverseness of human nature is doubtless very great. No, no, I cannot accuse my dog; a theft is one of the vices attached to the race of *Adam*."

"You deceive, yourself, Abbé; a theft is a crime engendered of imperious necessity, as well as lying and meanness; misery degrades all those whom it doth not elevate—there is no medium state."

"Do you really think so?—That it was hunger caused the robbery? I would willingly be assured it was, and would then watch for the thief, and relieve his wants."

Doria then told me that for several days past he had been deficient in his *quantum* of *pagnettes*, although the baker had assured him that he always put three into *Tever's* basket. Finding in this fact a fitting occasion to justify the axiom I had set forth, I persisted to pour into his ear additional proofs of my philosophic spirit, which I deemed merited a professorship at least. "Why are you only *deficit* one loaf, Signor L'Abbé? Is your thief, think you, descended from those old Romans who demanded the Agrarian law? The division is, however, made very conscientiously: one loaf for the thief, for I suspect he is the most necessitated; another for you, and that is but just; and, finally, the third is for the carrier.—You laugh at my arrangement?"

"Yes, *caro scolare*, and at the good ideas which you suggest to me. I have always found that the less I eat the clearer is my voice; and from henceforward one loaf shall suffice me."

"You do not really mean it? I devour at *each* of my meals a similar loaf."

"For that reason, your voice is dull and heavy. You northern men have more need of food than I; besides, have

I not a child to whom I have promised before God assistance and protection? Here! look at these clothes—they are a proof of the care I mean to take of my godson."

The physiognomy of the musician again assumed its wily expression. "Very well, *caro maestro*, I will answer for it you are looking forward to a successor!"

"And why not? My father was one of the most beautiful bass singers in the chapel, and the poor babe is as fat and beautiful as one of Bernine's angels."

"But to resume the subject of the theft; I am very desirous to follow the steps of your dog. Perhaps I shall find means to do some good action; we must have compassion for our fellow-beings. Those who steal bread ought to be very miserable."

It was accordingly settled between us, that I should follow *Tever* the next morning. I took care to be in waiting for the porter, and carefully watched him during his exertion, thanks to my light and airy footstep!

Tever went to the baker's, according to custom, and he, being apprised of our design, supplied the accustomed quantity of bread. The dog then resumed his route towards *la via Scanderberg*, where he entered one of those houses denominated a *palace*, because they were built by the members of the papal families, and because they were ornamented with marble columns, and there still exists the cardinal's hat, overshadowing the arms and devices emblazoned there, for the edification and instruction of the grandsons of Paulus Emilius.

Notwithstanding the great haste with which I pursued *Tever*, I lost sight of him when I entered the vestibule, where a staircase of marble vainly displayed its former splendour, and the rich adornments of its sculpture. I experienced there one of those thrilling sensations which Anna Radcliffe's romances used to inspire me with, where the mysterious personage is made to abandon you suddenly in the midst of profound darkness. But through the small aperture of a door, barely to be called open, I saw some motion in a heap of straw which lay within; and directing my steps that way, I observed the purveyor steal out; and taking up his basket of provision, he regarded me with a wrathful and reproving eye, at once expressing—"Why do you disturb me? What harm have I done to you? May I not look after my own affairs? Am I desirous to penetrate into *your* secrets? If I were as wicked, as cruel, and as strong as you, I would not allow you to leave this place so quietly."

Poor *Tever* went away, however; but not without casting back at me many a tragical glance, equal in effect to those which are emitted from the orbs of some actors of superior characters. I then pursued my investigation, and perceived a mother of the canine race, surrounded by five or six young ones; and discontinuing her feast of pity's offering, in order to threaten me with the vengeance of two rows of strong masticators, which seemed to give greater effect to this magnificent abode of misery (and delight, perhaps—for who knows if amongst dogs there is not as much pleasure in receiving a favour, as there is in conferring one?)

"The musician is a sponsor," said I to myself, "and *Tever* is doubtless a father; each of them fulfils his appointed duty,—each of them follows the sweetest sentiments of nature; and if it is a rare instance in a dog—The devil take such a reflection! Am I going, like a low-minded moralist, to make a comparison between man and a brute, and to censure one at the expense of the other? No, no; L'Abbé Doria is an

excellent man; his voice is a little *nasal* to be sure, but his method is exquisite.

"*Tever* is the father of a family, to whom it only requires *reason* to inform him, that it is not wisdom to beget children unless one has wherewithal to feed them."

"Poor animal!" said Doria, on learning the fate of his loaf; "let him pursue his course. The baker shall put in *four pagnettes* in future."

"And then," *caro maestro*," said I, "the little ones will soon grow out of the way of needing their father's assistance."

"But do you think they will be grateful for it?" said the musician anxiously.

"No!" said I, "it is that sentiment which makes mankind superior to the brute."

The first woman to whom I related this adventure was struck dumb; the second wept; and the third cried out "a miracle!" and the story thus got into circulation. There was soon nothing else talked of in the "*Eternal City*" but the dog *Tever*; his master alone considered the action as simple and natural! I have related it in order to add to the history of renowned *canines* the name of *Tever*; and to prove that *instinct* is not more withheld from them, than the talent of learning, and a knowledge of scientific games are (more or less) to all cosmopolitans.

Instinct serves for inferior beings what acquired talent does for the superior—it is a distinctive mark.

I forgot to observe, that an accomplished prince, who possessed a copy of the celebrated picture of Guido, representing *filial piety*, caused one of the most skilful painters of the Roman school, to paint a piece representing this feature in the life of *Tever*. It was really an original—(I mean the picture.)

B.C.

THE HOME OF THE BETRAYED;

OR, THE ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL.

A TALE.

"Oh! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves—
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?
Still at thy father's board,
There is kept a place for thee;
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be!"

Mrs. HEMANS.

In the perils of existence, the beautiful and the young are sure to suffer most. From the hour when they first bloom into notice and admiration, snares are laid around them, and danger lurks concealed in every path they tread. Sympathy frequently is deceitful, friendship faithless, the voice of affection breathes only to betray, and guilt dwells in the heart that appears devoted to their innocence. Happy are they who are enabled to pass through the pilgrimage of existence unsullied and uninjured; and who, having surmounted the perils of the world, can look back upon the past, and, with a proud consciousness of innocence, survey their conduct with pleasure and content. Italy, the land of romance and love, is replete with illustrations of female worth, as well as of female degradation; of the most honourable results of affection, as well as of its worst effects. There, the impulses of woman

throb with all their intensity; with a power that neither force nor persuasion can destroy. Julie was the pride of the village; young and lovely, all her companions did homage to her superior attractions; the girls envying and the young men almost adoring her. Happy did they consider would that one be, who could succeed in inspiring her affections; but Julie seemed insensible to love, and, with the step of a fawn, bounded lightly and joyously over the green hills, and through the bright gem-studded vineyards of her village, untrammelled by any fetters of affection, and laughing at those who had been caught in a snare which she affected to despise. It may have been, that Julie was too proud; elated by the encomiums upon her beauty that continually met her ear, she, perhaps, disdained her village associates; certain it is, that the devotion and affection of Guiseppe, a young man every way worthy of the village coquet, was treated by her with scorn. All the ridicule, even the contempt of Julie, could not destroy the tenderness of her lover; but rather inspired fresh exertions, fresh energies, to remove her prejudices, and awaken her heart to similar feelings to those which glowed in his own. But his devotion was ineffectual; the love of Guiseppe merely afforded Julie a subject for the exertion of her wit, and she delighted in exhibiting her own pleasantries by holding up her lover to the ridicule of all her village acquaintance.

At this period, a troop of brigands were committing depredations in the vicinity of the village, and perpetrating the most savage barbarities; the peasantry themselves had armed, and made head against the ruffians, but they were completely overpowered by the superior force and ingenuity of their oppressors, and compelled to behold their ravages without being able to prevent them. A party of the military, however, were dispatched after the brigands, and they arrived at the village at the very moment when the peasantry, expecting an immediate attack, were prepared for a fierce encounter. At the appearance of the military, however, the brigands would not risk an engagement, but endeavoured to retreat; they were pursued by the troops, and forced to fight or perish; the conflict was short, for the brigand chief was killed at the onset, and the remainder either fell beneath the swords of their opponents, or succeeded in effecting their retreat.

The military returned to the village, and were received with frantic demonstrations of joy; the peasantry hailed them as their deliverers, and each one endeavoured to prove his gratitude. A festival was concerted to celebrate the happy event, and the youths and the maidens displayed their energies to render the entertainment worthy the occasion. Julie, the beautiful Julie, was the queen of the festival, and her best looks were called forth by the dignity of the guests. The loveliness of the gay coquette could not fail of attracting the notice of the strangers, and one of the young officers appeared particularly attentive to her during the festival. No one knew the nature of the conversation between them, but from the happy looks of Julie it was evident she was gratified. The next day Guiseppe continued his attentions, but Julie, who before had only laughed at him, now commanded him to speak no more upon the subject: her tone was haughty and imperious, her eyes shot forth their fires, and although the rose bloomed brightly upon her cheek, and she endeavoured to appear gay as heretofore, there was evidently something upon her heart that she wished not to reveal.

In a word, the heart of the village beauty had been caught

by the young Count Florian; he had succeeded in effecting, in a few short hours, what the peasant Guiseppe had laboured for many years, and Julie loved him. To her romantic heart, the difference between the Count's situation and her own presented no impediment; she believed all that he said to her, and trusted to become his wife. Heated to enthusiasm by his fond devotion, she trusted implicitly to all his asseverations, and, in a moment of passionate feeling, forsook father, friends, home,—all that was dear to her, save the one object who accompanied her flight,—all by whom she was truly loved! In the stillness of the night she passed from the spot of her innocence, her happiness—and was speedily in the travelling carriage of the Count, and on her way to Rome.

The love of Julie was *real*: inspired in a moment it was still intense and faithful; guilt dwelt in the heart of her betrayer, but her own was pure. The carriage passed rapidly on its route, through the embowering woods and vineyards, silent and still in the moonlight, unruffled even by a single breeze; and they had arrived at a dark and narrow portion of the road, when a shrill whistle was distinctly heard, which was immediately answered. "The brigands!" cried the Count; but the driver needed not the intimation, for lashing the horses, they flew along the road; but the brigands were too nigh them, and their progress was arrested, and the carriage stopped.

"Make the best terms you can with them," cried the Count to his servants; "and by no means let them know who I am."

The admonition was needless; for one of the brigands, upon opening the carriage door, immediately recognised the Count's person, and, cocking his carbine, exclaimed, "Count Florian, by the Holy Virgin!"

"Revenge—revenge!" cried the brigands simultaneously, and the whole of them rushed towards the carriage door. The Count, finding himself discovered, called upon his servants to assist, and preparing for a fierce encounter, desired Julie to fear nothing, as he would soon put the brigands to flight. A bullet, at that instant, passed between them; Florian passed through the opposite door, and joined his servants, who were fighting with the robbers. The contest was fierce and long—the Count and his servants had the best at the onset, but, ultimately, the brigands were prevailing. The affrighted Julie heard the rejoicing shouts of the latter, and, unable to remain longer in the agony of suspense, ventured to look from the vehicle; the Count had, at that instant, fallen beneath the demoniac fury of a brigand, whose weapon was already upraised to give the death-blow to his victim, when Julie, shrieking at the sight, snatched a pistol from the carriage, and levelling it at the head of the brigand, shot him dead, at the very instant he was about to terminate the existence of the Count, and his body fell with a dull heavy sound upon the earth.

Julie, overcome by her own heroism, fainted in the carriage; when she recovered, she was in the arms of her lover, the Count. The brigands had been overcome, and the carriage was now rapidly progressing towards its destination. The Count pressed his lovely preserver to his bosom, whilst she, almost unconscious of what she had, in the fervour of her affection, accomplished, clung fondly to her lover, listened to his passionate praises, and believing herself as truly loved, conceived that she had only done her duty.

And now Julie was introduced to a splendid palace at Rome. Pleasure administered to her, wants, and she was the mis-

tress of all that a magnificent fortune could command. She was arrayed in costly gem-adorned robes, the richest perfumes enriched the air she breathed, and the sweetest tones of melody greeted her enraptured ear.—But she was not the wife of Florian.

Was Julie *happy*? Alas, no! The enchantments of the varied scene into which she was introduced by the Count bewildered her soul—her thoughts were confused and wild—she trod a Paradise, in her own imagination,—and awakened only from her dream of felicity to find herself a *victim*!

The fascinations of jewels, gold, incense, and music then lost their effect; the air of novelty soon faded, and Julie looked upon every thing around her without pleasure, without *happiness*.—*That* had fled for ever. The truth of her situation began to appear, and in proportion as it became acknowledged, her heart felt sick and heavy; then the jewelled robes she wore spoke only a language of reprobation,—then the magnificent apartments, contrasted with the humble cottage of her fond father, presented an aspect of terror, and music only inspired her tears. What was the village beauty then! She was in the possession of every thing that wealth could command—numerous attendants waited upon her—her wants were anticipated—and every pleasure administered to beguile her wandering thoughts; but, even in the midst of felicity, a still, small voice whispered terror into her ear, and she would then shrink from her own reflections, and bury her face upon the bosom of her betrayer.

She at length conjured him to remove the weight of anguish from her heart; the Count evaded the unpleasant theme, and strove to divert her thoughts.—She implored him to make her *his wife*!

A look of mingled reproof and scorn was the only reply to her agonised appeal.

She fell upon her knees before her betrayer—bathed them with her tears—pictured the hours of innocence, when all her companions loved her for her beauty and her virtue; when her aged father clasped her to his bosom, and returned thanks to heaven for giving him such a child—so good, so innocent! She contrasted that time with the present, when every object upon which she gazed, seemed to upbraid her crime, and even the language of consolation appeared a mockery and reproof; the happiness of her humble home had been forsaken for the misery of a splendid palace, and in the place of a doating father returning thanks to the Omnipotent, and with tears of joy embracing his affectionate child—that child was supplicating upon her knees, bending in agony before her betrayer, who now, that his triumph had been achieved, despised and scorned her!

"Julie!" exclaimed the Count, "I thought that the splendours which attend you here, would have prevented those frantic exclamations. Since you prove ungrateful for my kindness, upbraid me, too, for administering to your happiness, and seem even to abhor me, I will not again offend by appearing in your presence. Farewell!"

"Good God!" cried the agonised girl, "Florian, for heaven's sake—Florian, you will not desert me!"

"Until you have learned to be *grateful*!" haughtily exclaimed the Count, and immediately quitted the apartment.

Julie threw herself upon a couch, and endeavoured to relieve her sufferings by tears; but the fountain of her heart was dry, her eyes were burning, and her forehead and her heart throbbed violently; she could not weep, her agony was too violent for tears. There she lay for hours, her eyes fixed

and motionless, gazing upon vacancy; her one hand pressed violently upon her brow, the other hanging palsied by her side;—statue-like and lifeless she remained. The sun went down in the horizon, and the light breezes of evening floated through the open casement, and the fragrance of choice flowers was wafted into the chamber, but their effect was lost upon Julie—the beauty and sweetness of nature had now no charm for her—she had been *betrayed!* Her heart was *breaking!*

Who is that standing by the couch of the riven-hearted girl? His garb is humble, and his mien is lowly; he regards the sufferer with intense anxiety, and sympathy, heartfelt sympathy, is marked upon every feature of his honest countenance. "*Julie!*" exclaims he.

The girl starts at the sound of the well-known voice; her white hand falls from her brow—she gazes upon the youth—and shrieking the name of "*Guiseppe*," falls lifeless upon the couch.

It was Guiseppe, indeed, the faithful, the affectionate Guiseppe; who, after the abduction of the village beauty, had devoted all his time in searching after her. For some time his efforts had been unsuccessful, but by perseverance and application he, at length, discovered the route that the fugitives had taken, and instantly pursued them; he bore with him the supplications of a heart-broken parent, and he had come to repeat them to the poor misguided Julie.

"Oh, my father—my poor, poor father!" cried the village girl, as the power of speech returned, hiding her face in her hands, not even daring to behold him, whom in the days of innocence she had despised, but who must now scorn her. "He does not curse me, Guiseppe?" cried she, in an agony of grief.

"Oh no, Julie, he pities and forgives you!"

The girl arose from her couch, and casting a steadfast glance upon the face of the youth, as if doubting the truth of what he said, fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands in the attitude of prayer, raised her eyes to heaven, and words of devotion, springing from her penitent heart, fell from her lips. Julie then arose, her face was bathed in tears; a heavy load seemed to be removed from her heart, and the fountain of sorrow had been supplied.

"My father forgives me!" cried she. "Then I may die in peace and happiness."

"Talk not of dying, Julie!" exclaimed Guiseppe. "There is your place still left in your father's cottage; but oh, more than that, there is your place still in your father's heart. He longs again to embrace his child; and when I recount to him the penitence, the agony that I have beheld, he will fondly kiss away the tears from your pale cheek, administer the balm of paternal affection to your contrite heart, and lead his poor Julie back into the paths of honour!"

"It cannot be—it cannot be!" murmured the girl. "The wanderer from honour never can retrace her steps—the betrayed cannot again be innocent."

"But her penitence," rejoined Guiseppe, "may atone for her crime. It will with heaven, and it must with man."

"No, no, no," cried she, "Guiseppe, I dare not return! I cannot again enter the cottage, where my poor father used to bless the innocence of his child; even words of kindness from him would break my heart now. I cannot meet the gaze of the villagers; the youths would pass me by with a scornful eye, or murmur words of *pity*, and the girls would

curl their lips as I went by them, and greet me with a horrid welcome. No, no, no—I dare not return—I *dare not!*"

"Julie, think not thus of your companions; they have ever loved thee, and unfeigned tears have been wept over their betrayed friend's error. They pity you, Julie, but still would not even murmur words of consolation, lest they might awaken bitter feelings in your bosom. No, Julie, they will welcome you with their choicest songs of joy; they will still be to you as friends, still honour and respect you."

"What do they think of me, Guiseppe?"

"As of an innocent, fond, and too confiding girl, the victim of a villain."

"Victim! Yes, yes!—I am a *victim!*" cried Julie, and again she fell upon her couch in tears.

By the kind and respectful entreaties of Guiseppe, she became, at length, reconciled to a meeting with her parent; she promised to forsake her faithless lover, and return again to her humble home. The peasant then left her, for the purpose of making arrangements for their speedy departure.

Julie remained for some time in abstraction: determined upon forsaking the scene of so much misery, still some painful tie chained her to the spot;—she still loved Florian! His conduct, though it had riven the fetters of affection, had not entirely destroyed them,—a link remained, and while that lasted, the heart of Julie was his own. She fondly recalled all the moments of rapture that she had experienced with him since their first interview, and their recollection inspired affectionate feelings, though the results were painful and afflicting. It could not be that even his perfidy could make her utterly forget the hours of their tenderest endearments, when he appeared to live entirely for her happiness, and she would

"—— Fall upon his neck and weep—
And gaze upon his brow—and hold
His hand in hers, while gentle sleep
Stole o'er that spirit brave and bold!
Must these dear tasks of tenderness
No more her blighted bosom bless?"

She determined upon making a last appeal to the honour of Florian; she intimated her wish to see him, but her desire was cruelly denied! The chain severed; all feeling for her heartless betrayer was now perished in her bosom.

The appointed hour of her departure arrived, and, with a quick step, she descended a back staircase, and passed from the scene of her error and her shame. She trembled as she progressed along the busy streets of Rome, according to the directions which Guiseppe had given her, and who was now anxiously and impatiently awaiting her arrival at the appointed spot. She came—cast one look back at the proud palaces of the city, and then passed silently into the vehicle that had been prepared for her. The morning had not long broken, and the lark was rising blithely up to the blue arch of heaven, spreading its sweet melody over the scene; the sun rose in his splendid majesty, and the face of nature appeared decorated in its choicest aspect. But to Julie's heart those appearances had no effect; she beheld the bright green of the fields, and the still brighter blue of the sky, and no emotion, no impulse of feeling, marked her countenance;—her heart had become a gloomy sepulchre—full, and with no room for happy feelings. In this manner they continued their route. Julie melancholy, thoughtful, and silent; Gui-

seppo not daring to interrupt her reverie, apprehensive of the painful result.

The first object that awakened the sensibility of Julie, was a beautiful vine-clad hill, at a short distance from her own village; it had been the scene of some of her happiest hours, of some of her innocent enjoyments. There she had often mingled with her gay associates, had joined with them in the song and in the dance, and had listened to the praises which were echoed around her by the admiring peasantry. She rivetted her eyes for a moment upon the beautiful objects before her, and then turned from the contemplation to give vent to her anguish in tears.

The sun had now set, and dark clouds were spreading fast over the sky; the song of the villagers returning to their homes were heard in the distance, and the tinklings of the sheep bells, and the voices of the shepherds, as they conveyed their flocks to the nightly shelter, audibly and distinctly met the ear of Julie. They were not unregarded by her, and each sound, so well known, and so forcibly remembered, seemed to awaken fresh chords of anguish. She trembled violently, and the intense sobs which momentarily burst from her full heart, spoke a language which could not be mistaken, so plainly as it told the tumult that was passing there. As they came near to the village, Guiseppe considered they might not attract so much observation, if they proceeded to the "home" of Julie on foot, as the appearance of the vehicle certainly would; he, therefore, assisted the trembling penitent from the chaise, though she had become so weakened, that even so trifling an exertion appeared too much for her strength, and as she slowly passed along to the village, her limbs scarce seemed capable of supporting their burthen, and with difficulty Guiseppe, tenderly supporting her fragile frame, conducted her to her destination. Emerging from a thick group of larch trees, the dwelling of her father, the home of Julie—the poor, betrayed Julie—appeared conspicuous; at that moment, too, the villagers were singing their vesper-hymn—that hymn in which Julie, innocent and happy, used always to join. The sight and the sound overpowered her; she started, shrunk back, and screaming violently, sunk lifeless into the arms of Guiseppe.

"She was borne by her lover to her home; an old woman, an attendant upon Julie's father, received the fair charge, by whom she was placed upon a bed, and restoratives immediately administered, while Guiseppe sought the villager. "Julie has returned!" exclaimed he, as he met the feeble old man hastily progressing to his dwelling, who immediately clasped his hands, and sinking upon his aged knees, murmured thanksgivings to the Deity, for the restoration of his child. Then, impatient to clasp that child again to his heart, he accepted the proffered assistance of Guiseppe, and with him returned to his home.

"Julie! My dear, dear Julie!" exclaimed the old man, as with outstretched arms he rushed towards the bed whereon she lay. But no voice responded to the enraptured cry; all was silent and desolate. The father caught the hand of his child, but it was cold; he passed his fingers across her once beautiful features, but they were motionless—Julie was dead! Her spirit had departed at the very moment when her "home" broke upon her view, and the sounds of the vespers fell upon her ear. All the agonised parent had to embrace, were the cold and lifeless remains of his poor betrayed child.

The villagers still tell the tale of their unhappy and misguided associate; and whilst their tears are yielded at the

remembrance of her sorrows and her shame, they never fail to execrate the memory of her betrayer, who fell, a short time afterwards, in a contest with a party of brigands.

THEY TOLD ME SHE WAS FAITHLESS!

They told me she was faithless, that my own fond heart was spurn'd;

They told me for another's, now, her faithless bosom burn'd; They told me that her lovely form *another*, now, carest, They told me in another's, that her own fair hand was prest. Too eagerly I trusted them, I lov'd too wild, and well, A victim I was mark'd by them,—alas!—too soon I fell!

Indignantly I tore her picture from my burning neck, 'Twas broke and scattered, and her jewell'd rings went in the wreck;

I threw them all into the sea, and saw them swift depart, All, all were perished, save the picture graven on my heart; The first deep burst of anguish o'er, reflection 'gan to creep, 'Twas past,—the word was spoken then,—and I could only weep!

They told me she was faithless!—And I wandered far away, To other climes, and thought my heart would sicken and decay;

Alas,—alas! I languish'd on life's gay, uncertain tide, Her heart alone was wither'd,—and she pin'd, and droop'd and died!

I prov'd the guile,—but ah, too late, the faithful girl to save, She sighed,—she bless'd my once-lov'd name,—and sunk into her grave!

EDWARD.

LEAVING TOWN.

A SCENE AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE OF THE WARDOUR FAMILY.

"Fortune be praised!" exclaimed the fair Isabella Wardour, in response to the first orders of Sir Willoughby, for leaving town;—"Fortune be praised! We are to be emancipated at last;—the odious reform bill has been sent to the Lords, and we may, at length, breathe a little of the pure air of heaven, in despite of Lord Grey and the Whigs."

"Truly, my dear Isabella," rejoined Lady Wardour, "our imprisonment in London, much as it may have been regretted, has still been productive of many bright and happy hours, and though the tyrants of the constitution, have done their worst to cut off our present pleasures, as well as so large a portion of our future enjoyments, they have not been able to destroy every spot of brightness. For have we not had our *Courts*,—our *Drawing-rooms*—"

"Yes, truly, Courts crowded to suffocation; masses of living creatures oppressed by diamonds and dog-days, elbowing one another in all the vehement passion which superabundant heat inspires; eager to arrive in the royal presence, and still more eager to get out again. The King and the Queen exciting the compassion of every feeling individual, who in vain breathed prayers for their release; for they were compelled to stand to the last, and look pleased and happy, and appear grateful for the presence of their subjects, when they must have wished those

subjects at their own dinner tables, or at the bottom of the red sea."

"Well, allowing the justness of your observation, my dear, were we not delighted by the *Bridge fête*, when their Majesties, in all the pride and pomp of state, proceeded to honour that national and stupendous work of art."

"Oh yes, we were *very much* delighted, truly,—delighted by a voyage in Lord H.'s yacht, among the rocks and quicksands of vulgarity, supported on each side by parties from the regions of Mile End, whilst a mass of *equal elegance* led the way before us. Then, arrived at our destination, it was *truly delightful* to find ourselves among a riotous party of loyal citizens, who seemed congregated for the mere purpose of exhibiting their peculiar dexterity upon the venison and turtle: their pastime enlivened, occasionally, by a stray joke from the everlasting Hunter, or a loyal ejaculation from the be-baronetted mayor, who seemed at a loss which to admire most, his royal visitors or his own court of wiseacres; and whose enthusiasm was divided between his gracious Majesty, and his own turtle soup."

"But you must allow, that the splendours of the *Coronation*, amply recompensed for our stay in town."

"Oh, certainly, it was pretty, and it was *cheap*, which, according to some people's ideas, was better than all; the Queen looked very interesting, and his Majesty very much fatigued. The peeresses were dazzling, notwithstanding Lady _____ went to sleep during the Bishop's sermon, and the peers, with their old brassy coronets, and white ermine tippets round their necks, looked like so many *wise old women*, or, rather, so many poor old men undergoing the operation of the *shaver*! The *gentlemen* of the House of Commons displayed a great deal of *gallantry* in appropriating the best seats to themselves—"

"Hold," interrupted Sir Willoughby Wardour, an old and honourable member of the lower house, sitting for his own borough, and enjoying the ancient privilege of voting in parliament without ever being called upon by his country to utter a word in its behalf,—"*Hold*, Isabella, it was necessary for the Commons to maintain their dignity." "Or rather, papa," rejoined the satirical Miss Wardour, "*to display* their dignity for the *last time*, previous to its being cut off by the whigs. And a very good shew they made, with Mr. Manners Sutton above them all. Really, every sympathetic heart in the abbey grieved for the approaching fate of so fine a body of men;—nay, the very stone walls, had they the power, would have wept in concert."

"Really Isabella," observed Lady Wardour, "you are determined to allow no degree of merit to any thing that you have beheld."

"Not in the metropolis, my dear mamma, in the month of September. It is as impossible to obtain pleasure therefrom, as to extract sunbeams from cucumbers! Has any thing like it ever been heard of since the times of gothic barbarity? Would the ladies of the *old court* have remained caged up in London, in agreement to the will of any minister, whoever he might be? No, Lady Wardour, *then* the females of Britain had spirit; *their* will would have been paramount, and should the minister have persisted in bringing forward his measures, then the ladies would have acted upon *their* prerogative, and spirting away their lords to the more congenial atmosphere of the hills, have left the minister to have harangued to the empty benches and bare walls of the house, and

propose measures to the Speaker, and carry them by the majority of the latter's vote."

"The times are sadly altered now," exclaimed Sir Willoughby, with a sigh, "We are released at length, and may take up our abode in the provinces all together now. *My* borough has gone among the rest, and last evening I made my final bow in the house." "And fortune be praised, replied her ladyship, "for we shall have no more late hours—no more political meetings here, which have frequently disturbed the peace of the family, and raised your passions to such a height, that I have often been apprehensive the ladies of my card parties would take the alarm, and quit the house in affright."

"Well, well, my dear papa and mamma, whither shall we go to enjoy the few remaining weeks of the season? I don't like Brighton, it is too vulgar; you meet there with nobody but the Sims's and the Jones's of Aldgate, with a sprinkling of knights and ladies whose genealogies it would be impossible to discover! "I intend going to Wardour Hall," observed Sir Willoughby.

"To Wardour Hall! a mile and a half from the straggling village of Dullington, and twenty-two from any market town! Why, we shall be devoured with *ennui*, the rooks of the park will caw us into nervous fevers, and in the long nights we shall momentarily expect some sage old ancestor of the Wardours to stalk down from the decayed tapestry, to make one in the family party!"

"The solitude of Wardour Hall," replied Sir Willoughby, well suits my purpose. I intend writing a pamphlet,—"

"You shall do no such thing, Sir Willoughby," exclaimed her indignant ladyship, whose sensibilities were aroused at the mention of Wardour Hall. "You shall do no such thing, Sir Willoughby. Write a pamphlet, truly! About the loss of your borough, I presume, with your name affixed, in capital letters, upon the title-page, to give another handle to the wits of the day, who may characterize it as the "*last groan* of Sir Willoughby Wardour, Baronet!" And afford more waste paper to the cheesemongers and confectioners, among whom your name will be banded about, merely to excite their laughter,—"

"And then too, it will be very pleasant," rejoined Isabella, "wherever I go, to hear whispers floating around me, of 'there is the daughter of one of the lost boroughs!'"

"And to hear *myself* saluted," continued her ladyship, "as the wife of the Tory pamphleteer." "And be shunned at Almack's by every young *whiglet* as one of the '*house of Montague*.'"

"And have no invitations, in the winter, from the opposite party!"

"And be able to do nothing else than remain with you at Wardour Hall, and romantically assist you in writing additional pamphlets, for the purpose of dispelling our spleen! No, no, my dear papa, no thoughts of *authorship*, nor of Wardour Hall, I *entreat*."

"I *desire*, Sir Willoughby!"

"Truly, if your ladyship *desires*,—and Isabella *entreats*, I *must* bow in accordance to your wishes; though card parties, Almack's, and cheesemongers and wags, weigh nothing against my enthusiasm in the cause of my party,—my glowing fervour—"

"Which a dip into the sea will speedily cool I warrant."

"Whither would you go?"

"Any where; every where, my dear, good, papa! Sup—"

pose we try Weymouth, and should we find none of our set there, we can very well escape to the Isle of Wight, and rusticate in Cowes, secure from the intrusions of the "Bull" family, I hope. Ring for the carriage mamma, I will immediately consult my milliner, respecting the requisites for the expedition, and be ready in the course of to-morrow to attend you any where from this deplorable town, except to Wardour Hall, that barbarous old place, where we can amuse ourselves only with turning over leaves of forgotten books, that nobody ever read, and counting trees and flowers that nobody else in the world ever see! No, no, commend me to the enjoyment of elegant and spirited society; and since we can emancipate ourselves from this horrid metropolis, let us proceed to where we may be amused and delighted."

The *Wardour family* are among the latest arrivals in the Isle of Wight.

COUNT MONTLOSIER'S "MYSTERIES DE LA VIE HUMAIN"

Has been the subject of much conversation at Paris, and being a very singular work, a short account of his system may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The image of the universe is to be met with every where. One of the ancients said, "Man is a world in miniature;" but not only is man such an epitome, but the smallest ant, and the dust of the sun-beam. When we employ our internal feelings on external objects we deceive ourselves.

Old animals, who have never studied botanical works, and young ones, who have yet had no experience, know perfectly well what plants are good for them, and what are injurious: how do they know this? from themselves. This is instinct.

The senses are given to us by the Creator, for the purposes of life, and not of knowledge. All that we see of the sun, the stars, and the earth, is only form or deception.

In the outward investiture of man, which we call skin, there is certainly nothing which gives us any idea of the will, the memory, and other qualities which it contains.

Although nature does not manifest itself by forms, yet it often does so in colours. The principle of vegetable life is blueish; animal life exhibits chiefly red, and both require a mixture of yellow, which in plants produces the green, and in animals the variegated colours of the skin. White, marks the commencement of animated existence, black, on the contrary, its decay and expiration.

Under the name of buds, those blank sketches are formed in darkness, on which, afterwards, life and colouring become visible. These blank sketches mark, in all living beings, the beginning a novice of life. The spirit of the earth, and all which proceeds from it, is yellow; the spirit of the sun, and its emanations, azure blue and purple red. These two spirits are to be found, unequally distributed, in all created beings, and manifest themselves in various manners.

The earth has, undoubtedly, like all other bodies, its own peculiar spirit, which gives it life and texture: from this proceed rays, which meet with the sun's beams, absorb them, mix with them, and form with them a simple and peculiar body.

Three principles govern all the creation. Man, alone, has within two spiritual powers, which govern him; one is called the *necessary* spirit, because it is unceasingly busy throughout life; the other, Montlosier calls the *extraordinary* spirit, and to him belong all intellectual operations. He appears

and vanishes at pleasure; but, in the individual, this difference is not always clearly marked.

Man was made after the image of God, beasts after the resemblance of man; and in many beasts those two spirits appear to reign, but in that case they have little of the *extraordinary* one.

Animals have for the things of this earth, as much, and often more intelligence than man. The necessary spirit in man has no preponderance over that of the animal. On the other hand, animals never have such active intelligence as man; they cannot judge or reason by their intelligence. But man can combine his two spiritual powers, whence arises *reflection*, which elevates him above all other animals.

The necessary spirit always looks forward; and cannot be diverted from the consideration of the object which occupies, and as it were, fills it. The extraordinary spirit, on the contrary, reflects and turns the rays of its intelligence on all sides; it considers internally on things and their impression with freedom; and not only generally, and *in mass*, but in particular, divided and subdivided. It can also consider abstract things.

In life, every individual may find happiness in three different ways; the happiness of religion, of wisdom, and of virtue.

The moral man endeavours to live in unison with nature and not to place himself above her; he knows how to oppose moderation to pleasures and enjoyment; to bear small evils with tranquillity, and great ones with resignation; and, when necessary, to brave them courageously.

The man of pleasure stands at an infinite distance from the moral man, and yet ardent piety is often his last resource.

The man of pleasure has no true *will*, but only humours; he is not a man but a child.

The religiously moral man is, on the contrary, the highest and most perfect being on earth.

D. V.

MASTICATION.

The action which necessarily precedes mastication, is that of biting, and it is by no means so easy to bite as people may think. There are persons who always bite awry, they are despised by clever epicures, who very well know the great importance that ought to be attached to this first step towards mastication.

In order to bite properly, the mouth must be opened moderately wide, and the upper and lower row of teeth pressed very strongly against one another, in order that the food may be properly cut.

The Amphytrion, who has the greatest number of guests, ought always, before he allows them to open their napkins, recall summarily this grand principle, and make them take notice that it is actually a fundamental one, "You will always bite successfully," he should say to them, "if out of your eight front teeth there remains at least four, but you will not be able to bite any thing, if time or any other cause has deprived you of that number."

To the action of biting succeeds that of grinding, and this double action composes the whole art of mastication. Chewing is, after all, mere play, compared to grinding, which is operated by an immense number of agents; the principal of these agents, and which I am tempted to call the director-general of mastication, is the muscle *nucinateur*, which

presses the cheeks upon the grinders. The secondary agent is the palate. When these muscles are devoted to the director-general, when they fill their functions with the zeal that one ought to expect from subordinate agents, the cheeks and lips apply themselves so exactly against the gums and teeth, that nothing of what one eats falls between the teeth and the gums, all slips comfortably down the throat. Unfortunately among the upper and lower muscles, there are sometimes indocile ones, which renders mastication imperfect.

This short *exposé*, of the complicated movement which perfect mastication exacts, ought to inspire more esteem and consideration for that crowd of industrious jaw-movers, who all their lives have masticated, who still masticate, and who will continue to masticate as long as they live. A stupid fellow one day after dining with one of these worthies, cried with an air of contempt; "That man knows nothing in the world but how to eat and drink!"

The deuce!—nothing but that? Before you talk so lightly air, of the noble art of mastication; do me the pleasure to count if you have your eight front teeth, and to take a review of your masticating muscles, and see if they are all in order for the glorious task. Rest assured, that if Socrates had known how to eat and drink by rules, we should never have heard from his mouth those celebrated words: "I know that I know nothing."——MANGEANVILLE.

ON THE MANUFACTURE OF CACHEMIRE SHAWLS.

This valuable article of traffic occupies so much curious matter, that it may be considered of importance to our fair readers, to receive some explanation of the method employed in weaving that elegant and graceful envelope of female dress. We shall by that means demonstrate how and why these shawls become so expensive an article of commerce, and so difficult of obtaining; adding thereto an explanation of the meanings of the different borders attached by the ingenious merchants to their manufacture.

The manufacture of Cachemire shawls, which are so highly prized by Europeans, employs nearly fifty thousand pair of hands. It would be difficult, perhaps, to estimate the number of shawls made every year; but it is generally computed, that sixteen thousand frames are employed for this purpose; and supposing that each frame produced five shawls *per annum*, the number made would amount to eighty thousand. One shawl would occupy an entire workshop, if the fabric was particularly fine, a whole year; while six or eight might be made of inferior quality in the same space of time. The number of weavers employed in these shops are not more than three, and when the article is *particularly fine*, they can only make about a quarter of an inch *per diem*. The shawls which contain the most ornament are made in pieces, at different shops, and it has been observed, that these pieces are very rarely of the same dimensions. The workmen are seated on benches, some three, others four in a class. Plain shawls occupy only two workmen, and, for their purpose, they make use of a strong, straight heavy frame.

As there must be a variety of patterns inserted in these shawls, they use wooden needles, one for each separate colour in use; this causes the work to proceed very slowly, on account of the richness of the designs. Women and children are employed to separate the fine wool from the inferior;

and young girls card it with their fingers, and lay it upon India muslin, to draw the thread to its length, and to cleanse it from impurity; they then give it into the hands of the weavers and colourers. The frame that is used is very simple, and placed horizontally. The weaver is seated on a bench; and a child, placed a little below him, with its eyes fixed on the pattern, every time that the frame is turned, advertises the workman of the colours wanted, and the bobbins which are to be employed. The overseer, or head workman, overlooks the operations. If a design is proposed to which they are not accustomed, he teaches them to form the patterns, and to select the sort of threads and colours which they require for use. The wages of first-rate workmen are from four to five pence; and those of the common sort from two to three pence.

When a merchant undertakes this kind of employment, he forms a certain number of shops in the same establishment, and he takes upon himself the charge of superintendence; he then furnishes the superior workmen with the threads, carded, as before mentioned, and dyed; they then carry it away to their separate manufactory, after having received the necessary instructions concerning the quality of the merchandise and the colours of the designs, &c.

As soon as the work is finished, the manufacturer takes the shawls to the custom-house to be marked, and pays a tax proportioned to the value and the quality of the article. The officer who marks them does not fail to estimate them below their real value. The duty demanded is 1s. 5d. The greater number of the shawls exported from Cachemire are not washed after taking out of the frame. The great mart for shawls is Amretseyr. Even at Cachemire they do not wash nor pack them equal to the former place.

ON THE VARIOUS KINDS OF INDIAN SHAWLS.

Notwithstanding the numerous accounts which travellers have given of the luxury of the shawl, and of the Cachemire goat, of whose hair it is fabricated, we have never, either in travels or dictionaries, met with any information concerning the classification and nomenclature of the different kinds of shawl, according to their patterns and colours.

What lady is unacquainted with the palms of the Indian shawls? and yet she is not aware that the palm trees of the shawls have not the slightest resemblance to those of the desert; but represent a very different tree, namely, the cypress, the lovers' tree among the orientals, which is sculptured on the ruins of the palace of Persepolis, exactly as it is figured on the shawl borders.

The cypress of the shawl is, in fact, no more a palm, than are the willow boughs, which are carried about on Palm Sunday. Palms play a conspicuous part in the nuptial festivals of the eastern nations; for garlands of the branches wreathed together, are carried in the processions; or large artificial trees, intermixed with gold and silver thread, adorned with fruit and flowers and festal chaplets, and tied with ribbons, are borne in these solemnities, under the name of palm trees, as the symbol of fruitfulness.

The cypress adorns the border of a shawl, even as the tree itself overshadows the bank of a stream; and is considered by the easterns as the image of religious and moral freedom, as Saadi has expressed in verse—

"Be thou fruitful as the palm, or be
At least, as the dark cypress, high and free."

Because its branches never incline to the earth, but all shoot upwards towards heaven.

The cypress is to the orientals a cherished image of their beloved; whose graceful movements in the bloom of life they trace in the waving summit of this tree, when apparently animated by the soft western wind. Those trees, which the Europeans have, unaptly enough, converted into palms, have only shared the fate of the Vazier in the original Indian game of chess; which the Persians call *Tersin*, and the French, at first, generally translated *Vierge*, and afterwards converted into a *Queen*.

The figurative sense of the latter, is not less understood by the European ladies, than the original meaning of the wreaths and bunches of flowers woven in the middle of the square shawl pieces, and which so greatly enhance their value. The Turkish and Persian name of these shawls is *Boghdscha*; a word which, in common language, signifies a bunch or bundle, and is used to designate the parcels of shawls and stuffs of which the easterns make presents. The origin of the word is, however, neither Turkish nor Persian, but Indian, from *Pudscha*, which means a flower-offering. When the season of the year, or the nature of the country, will not afford the flowers which the Hindoos offer to their gods, the Indian women spread out shawls, in the middle of which the embroidered basket of flowers supplies the place of fresh blossoms; on this they kneel, as do the Moslems on the little carpets, which exhibit a representation of the altar in the holy temple of Mecca, towards which they turn when they pray.

The European ladies, whose delicate feet sometimes repose on the *Sedechadi*, or praying carpets, and who fold around their fair shoulders the *Boghdscha*, or four-cornered shawls, are not generally aware that the Moslem kneels on the former, the Indian on the latter, which represents the *Pudscha*, or flower-offering, wherewith the Hindoo women consecrate themselves to God, as the flowers of the creation.

The *Boghdscha*, or square shawl, with the flower-basket in the centre, may here take precedence of the other kinds, from the superiority of its original destination, rather than from its commercial value; for, in this respect, it is usually surpassed by the long scarf shawls. These, when they have a deep border, are commonly denominated *Risaji*; the plain ones are called *Djar*; those with a flowered ground, *Djidsheikli*; the striped shawls, and such as have large patterns, are called *Fermaisch*; and the longest and narrowest, which are used as sashes, are termed *Beldar*, i. e. supporting the stomach and waist, a name which expresses their use more plainly than those of the other varieties. The name *Risaji* seems to have some relation to the name of *Risa*, the eighth of the twelve Imauns, who is much revered in Persia. *Djar*, abbreviated from *Djari*, the flowing, might designate the long narrow border of the shawl as a flowing stream, on whose margin flowers are blooming, and tall cypress trees growing. The word *Fermaisch*, which is not to be found in the Persian dictionaries, is derived from *fermuden*, to command; what reference the parallel stripes, or the patterns, have to the orders of a commander, it is not easy to guess. A very beautiful *Fermaisch*, striped with red and yellow, was presented by the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, in 1819, to the court interpreter at Vienna, together with a very

lean Persian steed, on which a wit observed, "*Que l'ambassadeur avait regalé un cheval maigre et un shawl gras.*"

A third class of shawls are woven without flowers or borders, and are generally made into dresses by the opulent, and especially the women; these are called by the Turks, *Toulik*.

In the shops and warehouses where the shawls are first sold, they are called *Kischmire* or *Lahori*, according as they are the produce of Kaschmire or Lahor. The imitations of them, whether they come from Bagdad, Paris, or London, are all called *Taklid*, i. e. imitations.

The workshops of Kaschmire have very lately produced some splendid shawls, which are always marked with the word *newtash*, signifying new-fashioned. The patterns of these represent banners, pinnacles, chains, peacocks' feathers, &c.; and according to the pattern, so they are denominated in Persian—*Alemdar* (containing banners); *Kunkeradar* (containing pinnacles); *Koeschedar* (having corners, if the corners are ornamented); *Lilsiledar* (containing chains); *Peri-taus* (peacock-winged), &c. These denominations are frequently worked on the shawls with coloured silk; the name of the manufacturer is also generally inscribed on them, and very often the epithets of God; as, O preserver! O protector! be a blessing granted to us! and single letters, which form the word *Ahmed*, or *Mohammed*, or some talismanic word, with the addition of *Aala*, *Aala*, "the highest, the highest" (of the best quality.)

As a further elucidation of the subject, we subjoin a translation of the list sent with twelve shawls, which Mirza Abul Hassan Khan presented, in the name of the Schah of Persia, to her Majesty the Empress of Austria.

1. Kaschmire shawl, *Tirmeh*, i. e. *Moondart*.
2. *Risagt*. white, with a wide border; from the manufactory of *Dervish Mahommed*.
3. *Tirmeh*, resembling linen. *Moondart*, or summer month, (for *Tirmeh*, or *Tirmah*, is the name of the first Persian summer month) with an apricot border.
4. White *Risaji*, with a chain border.
5. Musk-coloured *Risaji*, with leaves and chain.
6. *Risaji*, of the colour of the heavenly water, with a chain border.
7. Emerald *Risaji*, with roses in the corners.
8. Ditto.
9. White *Risaji*, with roses in the corners.
10. Garlick-coloured *Risaji*, bordered.
11. White shawl (*Abreh*.)
12. Ditto, with willow branches.

In conclusion, we give the explanation of the word *shawl*, from the Persian dictionary, *Fesheng Schuri*, which illustrates every article with a Persian verse, and the following one, by a distich of *Mir Rasim Schal*, is the well-known dress-piece, woven of wool, as are the carpet and *Aba*, (in contradistinction to the richer silk and gold stuffs.)

"I long not for rich silks or satins,
My mind is contented with the schal and woollen stuff."
D.V.



MARIE CHRISTINE DE NAPLES,
Queen of Spain.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

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LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1831.

VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A CORRECT PORTRAIT OF THE PRESENT QUEEN OF SPAIN.

PLATE THE SECOND.—A DINNER DRESS, A SCOTCH FANCY COSTUME, A WALKING DRESS, AND TWO BACK VIEWS OF MILLINERY; &c.

PLATE THE THIRD.—A MORNING VISITING DRESS, TWO EVENING DRESSES, THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—TWO DINNER DRESSES, A BALL DRESS, HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, AN EVENING DRESS, HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, AN EVENING DRESS, HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

"Thou art so fair, so excellently framed,
There is such mind in thy soul-breathing eye—
As if its purer home in heaven it claimed,
And thence alone could draw its witchery;
Thy voice has such a soothing melody,
And on thy lightest thought such magic plays,
Like a bright fountain on the gladden'd sky:—
Methinks as on thy perfect form I gaze,
In peace should be thy paths, in pleasantness thy ways."
ANON.

BEAUTY, first of themes among,
Ever claims the choicest song;
Gladly, votive lays we breathe,
Where beauty's floral emblems wreath,
And with a grateful zeal confess,
The might, the power of loveliness!

We wing our flight through Britain's isle,
And homage pay to the sunlit smile
That beams on beauty's cheek so fair,
As we kneel at her shrine most splendid there.
Then away we pass, with a sigh, to France,
Where a mystic spell lies in beauty's glance;
But coquetry holds too proud a reign,
And binds her slaves in a servile chain.
Away we rise, on our wings of light,
And then to other lands take flight;
Pass over the valleys and over the main,
'Till we come to the vine-clad shores of Spain.

SPAIN, radiant climate of the sun,
Where beauty's noblest wreaths are won;
Where woman's love, like the meteor bright,
Flashes with glances of dazzling light;
And woman's wit, like the diamond gem
On the monarch's regal diadem,
Displays its rich and radiant grace,
From its lovely and bright abiding place;

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And woman's form, like the holy spell
That lurks in the hermit's lonely cell,
Falls full on the heart, with a chaining tie,
And claims our warmest sympathy.*

Then hail to her, who holds her reign,
Over the smiling land of SPAIN,
Who leads the triumphs of the young—
The beautiful! whilst praises sung
By bards inspired, attend the throng—
And beauty's enshrined in wreaths of song!
Hail unto her whose cheering smile
A nation's cares can swift beguile,
Whose beauty, like the morning star,
Claims admiration from afar;
Awakes the drowsy sons of earth,
To hail its more than mortal birth!

* The ladies of Spain are proverbial for their beauty and their wit: they are, perhaps, more secluded than the females of any other European country; but Nature has supplied them with an invaluable fund of sprightliness and wit, which, in their very limited intercourse with society, render them objects almost of adoration. A Spaniard can refuse nothing to the woman of his affections, he is the most devoted and constant lover in the world, and will sacrifice every thing to the happiness of his mistress. The affections of a Spanish woman are not to be gained by the sparkling of dress or equipage, nor are they caught by mere personal appearance; they search for more intellectual qualifications, before they honour a lover with the least regard. They have, perhaps, more of the *prude* than of the *coquette* in their composition; and, to strangers, are frequently grave and reserved. They are remarkably jealous, and will not admit of the least deviation from propriety, or constancy, in their admirers or husbands; but, as they are passionate, so they are tender, affectionate, and attached. They delight in administering to the happiness of those by whom they are beloved, and all the thoughts of a married lady, that are not engrossed by her husband, are devoted to her children.

2 A

Such is the radiant **QUEEN OF SPAIN**,
 Long—long may she in splendour reign!
 Long live to lead the beauteous band
 That dwell in brightness o'er the land!
 Long may she live, the lays t'inspire
 From grateful poets soft-toned lyre;
 Long hear the tribute melody
 Float on the zephyrs lightly by;
 Whilst envy falls at her sacred shrine,
 And owns her loveliness divine!
 Happy the owner of the throne,
 Who thus can say—" *She is my own!*"
 Can glance upon that radiant face,
 And there bright marks of beauty trace;
 And know, those beauty's dazzling beam—
 Their choicest smiles are all for him.
 We hope that he's been *wisdom* taught,
 And now, resigning puerile sport,
 Goes out no more a masquerading,
 To hold, *with milliners*, a trade in
Silk, needles, choice embroidery—
 His own *great powers* of skill to try;
 To cut and trim, and hem and sew,
 To take a measure, make a bow,
 And, from his royal state emerging,
 To work fine garments for the *Virgin!**

We trust, the royal **FERDINAND**
 Now yields unto a fairer hand
 Such dainty trifles; scorns to court
 Compare with lovely woman's sport;
 And now, "become a man," lays by
 The pastime of the "*stitchery*"
 Now throws the *needles, pins, and tape*,
 The *paper pattern* and the *shape*,
 The *scissors, cushion*, and the *wire*,
 Behind his cheerful *workroom* fire;
 Now hides the *royal cotton box*
 Beneath the power of *Bramah's locks*;
 And secret keeps the sacred key
 Of such a glorious mystery!
Such things **KING FERDINAND** should hide,
 E'en from his young and blooming bride;
 For she may scorn the man who doats
 On making *silken petticoats!*

Beneath *fair* woman's spell sublime,
 The mind's *enlarged*—ideas refine;
 To brightest paths her lessons lead,
 And **FERDINAND** must surely read
 His lovely mistress aright,
 And rise once more to life and light.
 To *HER*, the beauteous *Queen of Spain*—
 To her, the partner of his reign—
 Be all the praise; the choicest song
 Arises from th'admiring throng,
 And thus we breathe the lyric strain,
 Honour to thee, fair **QUEEN OF SPAIN!**

* Our fair readers will recollect, that **FERDINAND**, King of Spain, amused himself, during some leisure hours, by *embroidering a silk petticoat* for the figure of the *Virgin Mary!*

THE LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

"While her sons her rights maintain,
 Will Britannia proudly reign,
 Empress of the trackless main,
 Whence our treasures spring;
 Britons rally round the throne,
WILLIAM's worth to all is known,
 Let us make his cause our own,
 God preserve the King!"—**PARRY.**

The life of our good and beloved **KING**, during the past month, has been characterized by a succession of those domestic enjoyments and unostentatious recreations, in which, not only the Royal **WILLIAM** himself, but his equally esteemed and estimable consort, prefer to the noise and pomp and pageantry of state, and which they always so gladly revert to, when an interval of leisure from the business of Court, and Courtly doings, allow them to snatch a few hours of relaxation from public duties.

Brighton has been especially honoured with the presence of **ROYALTY**; and the intimation that was made to the town's-people, respecting their impertinent curiosity with regard to the Queen, during the last sojourn at the Pavilion, having been productive of beneficial effect, her Majesty is now enabled to enjoy her recreations undisturbed by that particular rudeness, which had excited her displeasure. The **KING**, ever zealous in his country's cause, utterly disregarding of personal fatigue, undertook, and accomplished a journey on the 21st ult. which would have been admirable in a man "with fewer winters on his brow." Our gracious monarch having actually travelled from Brighton to London, held a Cabinet Council, and returned to Brighton the same evening.

The Princess **LOUISE** of Saxe-Weimar, having on the 8th, completed her fourteenth year, a magnificent entertainment was held at the Pavilion, whereat their **MAJESTIES** received a numerous company of the *élite of ton*, and the young and interesting Princess, their compliments and caresses. Among the fashionable beauties who irradiated the scene, Lady **AUGUSTA BARING** was eminently conspicuous.

With the utmost delight we add, that the health of our beloved monarch is better than it has been for months past. The fine and exhilarating sea breezes, and a relaxation from the severe duties of his royal station, have doubtless effected this great source of gratification to the country. In expressing the pleasurable feelings which the King's health gives rise to, we are confident that we do but echo the sentiments of every British heart, and that will gladly unite with us in the prayer we breathe for our beloved monarch's welfare, and exclaim—

"Long may he live to guard our cause,
 Religion—Constitution—Laws;
 Free, great, and happy, Briton's own
 A People's Father fills the throne!"

Her **MAJESTY** has been affected with a slight cold, but we are enabled to state that she is now convalescent, and again takes her morning rides in the vicinity of the Pavilion. A sale of fancy goods has been patronized by the Queen, in aid of the funds of the Brighton National School, but which indisposition prevented her attending. Lady **JANE PEEL** was honoured with the sale of her Majesty's contributions, among

which, were a carpet stool, purchased by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE for 25*l*. A figure of a Peeress in her coronation robes, was disposed of by lottery, two shares of which were purchased by the King. A reticule, also worked by the QUEEN, was disposed of in the same manner, for ten guineas.

The Duchess of KENT and the interesting Princess VICTORIA are settled at Kensington for the winter.

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

LOVE IN A HURRY.—Of all the marriages in high life that have transpired within the last twelve months, no one excited more sensation at the time, nor has been regarded with greater interest since, than the union of the EARL of HARRINGTON with MARIA FOOTE. Its suddenness was perhaps the most singular part of the affair, and so distant were the relative situations of the parties at the time, that the friends of the noble Earl ridiculed the report of such an union when it became rumoured in fashionable circles, and were induced to treat it with the utmost lightness, until the actual proof of the circumstance appeared, and then every body began to conjecture, not only how such a thing could possibly happen, but the manner in which it had been brought about. It was known that there had been no previous intimacy between the parties, and from the retirement of the noble Earl from the busy circles of fashion to the quiet and unostentatious enjoyment of his home, it was universally imagined, that he had resolved upon adding his name to the list of noble *celibataires* for ever. The idea of Miss FOOTE becoming COUNTESS of HARRINGTON, would, if any one had ever hinted such a supposition, have been ridiculed as the most unlikely thing in the world; but Miss FOOTE is the COUNTESS of HARRINGTON, and thus the circumstance transpired. Our information will serve to allay the curiosity that has been universally excited, while, at the same time, it will add another link to the chain of eccentricities of human nature,—those singularities of conduct which occasion revolutions great, and almost wonderful, in the fortunes of individuals.

We may be allowed, however, previously to observe, that some persons have been accustomed to regard Miss FOOTE in a very false and unjust light; we should ever draw a broad line between the misguided girl, who at an age when the heart is unguarded, and temptation and guile so readily overpower its better aspirations, falls a sacrifice to the allurements of vice in the splendid appearances which it so frequently assumes,—and the pure and innocent spirit, too good to believe that ought but similar feelings could exist in a bosom, apparently devoted and so faithful, yields to the fascinations of passion, and awakens from the delirium but to experience the ingratitude of her betrayer, and the deep and bitter agony of blighted hopes and a broken heart! A broad line should ever be drawn between such a being, and one devoted to a profligate course of life; and when we consider the integrity and blamelessness of Miss FOOTE's conduct;—when we behold her discharging all the relative duties of *wife* and mother, during a connection that has proved to her to be a source of misery and pain, *without reproach*, and, though almost deserted by her betrayer, still clinging to him with all the intensity, the truth of *real and faithful affection*,—educating his children in the noblest sentiments of rec-

titude and honour, and encouraging their youthful aspirations, more than all, *by the unsullied virtue of her own demeanour*; we are compelled to exclaim, "This is really a good and honourable woman." When we reflect upon the bitter cup of affliction which she has been destined to drain to the very dregs;—upon her youthful hopes blighted, her first affections withered, and scattered to the winds of heaven, we cannot fail to commiserate her sufferings, and express a sincere desire, that the measure of her sorrows being full, she may now experience the better feelings of human nature, and that her future hours may be those of unalloyed happiness and peace.

The EARL of HARRINGTON has ever been considered an eccentric man, but he has never forfeited his claim to the title of an honourable one. Some few years ago he was the most dashing fellow about town, and the reputation of his many singularities at that period, must still live in the recollection of our readers. But those singularities never interfered with the propriety, or the slightest degree destroyed the decorum and habitudes of society; the eccentricities of Lord Petersham were blameless, and were all of them abandoned when he became EARL of HARRINGTON, when in the enjoyment of a splendid fortune, he retired from the haunts of fashion, to a more domestic life, and in his conduct and manner to the various members of his family, has ever merited and obtained both gratitude and praise.

In the early part of the present year, MADAME VESTRIS became lessee of the Olympic theatre, and the singularity of such a novel undertaking, induced many noble and influential individuals to patronise the performances. Among others, the EARL of HARRINGTON frequently attended the theatre, and was always exceedingly delighted with the dramatic talent displayed by the fair lessee herself, and the charming little SYDNEY, who at that time was rising into notice. Miss SYDNEY became an object of such great attraction that, shortly, MADAME VESTRIS was reported to be jealous of her popularity, but we should not feel justified in giving credence to such an insinuation, as the exalted nature of Madame VESTRIS' talents must ever place her above the fears of rivalry. More fully to evince his high opinion of the merits of the two favourites, the EARL of HARRINGTON invited Madame VESTRIS to supper one evening, desiring her also to bring little SYDNEY with her; but from some occurrence, the particulars of which we are not in possession of, Miss SYDNEY was unable to accompany her, and Madame VESTRIS, therefore, being compelled to solicit another friend, applied to Miss FOOTE, who willingly accompanied her to partake of the hospitality of the noble Lord.

Neither of these ladies could have imagined the important results that were to ensue from that visit,—the destined possessor of a coronet little thought when her feet trod the threshold of Harrington House, that when she should retrace her steps, *it would be as the affianced bride of the noble owner*, but so it was. The EARL of HARRINGTON was delighted by the introduction of Miss FOOTE; her lady-like and unassuming manners,—her pleasing style of conversation, untinctured by any affectation,—her graceful and easy demeanour, and her many accomplishments, completely won the affections of the noble Earl. There is not a more powerful object in creation than a beautiful and accomplished woman, and cold indeed must be that heart which refuses to acknowledge her attraction. The charms of music and song, and the other little infinitessimals of character, that eminently distinguished

MARIA FOOTE, so powerfully captivated the heart of the noble host, that ON THAT VERY EVENING, before she left Harrington House, HE MADE HER AN OFFER OF HIS HEART AND HAND!

The imagination may supply the interesting scene which ensued, the surprise of the parties, the confusion and emotion of the chief individual, her natural delicacy reproving the ardour of her admirer, and his Lordship's passion urging him to solicit *an immediate solemnization of their nuptials*. Our readers may, probably, imagine such a scene, and such were the actual circumstances that transpired, for the Earl was fixed in his determination to become a happy bridegroom on the ensuing morning,—AND ON THE ENSUING MORNING, MARIA FOOTE BECAME THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON!

Such are the real particulars of an union which has excited so much conversation in fashionable circles, and with regard to which, the town has remained in doubt. We do not believe that there is a happier couple in the world than the EARL and COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON:—the domestic virtues of his Lordship, and the kind affections of his lovely bride, cement the happiness of their union, and in the enjoyment of the most perfect felicity, they cannot fail to regard the evening whereon the affection of the noble Earl was inspired, as the most blissful one of their lives. *Whether little SIDNEY has lost a chance, we cannot take upon ourselves to say.*

The Royal Juveniles.—The juvenile members of the royal family, are at the present moment, particular objects of attraction and interest; and we are truly happy to find their education conducted in that liberal manner, which is so consonant to the wishes of the British people; and which, while it will lead them to the maintenance of true dignity of royalty, still encourages that freedom and openness, of which our gracious monarch is so exalted an exemplar. The young Princes mingle familiarly in the public promenades, without the least degree of etiquette, and altogether free from ostentation; and, although the delicate, though not ill-health of the PRINCESS VICTORIA, prevents her mingling generally in the busy scenes of life, her tuition is still conducted upon a similar plan, and with a view to the encouragement of those noble sentiments which may qualify her Royal Highness for the throne to which she seems destined by Providence. The young Princess Louise is a most interesting addition to the little company of royal juveniles.

We understand, that the subject of the lost diamonds, which excited so much sensation in fashionable circles a few months ago, is again revived. We had hoped that the differences had been amicably adjusted, but regret to hear that such is not the case.

The Duke and Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND, who, with a little company of the first distinction, are enjoying the interval of public duties at Alnwick Castle, have no intention of leaving that delightful retreat until the commencement of the new year, when their GRACE will return to the metropolis, and the Duchess resume the care of her royal pupil, the PRINCESS VICTORIA.

We have every reason to believe, that in the ensuing series of *Drawing Rooms*, which will be held by her Majesty, a little more attention will be paid to the rules of *etiquette*, than was observed during the late receptions. It has been, also, delicately intimated to several ladies of distinction, that remaining seated in the presence of royalty, is a direct infringement of the regulations of the Court.

It is much to be regretted that such arbiters of taste should preside over the fine arts of this country, as we find advising his Majesty in a course of patronage of popular artists. We have before had occasion to allude to this subject,* and must again condemn, since we find Mr. Wilkie, the best painter of drolleries, but almost the worst *portrait* painter of the present day, honoured by their Majesties with sittings. A man cannot be great in every thing, and although Mr. Wilkie's ambition may lead him to suppose himself capable of producing portraits calculated to inspire similar admiration to that which his domestic subjects never fail to excite; those individuals who have the direction of popular taste, should not encourage it. Mr. Wilkie's portraits are too coarse—we had almost said *vulgar*; and by the side of those of the disciples of the schools of REYNOLDS and LAWRENCE, appear almost unworthy of notice.

Of all the individuals who compose the *élite* of high life, there is not a more eccentric man than Lord D——, a nobleman, who, at no distant period, filled an important post in the government. He is occasionally so absent, or rather he has accustomed himself to speak in an under tone, whatever is passing in his mind, that not unfrequently his company is astonished by hearing the real sentiments of the noble Lord respecting each individual; his Lordship being quite unconscious of his unfortunate delivery. Dining one evening with Lord A——, and sitting next to him at the table, he detected many little *traits* which did not meet his approbation, all of which he unwittingly delivered, much to the surprise of the noble host. "I must ask this puppy of a dandy to dine with me in return, I suppose—yes I must—I must!" ejaculated his Lordship. LORD A—— immediately responded in similar tones, "This old prosing blockhead is going to ask me to dine with him, but I won't—no, I won't!" LORD D—— looked aghast, and wondered how it could be possible for his host to divine his thoughts.

The presence of *clergymen* at the Queen's balls has been much reprobated, and, we believe, endeavours are being made to effect their exclusion from all such entertainments in future. We are not quite so fastidious as to go to the extreme length of those parties who affect to be scandalized by such custom, considering that dancing is by no means an amusement morally exceptionable, and the participation thereof not unbecoming the sacred character of a Christian minister. Dancing is allowed to be one of the most healthful recreations, and to individuals of studious habits, such re-

* A popular contemporary has taken up our view of the subject, and gives the following humorous anecdote of his Majesty, and Stanfield, the scene painter, who, when he presented his view of Portsmouth Harbour, "LORD FARNBOUGH took occasion to praise his *protégée*, the painter, by saying that he thought the work *uncommonly soft* and brilliant—to which the monarch replied, "it ought to be *uncommon hard* to represent the Gosport side of the water!" Shortly after, his Majesty inquired, "where's *Point*?" "I don't see *Point*." The artist supposing the king to mean the *perspective point*, directed his attention to the Martello Tower at the extremity of the harbour's mouth. "That *Point*!" said the King. "No—no my fine fellow, that's not the *Point* I mean. No sailor will recognize your picture of Portsmouth Harbour, without they can get a glimpse of Portsmouth Point, and the pretty petticoats that assemble there!"

laxations are essentially necessary; we cannot, therefore, see the propriety of excluding those persons from the entertainments of her Majesty, when their partiality for the amusements is not found to be accompanied by any more indecorous habitudes.

It is not generally known, we believe, that the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH is one of the most talented female artists of the present day; we have seen some of the productions of the pencil of her Grace, and which inspired our highest admiration. Before her marriage, we understand that her Grace studied for a considerable time at Rome from those rich gems of art which are to be found in "the eternal city," and was, moreover, a constant visitor at the studios of Canova and Thorwaldsen.

The Dowager MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY is one of the most surprising females of the present day; for a period exceeding sixty years, her Ladyship has been one of the most brilliant stars in the fashionable world, and her radiance and attraction remain undiminished. Whether we regard the noble Marchioness in the character of an amiable and estimable woman, or in the more brilliant light of the presiding deity of a fashionable *soirée*, our admiration is alike demanded; and we trust that the period is still far distant when the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury shall cease to irradiate the refined circles of *ton*.

LORD AND LADY LYNDBURST have returned to the metropolis, and taken possession of their new mansion in Connaught Place.

LORD LASCELLE's stay upon the Continent is likely to be prolonged, his Lordship having formed a second matrimonial engagement. We understand that the property of his Lordship's father (Earl of HAREWOOD) is principally entailed upon his second son, the HON. H. LASCELLES, who married the MARQUIS OF BATH's daughter, LADY LOUISA THYNNE.

We have reason to believe that one of the EARL OF HAREWOOD's daughters is betrothed to the young MARQUIS OF ASHERCORN, who comes of age on the 11th of January next, when he will arrive at the possession of estates that produce upwards of 90,000*l.* per annum, independent of an immense personal fortune that has been accumulating since the death of the late Marquis. His Lordship will also succeed to an Irish as well as an English peerage, and is, moreover, the only instance in the British peerage of these titles being united in one person.

EARL SPENCER is so far recovered from his late severe illness, as to be enabled to enjoy his favourite pastime of shooting.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND has just taken possession of his new mansion in Hanover square.

We can recommend, with propriety, Streathern's Dye for changing the colour of the hair.

We have just received a copy of "*The Chameleon*," and are sorry we have not time to point out more than one of its interesting contents, namely, *The Cigar*, a tale. Thrilling and affecting as it is, we recommend it, on many accounts, for especial perusal. The lines on the loss of the "*Comet Steamer*," possess great feeling and delicacy.

THE NEW PALACE.—This unfortunate building is, at length, about to be completed; the necessary improvements are already arranged, and the workmen will commence immediately. Considerable alterations have been found necessary, in consequence of no portion of the palace being adapted for the habitation of a Queen. The splendid arch at Hyde Park

Corner will form the new entrance to the Green Park and Constitution Hill.

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

As the Parisian *belles* now generally attend the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, a speculator has just printed for their use, a biography of all the actual Members of the Chamber: its length is about that of a visiting card, and as it is not very thick, an *élégante* could almost put it in her purse. It is in general request among the fair frequenters of the Chamber.

It is regarded in France as a want of education, or at least of knowledge of the world, to name the person you speak to. In Switzerland, and in some parts of Germany, it is on the contrary looked upon as a mark of politeness. A very singular circumstance has lately excited considerable attention in that part of the Faubourg Saint Germain, in which the Cemetery of Mont-Parnasse is situated. A gentleman in the prime of life, goes there every morning as soon as the gates are opened: he is accompanied by two little children. There, by the side of a tomb, newly erected to his young spouse, for whose loss he is inconsolable, he digs a grave, which he says is intended for himself:—pausing at intervals to stop the passengers, and to say to them in a supplicating tone, "Pray for her,—we shall never see her more." The children holding up their little hands, exclaim, "It is our mother who lies there." This heart-breaking scene has been repeated during eight days. The police have lately interfered to put a stop to it, on the ground of the gentleman's being deranged.

Chateaubriand's last work has produced a great sensation. The Ministry of the *juste-milieu*, which was before exceedingly unpopular, is now more so than ever. The noble Viconte has shewn an amazing deal of tact by the manner in which he has conciliated all parties, that of the *juste-milieu* excepted. The Bonapartists are complimented,—the Republicans flattered,—the Royalists encouraged. Thus he secures the suffrages of nineteen-twentieths of the nation, does a great deal of good to the cause of his party, receives compliments from all quarters, and puts a large sum in his pocket besides.

M. de Humboldt has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, a Chinese Almanack for 1832, edited by the Astronomical Tribunal of Peking. We see by this Almanack how much the science of Astrology is venerated by the Chinese, for it teaches you on what days, at what hours, and under what constellations all your actions ought to be performed. The Parisian *belles* are all dying with curiosity to know what is the best star to marry under!

Two Frenchmen at Berlin have lately had recourse to a very singular mode of deciding a quarrel. One who had been insulted, challenged the other, but as the challenger was a bad shot, and an indifferent fencer, it was agreed, in order to render the chances equal, that they should both repair to the bedside of a person ill of the *Cholera*, and kiss him. Twenty-four hours having passed without either of them being attacked by the malady, the seconds declared that the affair must be considered as terminated.

The law of divorce will be discussed early in the month *en attendant*. General Sarrazin has presented a petition for a law, to be directly passed, authorizing a plurality of wives. It is said, that in the event of such a law being passed, the *dames de la Halle* have it in contemplation to make a LITTLE

week of their own, and to begin their proceedings by hanging all the honourable deputies at the lantern posts.

A correspondent of the Academy of Sciences has just played a trick upon that learned body, to whom he wrote, that he had discovered the famous Flying Dragon, Don Calmet speaks of. His letter was accompanied by a drawing, representing the head of that astonishing animal. M. Cuvier, gravely placing his spectacles upon a nose, which, in itself, is one of the phenomenons of natural history, declared indignantly, that the dragon's head was neither more nor less than a portrait from life, and the fine fat pig of General La Fayette's own nursing, which the venerable General has lately presented to the *Société d'Emulation de Cleremont*, and for which he has received a gold medal.

The Duke d'Orleans lately observed at a public dinner, as he was cutting his *petit pain* of the finest flour, "France eats brown bread now, but she shall have white before my head is white." A newspaper, in reporting this *bon mot*, observes—"the Duke is twenty, and his hair is light chestnut, a colour that frequently does not change before sixty; it appears, then, that we shall have long enough to wait for white bread." *En attendant*, many of us have neither white bread nor brown.

The greatest part of the French nobility and gentry are still at their country seats, where the mornings are dedicated to fishing or to the chase. Reading, music, and the performance of private plays, amuse the evening. Sometimes these pieces are tolerably well got up, but well or ill, Heaven help the prompter, for his is by far the most difficult and the most thankless office in a private theatre. "Give me the word—why don't you give me the word!" cried an actress, whose flurry prevents her observing that he is prompting her as fast as he can "Don't keep prompting me!" cries another, who, though she does not know a line of her part, cannot bear to be supposed ignorant of it. What is the poor prompter to do?—Oh, he has his privileges—kind looks, *petits mots obligés*—and then the tender tone of entreaty with which he is addressed, "Dear Mr. Prompter, do now take care of me."

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"We each must steer our bark of life,
Towards a deathless land;
Nor need it fear the seas of strife,
May it but reach the strand
Where all is peace—and angels come,
To take the outworn wanderer home."

Happiness, alas! is but the fairy breathing of a moment, and ere we can say it is our own, it dies. We look around us in the world, and behold our friends enjoying the bliss and capture of hymenial festivals, and the next glance upon them meets a scene of desolation and despair;—the bride has become a widow, or the child is fatherless! Thus pass we through the pilgrimage of life, sorrow ever ready to supplant the blossomings of joy. Another year has revolved, and how many of those whose hearts bounded lightly in its early days, now sleep in the cold embrace of death? Our chronicles have presented mournful records, and we now fill up the annual scroll, with lists of the happy, and of the departed, during the last month. First, then, we will speak of mirthful

doings, and join our welcome congratulations to those of the many friends of the agreeable and charming JANE, the second daughter of ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Esq. of the Mount, Harrow, Middlesex, upon her union with the gallant Lieut.-Col. SKREENE, an union which, promising the happiest results, was solemnized on the 3d ult. at the house of ALEXANDER MITCHELL, Esq. at Aberdeen. Another young and lovely lady of the same baptismal name, JANE, youngest daughter of the Rev. S. SMITH, has rewarded with her heart and hand, the affection of HENRY SHUTTLEWORTH, Esq.

" 'Tis thus we see the joys of life appear on fancy's wing,
And bliss that seems of endless life, and purest rapture bring;
His hopes float buoyantly along upon the sparkling tide,
And she, fond girl, believes all good will wait upon the bride."

CAROLINE, daughter of the late ANTONIO GALASSI, Esq. and widow of the late A. BARROW, Esq. of Hanley, Staffordshire, has exchanged the weeds of widowhood, for the more seemly garb of bridal happiness, and now wears the name of WILLIAM CUMMING, Esq. Deputy Commissary General; and we have also the gratification of announcing the happy matrimonial union of E. W. TRAFFORD, Esq. son of the late SIGISMUND T. SOUTHWELL, Esq. of Wroxham Hall Park, Norfolk, with LOUISA, daughter of T. TRISTLETHWAYTE, Esq. of Southwick Park, Hampshire, a young and lovely lady, whom

" ————— to see is to admire her!
Trust me, England's self,—the seat of beauty
And the throne of love, boasts not a fairer!"

The sudden death of Sir GEORGE NAYLER, Garter King-at-Arms, has been sincerely and generally regretted; and few are those who do not mourn for the untimely loss of the young and amiable Sir JOHN ANSTRUTHER, the victim of a melancholy accident.

" ————— The lovely boy is dead,
And all his innocent hopes, like rose-leaves scattered,
And his glad childhood, nothing but a dream!"

Our next record of the triumphs of the fell destroyer, is the decease, at Antwerp, of ABRAHAM ELLERMAN, Esq. K.G.H. his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General for the Kingdom of Hanover, and Consul for the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin. The worthy CHARLES MITFORD, Esq. of Pitt's Hill, Surrey, has also departed to his last abiding place, there to await the great day when the hearts of all men shall be made known, and the virtuous have their reward. Lieut.-Col. RICHARD ROCHFORD, of Mettwell House, Oxon, late his Majesty's Consul-General of East Friesland, also expired on the 7th ult. at his house in Clifford Street. On the 6th inst., at West Cliff Lodge, Margate, after a few days' illness, in the 27th year of his age, JOHN SAVAGE, Esq. M.D., of Bernard Street, Russell Square. Seventeen months ago he led one of the accomplished daughters of Major MAXWELL to the hymeneal altar, who, scarcely out of her teens, is left with an infant son to deplore his untimely doom. By his death, the situation of Consulting Physician to the Finsbury Dispensary becomes vacant.

But reverting to a more pleasing subject, we are gratified by learning that several projected marriages in high life are spoken of, and among others, those of Miss LANGTON, daughter of Colonel GORE LANGTON, M.P., with Sir JOHN BURGOYNE, of the Grenadier Guards; Miss FREDLING with Lord VALLETORT; and the amiable and accomplished Miss

MELLISH with Lord KINNAIRD. Lord VALLETORT's marriage will take place early in the present month, at Laycock Abbey, Wilts, in the presence of the Earl of MOUNT EDGE-COMBE, and other noble connexions of the distinguished parties. We have also heard, that the lovely daughter of the Countess de SALIS, is to be led to the hymeneal altar by the young Lord de TABLEY, son of the late Sir JOHN LEICESTER, universally known as a distinguished patron of the fine arts. Lady GEORGIANA BATHURST is said to be under a matrimonial engagement with an illustrious Ex-minister; and it is rumoured in fashionable circles that the hand of the beautiful Miss STRACHAN, daughter of Lady S. and ward of the Marquis of HERTFORD, is shortly to be bestowed upon a gallant young nobleman, the presumptive heir to one of the most ancient dukedoms in this kingdom.

LA BAGATELLE.

FASHIONABLE FACETIÆ AND JEUX D'ESPRIT.

"Come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven y'clep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing *Mirth*;
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And *Laughter* holding both his sides!"—L'ALLEGRO.

"I wonder," said the Earl of MUNSTER, one day, to RAIKES, "if an author was writing my life, what motto he would prefix to it." "Oh," replied the wit, "he would certainly quote POPE, and say, 'Every thing by Fitz——!'"

King Allen, at one of Lord HERTFORD's *fêtes* in the Regent's Park, whereat the *Russian horn band* was present, desired the latter to play the "*Cholera Morbus*." "What," exclaimed the Countess of B., who overheard the strange request, "The *Cholera*!" "Certainly," replied Allen, "it is a *Russian Air*, I believe."

A Paradox.—Why is a slanderer, not a slanderer? Because he is a *calumny-hater*:—(calumniator.)

A lady, reading a paragraph in one of the papers that had been extracted from the Literary Gazette, inquired of Lord CASTLEREAGH the meaning of the abbreviation at the end, "*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*" "It means," replied the noble dandy, "that London is always *lit with gas*!"

There are nothing but *quadrupeds* at Drury Lane, this year, even a *Bucke* lets the boxes, and a *Tabby* prints the bills.

"Who do you vote for?" inquired Lord HERTFORD, of his City jeweller. "For Sir JOHN KEY," replied the trader. "Right," rejoined the Marquis, "it is proper the *Don-Key* should have a *couple of ears*!"

Why is the ribbon attached to Lord R——'s watch, like Sir Robert Peel, when in a hurry?—Because it is *tied to time*.

Lord Brougham's Schoolmaster.—RAIKES'S Note Book has the following copy of a written paper, in a window in the environs of town:—"Skooling at thruppence a week. Those has lernes to rite pays tuppence more. N.B. My wif taks in needel worke, and I mends shoos. Pleas to wring the bottum bell!"

"True bravery sees danger, and encounters it. False courage runs into danger without seeing it at all."

Why is Lord RANELAGH, when he is in an ill-humour, like a certain shooting instrument?—Because he is a *cross beam*.

"Hold your tongue for a fool!" said the amiable Lady —, to his Lordship, one evening in a little family party, "I am silent," replied Lord —, "as your ladyship is about to speak!"

At a fashionable party, a few evenings ago, the conversation turned upon the subject of the new Annuals,— "I wonder," said a young lady, "if the LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN, the highly talented authoress of the *Comic Annual*, is married or single?" "I'd wager that the lady is *single*," replied a wit; "We have but a *small proportion* of merry wives."

Mr. M——, a provincial gentleman, lately wrote a pamphlet upon the agricultural distress, which created some sensation among his tenantry. A friend of his meeting a neighbouring farmer, inquired how he liked Mr. M.'s style? "*Burn his style*," cried the incensed farmer, "my wife broke her leg in getting over it, and I have often nearly broken my own in the same manner!"

"I was told you were a rascal, sir," said an angry man to a poor debtor, "and I am not deceived." "I was told, sir," rejoined the other, "that you were a gentleman, and I am sorry to find that *I am* deceived!"

What newspaper is like a bottle of soda water? *The Cork Reporter*.

A man tired of his "better half," put a halter round her neck, and carried her to a provincial market, for sale. Who'll buy a wife! cried he. "*Say a good one*," whispered the lady. "No," rejoined bumpkin, "I be danged if I cheat any man."

What is that which goes from London to Bath without ever moving?—The turnpike road.

One of the papers speaking of Mr. Templeton's *début*, at Drury Lane, said, that "the new vocalist promises to become a London *fixtured*." "They should have added," observed a wag, "and *may be had at a fair valuation*."

"The *Bishop of London* has a great dislike to skittles and bowls." "Not if the bowls have *punch* in them," replied a wag.

"Every thing has an end," says the proverb. Not so; a ring has no end, for it is round.

March of London and Westminster!—The Bishop of London has invited the Marquis of Westminster to meet him at Fulham! We suppose the *two cities* will proceed by *steam*!!

The *tongue*, according to physicians, is a machine. Like all other machines, it generally loses in power what it obtains in speed.

"I am striving to obtain a *sufficiency*," said a witness in the Court of Common Pleas. "And what is a sufficiency?" inquired the judge. "*A little more my lord*," replied a witty barrister, "*than what a person has already got*."

"I have been the whole day hunting after the charming Miss E.," said Lord CASTLEREAGH, as he entered the Marquis of H.'s, in search of her. "Then it is certain," replied Lady H., "that you have been a day after the fair."

A young fashionable, addressing a county meeting, used the word "*penchant*," "What's that he says?" inquired one of the auditory. "Why," replied another, "that he wants a *pension*."

A rural politician, reading the newspaper to the neighbours, during the revolution in the Netherlands, came to a passage which stated, that the *low countries had risen*. "I am very glad to hear it," replied an honest auditor, "*we shall not hear of the floods doing so much damage again!*"

THE DRAMA.

"Lo! where uprears its head, yon splendid dome,
Falsely term'd "classic," and where SHAKSPEARE's page
Is turn'd and twisted—said to please the age."

COVENT GARDEN.—SHAKSPEARE's play of *Henry VIII.* has been revived at this theatre, for the double purpose of introducing FANNY KEMBLE in the character of *Katharine*, and affording Mr. YOUNG an opportunity of personating *Cardinal Wolsey* previous to his departure from the stage. When Miss KEMBLE first appeared in public, surprising and delighting the town by her powerful, her unparalleled performance of *Juliet*, we not only expressed our high opinion of that performance, and of the exalted and commanding nature of Miss KEMBLE's talents, but ventured to entreat, that an actress who gave such promise of becoming one of the most splendid ornaments of the modern stage, might not be destroyed by the enthusiasm of friendship, that even in her first triumph appeared to threaten her future career. We suggested the propriety of confining Miss KEMBLE to a range of characters, in which no, or at least, no material comparison could be instituted between the actress and her magnificent relative, whose mantle appeared to be reserved for her, when, after a series of successes in a branch of the drama more in agreement with her years, her person, and her powers, she would be able to grapple with the great characters of Mrs. SIDDONS, and having become matured in experience and physical powers, would ascend to the throne of the tragic muse amid the unmingled plaudits, and with the unanimous approbation of the town. There was "ample room and verge enough," if not in what is called the acting drama, yet in the splendid creations of the old dramatists, a series of whose revivals might not only have carried on the triumphs of Miss KEMBLE, but also have reflected the highest honour upon the taste and discrimination of her friends—have rescued the old English drama from the obscurity into which it has been thrown by a series of tom-fooleries, and a system of *charlatanerie*, and have raised the stage into that high and paramount importance which every lover of the drama has so long desired.

Miss KEMBLE has assumed the character of *Katharine* too early; and from the high opinion which we entertain of her talents, we shall forbear criticising her present performance. Mr. YOUNG personates *Wolsey* in all the classic splendour of his dramatic talent; the latter portions of the character are, indeed, by him exquisitely portrayed. Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE appeared in the character of *Harry*, and gives a very spirited portraiture of the bluff monarch. His manner of breaking up the council is particularly characteristic. Mr. BENNET is too noisy in the *Earl of Surrey*—by the bye this gentleman and Mr. ABBOT affect a new style of pronunciation, and call "cardinal" "a *Kharndenal*." The Coronation of Anne Bullen, which the managers introduced, was a pretty spectacle, but we really commiserated the ladies in white, who had to remain outside of the Abbey giving utterance to a doleful ditty, whilst the preparations were proceeding within.

Fra Diavolo has not met with the success which had been anticipated; the music is occasionally unharmonious and ineffective; and notwithstanding BRAHAM exerted all his great powers, ably assisted by EMMA ROMER, Mr. WILSON, and Mr. G. PENSON, the opera failed to attract. A new melo-

drama called *The Army of the North*, experienced a similar fate, it having been withdrawn after the second night. Miss INVERARITY has imparted the power of her splendid abilities to the opera of *Brother and Sister*; but, with the exception of the leading character, the piece is inadequately sustained. Why will ELLEN TREE disfigure herself by the *outré* head-dress which she is accustomed to wear in *Hide and Seek*?

Lord F. L. GOWER's tragedy of *Catherine of Cleves* is postponed. We do not like to prejudge his lordship's drama, but still, from what we have heard, we apprehend a failure.

DRURY LANE.—*The Love Charm*, an adaptation from AUBER's *Le Philtre*, has not been more successful than *Fra Diavolo* at the other house. The dramatic portion of the piece is very meagre, and although it is occasionally tasteful and pleasing, yet the greater portion is heavy in the extreme. H. PHILLIPS has a character altogether unworthy of his great talents, and even Mr. SEGUIN is not heard to much advantage. WOOD has the best opportunities, and his performance is deservedly admired. Mrs. WOOD, as the coquet *Terezine*, plays and sings delightfully.

The melo-drama of *The Exile* has been revived in a splendid style; it is a very interesting piece, and is admirably performed. MACREADY and Miss PHILLIPS represent the principal characters (*Daran* and *Alexina*) with great power and effect; there is a beautiful chastity in the personations of Miss PHILLIPS, which must ever claim the admiration of the spectator. The Coronation of the *Empress Elizabeth*, is a very gorgeous and effective scene, Mrs. FAUCIT enacting the *Empress* with peculiar dignity.

WALLACK has appeared in LISTON's character in *Charles XII.* We never liked LISTON in *Adam Brock*—he was out of his element, for that actor is never amusing unless he has to enact some palpable buffoonery. WALLACK gave an admirable personation of the character, and it was received with great applause.

Dr. ARNE's opera of *Artaxerxes* has been revived for the purpose of introducing Mr. TEMPLETON in *Arbaces*, WOOD in *Artabanes*, and Mrs. WOOD in *Mandane*; respecting which, our limits only allow us to say, that they are three splendid triumphs of native vocal talent. Mrs. WOOD, in particular, completely enraptured the audience with her divine harmony.

A Miss MAYHEW, pupil of MADAME PASTA, has made her debut here in the character of the *Countess Almaviva*, in the *Marriage of Figaro*; she is a pleasing singer, and has been favourably received. Another debutante, Miss SMITH, a very young lady, appeared in *Cherubino*, which she sustained with so much spirit, as to encourage us to expect the highest gratification from her future performances.

MADAME VESTRIS has presented nothing worthy of particular notice since our last, with the exception of a successful trifle, called *The Widow*, and a more dramatic version of AUBER's *Le Philtre* than the opera at Drury Lane. At the ADELPHI, that delightful actress, Mrs. YATES, gives one of those charming performances, which have already exalted her to so high a place in the estimation of the town. She is the principle support of the establishment, and no admirer of fine acting should fail to witness her *Victorine*, one of the most powerful and beautiful personations of the modern stage.



Fancy Costume Scotch.

Marchioness of Londonderry.

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NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

A DINNER DRESS,

Of *crepe de Lyons* of a beautiful new pattern; sleeves of the melon shape: the bust *en bouffant*, with jockeys falling over. Head-dress of white satin, with ostrich feathers.

SCOTCH FANCY COSTUME.

The dress of *crappe lisse* with a border worked in floss silk: a hem of green satin at the bottom, and three *rouleaux* above. A scarf of plain satin is tastefully thrown over the shoulder, where it fastens with a bow, and carelessly falls on the petticoat at the other side. A Scotch bonnet of crimson velvet, surmounted with numerous feathers, and a band of plaid is the finish to this fancy costume. White satin slippers and striped silk hose are worn with it.

A WALKING DRESS

Of *feuille de mort gros de Naples*:—a short cloak of the same colour, cut in points, finished by tassels and surmounted by a rich border of velvet or *chenille*: the *pelerine* and collar being composed of velvet of a darker shade. Black velvet bonnet, and feathers *à feuille de mort*.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the same.

FIG. 2.—A back and front view of a spotted plush bonnet, conical crown and feathers.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A dress of *chaly, à la reine*, in plain and figured stripes, the first are celestial blue, the others white, figured with lilac; the *corsage* plain, and high behind, is partially open on the bust, and disposed in folds. The sleeves are *en gigot*. The front of the skirt is trimmed *à la Dona Maria*, with the same material, and ornamented with wrought silk. The hat is of celestial blue velvet, a moderate sized brim, which is open on the left side, and a very low crown. Gauze ribbons and an *esprit* decorate the inside of the brim; another *esprit* is placed on one side of the crown, which is also trimmed with a band and bow of ribbon.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of bright crimson velvet; a low *corsage*, tight behind, and draped in the Grecian style in front, with round *mancherons*. Long sleeves, *à l'imbécille*, of white *tulle*. The skirt is ornamented, immediately above the hem, with an embroidery in relief. *Chemisette*, of white *tulle*, edged with blond lace. *Coiffure à la Grecque*, composed of braids of hair and gold chain. Ear-rings and bracelets, gold.

SECOND EVENING DRESS—OPERA COSTUME.

A dress of light fawn-coloured *gros des Indes*—a low *corsage* with *beret* sleeves, over which are long ones of plain blond lace. *Fichu pelerine* of blond lace of a very rich pattern. Head-dress, a *vert des Indes* velvet *chapeau demi-beret*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond. Neck-knot also of gauze ribbon. The jewellery should be gold.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of a white *moire* dress—low *corsage* and blond lace sleeves over *beret* sleeves of *moire*; the former are ornamented *en espagnole* with knots of ribbon.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the second evening dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the morning visiting dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A front view of a half-dress bonnet—it is composed of canary-coloured *crappe*, a round brim trimmed on the inside, with knots of ribbon to correspond, and *mentonnieres* of blond lace; the crown, of the helmet shape, is trimmed in a most novel style with bands and tulip knots of ribbon, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, in the centre of which is an *esprit*.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the head-dress just described.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of printed *gros de Naples*, a white ground printed in squares in a small running pattern. The colours are *aventurine* and *La Fayette*. The *corsage* is cut low, plain behind, and draped *à la Maintenon* in front, with very deep jockeys of the same material over long sleeves of white *gaze de Paris*. Hat of white *moire*, trimmed under the brim with *coques* of canary-coloured gauze ribbon. Blond lace draperies, intermingled with a bouquet of exotics adorns the crown.

BALL DRESS.

A white *crappe* dress, the *corsage* draped and trimmed with blond lace in a new style, called *à la Tagliani*. The border is adorned with a very rich embroidery of gold flowers with bright green foliage. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed behind, falling in a low bow on the summit of the head, and in a light and very high bow, placed perpendicularly. A bouquet of ostrich feathers, at the base of which is a flower; it droops round this bow. The jewellery is of gold and sapphires—scarf of blue gauze.

SECOND DINNER DRESS—GRAND COSTUME.

A dress of bright rose-coloured *gros de Tours*—the *corsage* is cut excessively low round the bust, and in crossed drapery in front—it is edged with blond lace, single *beret* sleeve,

with a knot of ribbon in the centre, which protrudes through an opening in a blond long sleeve. A deep flounce of blond lace is set on, a little below the knee, and headed by *pattes of gros de Tours*, edged with blond lace. *Chapeau beret* of velvet to correspond with the dress, trimmed with rose-coloured gauze ribbon, and white ostrich feathers. Gold-coloured gauze scarf. Dead gold jewellery.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first dinner dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the ball dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A green velvet bonnet of the *demi capote* shape, trimmed under the brim with a cockade and *rouleaus* of gauze ribbon, and blond lace. *Nœuds* of gauze ribbon, and blond lace draperies adorn the crown.

FIG. 2.—A back view of FIG. 1.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A high dress of violet *gros de Naples*; plain *corsage* to fasten behind. Sleeves à l'*Amadis*; round *pelerine*, with a double row of lozenge trimming. Three very narrow *rouleaus* mark the upper edge of the hem. The hat is of lemon-coloured satin, trimmed on the inside of the brim with blond lace and ribbon to correspond. *Coches*, ribbon, and a bouquet of flowers adorn the crown. *Colerette* and *manchettes* of English lace.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *Dona Maria* gauze over satin—the form is a *la Jardinière*. Head-dress a *toque à la Reine* of pale blue crape, trimmed with ostrich feathers and gauze ribbons to correspond. *Manteau à la Plater* of *reps Americain*—blue upon a dark chocolate ground; it is lined with blue *gros de Naples*—the collar and pelisse are very large. Mameluke sleeves, also, extremely large. The jewellery is finely chased.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A high dress composed of *vallière gros de Naples*, the *corsage* made up to the throat, is finished round the shoulders, and down the front of the bust with a lappel of the same material, which forms a heart in front, and a small *pelerine* behind: it is cut round the border in sharp *dents*: a trimming in the form of a broken cone, also cut in *dents* at the edge, is continued down each side of the skirt, which is open in front, and partially displays a white under-dress. *Amadis* sleeve; blue *moire* cottage bonnet, of the new French shape, trimmed inside of the brim with a cockade of gauze ribbon to correspond, and blond lace: knots of ribbons, and a bouquet of artificial flowers adorn the crown.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the second morning dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A front view of a lilac velvet bonnet, trimmed with ornaments of the same material, resembling cock's-combs: they are edged with blond lace.

FIG. 2.—A back view of FIG. 1.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A white *moire* open dress, over an under-dress of white *gros de Naples*; the first is of the *redingote* form; the *corsage*

which turns back *en schall*, is made up to the throat behind, and partially open on the bust: the lappel is very deep, and the *pelerine en cœur* very large: the sleeves are à *la Maintenon*. The dress, and also the *pelerine* and lappel are *dented* in a new style. Blond lace cap trimmed with lavender-coloured gauze ribbons: lavender-gauze scarf.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of canary-coloured satin; *corsage* and sleeves à *la Donna Maria*: the skirt reaches a little below the knee, where it is trimmed by a blond lace flounce, which descends below the under-dress. The hat is of ruby-velvet, superbly trimmed with white ostrich feathers and gold cords. The scarf is of white blond lace.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A pelisse dress of puce-coloured *gros de Naples*, tight *corsage*, with a *pelerine* of three falls,—the third *en cœur*, and ending in points under the *ceinture*—the front of the dress which wraps over to one side, and also the *pelerines*, are cut in points: *gigot* sleeve. The bonnet is of white *moire* and emerald-green velvet: it is lined with the latter, and trimmed with a mixture of velvet and blond lace. Fancy muff, composed of plain and flowered velvet.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the second morning dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the evening dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A *beret à la reine* of crimson velvet, trimmed with crimson gauze ribbons striped with gold.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the head-dress just described.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1831.

The fair subjects of our ROYAL MISTRESS have vied with each other during the last month in testimonies of loyalty and obedience to her sovereign will. She ordains that splendour shall be the order of the day, and her lovely votaries are determined to spare no expense in obeying her commands. Well, then, fair readers, let us approach the *sanctum sanctorum* of our QUEEN, and see what preparations her favourite priestess has made to fulfil her high behests,—and first for

HATS AND BONNETS.—The latter only are worn in outdoor costume: they are of the *capote* shape, and considerably smaller in the brim than those of last month. Mrs. BELL has just imported some *bibis* and *roquets*, such are the names given to these head-dresses. The former is quite the Cottage shape, a very small and close brim, rounded at the corners, and a low crown placed very backwards. These bonnets are always trimmed with a weeping willow plume: some are composed of cock's feathers to correspond in colours with the bonnet. The most fashionable mixtures are black, lined with green or blue: the feathers correspond either with the colour or the lining; or, if ostrich feathers are employed, they are of the colour of the bonnet, tipped with that of the lining. The brim of the *roquet* is shorter than that of the *bibi*: it is square at the corners:





Newest Fashions for November, 1891

Countess of Bellast.

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the crown of the same height all round is shaped like a man's hat: these bonnets are trimmed with satin striped-gauze ribbons; a knot, called *nœud de cravate*, composed of long flat bows placed one above another in the form of wings, is attached obliquely to the left side of the crown, so that one-half of the bow rises above it: both these bonnets are trimmed behind with short and very full curtains, which stand out rather from the neck. Velvet, *velours-épinglé*, and satin are the favourite materials for bonnets:—some are composed chiefly of one material, others of two, as velvet lined with satin, and *vice versa*. We have seen also a few lined with *pluche de soie*,—but these latter are not yet numerous. The colours *feuille de acanthe* and *aventurine* are next in favour for bonnets, to those we have already spoken of.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Mantles are universally adopted: Mrs. BELL has a most splendid and varied assortment. The favourite form for carriage Mantles is that given in our first plate. As to the materials, velvet, *gros des Indes*, satin, and a variety of materials composed of Cachemere wool, are all in favour:—some of the latter are striped,—the stripes alternately plain and spotted, and of different colours. We see also in the spotted stripes, patterns in which different colours are mingled. Others are of large and singular patterns, serpentine upon red or brown grounds. The most elegant carriage Mantles are those with a plain ground, and a richly embroidered border,—the *pelerine*, also, embroidered to correspond. Those with large sleeves *à la polonoise*, are only used for evening dress. Several mantles have the *pelerines* trimmed with rich fringe; but this is matter of choice, as they are equally fashionable without. *Wadded Pelisses* will also, it is expected, be generally adopted in the course of the month. Those in preparation are of *moire*, satin, or *gros des Indes*: they are almost all made with two *pelerines*. Some are simply finished with a broad hem round the border, surmounted with one or two pipings of the material of the pelisse; others are cut round in points or squares, with a little distance between each: the collar is either square and falling, or else stands up, and a little from the neck:—the sleeves are very large, and of the short *gigot* shape. A sable boa tippet and muff is indispensable in out-door costume.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF MORNING DRESS.—Silks of different kinds, and Cachemere are the favourite materials. *Gros des Naples* and Cachemere are mostly adopted in home dress. *Gros des Indes*, *gros de Tours*, and *moire*, are principally employed for morning visits. Plain high *corsages* are very much in fashion. We see also several in crossed drapery: sleeves are as large as ever at the top:—the short *gigot* form, which is most in favour, does not sit quite tight, except at the wrist, from thence it gradually enlarges, till, as it approaches the elbow, it becomes very full. The most striking difference in the make of dresses is the immense width of the skirts, which are at least half as wide again as last year: the plaits are very deep at the waist, particularly behind, where it is arranged in folds, which reach to the bottom.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—*Moire*, *chaly*, and *mousseline de laine*, are all in favour in the evening *negligé*. The most elegant of the latter are those with satin stripes, or else *à colonnes*, printed in pretty patterns. The *corsages* are in general *à la grecque*, and of a decorous height: the sleeves for *moire* dresses, of white transparent gauze, over short *moire* sleeves. If the other materials are employed, the sleeve is the same as the dress: it is of short

gigot form:—trimmings are only worn in full dress, and they are of embroidery or blond lace.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF FULL DRESS.—Besides the materials which we described last month, *moire*, either embroidered or trimmed with blond lace, begins to be much in favour:—the embroidery is in a Chinese pattern, either in gold, silver, or coloured silks, above the hem, and round the drapery which adorns the back and shoulders of the dress: the sleeves are of the double *beret* form, that is to say, so arranged as to appear like two very short *beret* sleeves, placed one below the other: the plaits are very large, and must be placed in contrary directions. If the dress is trimmed with blond, the *corsage* is ornamented in the *mantille* style, and a deep flounce, headed by a light trimming of gauze ribbon, goes round the border.

HEAD-DRESSES IN FULL DRESS.—Turban's are coming much into favour, particularly those of white and coloured crape, lightly embroidered with gold or silver, and trimmed with *marabouts*. Velvet *berets* are also in great request: the most elegant are those trimmed with two birds of paradise,—one drooping over the crown, the other towards the neck: some have in addition under the brim of the *beret*, a long ostrich feather, which turns towards the crown, and round it in a spiral direction. *Ponceau* and green are the favourite colours for velvet *berets*. *Chapeau demi-beret* will, it is supposed, be quite the rage this winter. The most elegant are those that have the crown in the form of a Polish lancer's cap, with a very small round brim, rather on one side: a weeping willow plume, composed of white cock's feathers is attached to one side of the crown by three rows of gold cordon, which is brought from the opposite side of the crown and turns under the brim, where it terminates by two glands. These hats are always composed of velvet. The colours most in favour are all the shades of *aventurine*, and the other shades of brown mentioned last month. Dark blue, green, lavenders, crimson, beet-red, azure, canary colour, *ponceau*, and rose-colour.

ACROSTIC

ON ROWLAND'S CELEBRATED MACASSAR OIL.

Rise thou foe to father Time,
O il renown'd in every clime,
Which, discover'd by art sublime,
Lives famous 'mong Britannia's fair,
As a friend to human hair;
N e'er known to fail, in old or young,
D ivine, as noble BYRON* sung,
'S ince all to youth and beauty clung.

M other—father—infant—child,
A ll hail thee, so sweet and mild;
C ould thy worth be ever known,
C are ne'er with the hair had grown,
A ll had worshipp'd thee alone;
S ecurè within thy magic pow'ër,
S econd to none in virtue's dowër;
A blessing always be on thee,
R evered Oil, on land or sea.

O ld and young, grave or gay,
I nvite thy aid, thy prop and stay,
L est their head should turn to grey.

* Vide Don Juan, 2nd Canto.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Cottage bonnets, of the small and unbecoming shape that was fashionable in England several years ago, are now universally adopted for promenades. They are trimmed either with ostrich feathers, arranged in *plumets saules*, or cock's feathers disposed in *panaches russes*. We see, also, a good many trimmed with ribbon only.

OUT DOOR COSTUME.—When the weather is cold, mantles are universally adopted. Those *à la polonoise*, made with large sleeves, are most in favour. They have a high standing collar, and an excessively large pelerine. *Gros des Indes* and *Cachemire* are the materials most in request for mantles—a few, but very few, velvet ones have as yet been seen. Shawls or velvet pelerines are adopted in mild weather—the former are either *Cachemire des Indes*, or the French imitation of it.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HALF-DRESS.—Pelisse dresses of satin or *moire* are much in favour—several are already trimmed with fur; the most elegant of these are of black, or *aventurine* satin, ornamented down the front and round the bottom with *chinchilla*—the trimming which descends from the waist is of moderate breadth in front, but very deep round the bottom of the skirt. The *corsage* is made half-high with a collar, which falls in the pelerine style, and is trimmed with black blond lace; it forms three points, one descends upon the back, the other falls to the right and left upon the breast. An olive leaf, formed of wrought silk, terminates each point.

Moire dresses are more commonly made in light colours. Some shades of *aventurine*, lemon colour, and lavender bloom, are all in favour; these, also, have a falling collar, which goes round the *corsage*; it is deeper on the shoulders than before or behind, and is edged with pointed silk fancy trimming. The sleeves of the usual size at the top, and gradually narrower towards the wrist—become something wider as they descend a little over the hand. Three narrow *rouleaus* of satin, borders the bottom of the sleeve. The *corsage*, which crosses the front, has the materials disposed on each side of the breast in three large deep plaits.

HEAD-DRESSES IN HALF-DRESS.—Hats with very small brims, something of the *chapeau capote* form, but closer at the ears, and the brim much smaller, are very much in favour in half-dress. They are composed either of velvet or satin *à mille rates*, and are trimmed either with ribbons disposed in large *coques*, or cock's feathers arranged in *plumets à la Plater*. We see, also, several *capotes bibis*, composed either of velvet or of crape—the first are trimmed with white *marabouts*, arranged in the form of a fan—the latter have a *rose tremière* placed on the left side of the corner near the top, and rather in the front, a bow of very broad rich gauze ribbon, of the butterfly form, but with sharp ends, is placed at the base of the rose, and from this bow the *brides* descend on each side.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF FULL-DRESS.—Blond lace tunics over under-dresses of satin or *moire*, begin to be very generally adopted in grand costume. The under-dress is richly embroidered in colours round the border, and the tunic just reaches the embroidery. Some of these dresses are open before, others are closed, but are arranged *en tunique*, by a blond lace trimming set on full on each side of the front. The *corsage* has always a little fulness in the back,

and is draped in the Grecian style upon the bottom. The back and shoulders are trimmed with a double frill of blond lace, and the sleeves *à la Venitienne*, that is, excessively long and wide—are always raised at the wrist and elbow by gold bracelets.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF BALL DRESS.—*Gaze Bemerda*, *tulle-Arachné*, and crape, are the materials of the new ball dresses. The first is a rich white gauze, embroidered in fantastic patterns, in dark coloured silks, mixed either with gold or silver. The second, a new kind of embroidered *tulle* crape, is, however, most in favour. The favourite form is *à la Jardinière*. The *corsage* sits close to the shape behind—it is cut low and square round the breast, and forms a V at the bottom of the waist in front—that is to say, it forms a sharp point, to which a knot of ribbons is attached. The upper part is draped *à la Sevigné*—the sleeves are short, extremely wide, and disposed in irregular plaits. The skirt is painted above the hem in a wreath of flowers excessively large in the centre, but diminishes gradually on each side, and forms a drapery, to which a knot of ribbon is attached. From this drapery the same style of trimming is continued round the back of the skirt. A wreath, corresponding with that placed horizontally, descends perpendicularly from each knot to the bottom of the skirt.

COIFFURES IN BALL AND FULL-DRESS.—For the first the *coiffures* are always *en cheveux*—those *à la Grèce* are very much in favour; the hair is parted before, and disposed in plaited braids, which forms a bow knot behind. A narrow gold chain of exquisite workmanship mingles with the braids, and a single row of it is brought across the forehead. The hair parted in front, and turned up in soft bows of a moderate height behind, is also much in favour. These head-dresses are ornamented with feathers or flowers—the latter are disposed either in half wreaths or in one, with a bow of hair between them. The feathers are chiefly *marabouts*. A half wreath of blue *marabouts* intermingled with silver grapes, or of pea-green ones mixed with small gold foliage, is considered very elegant. Turbans, bonnets, and dress hats, are all in favour in full dress. The most fashionable turbans are composed of *gaze Algérienne*, and enriched with pearls or cameos.

JEWELLERY.—Narrow and gold chains, very finely wrought, are much worn in head-dresses of hair, and also used to ornament turbans. Several of the most novel bracelets, shirt pins, and rings, contain portraits of the smallest size set in gold beautifully chased.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Gloves of *peau de Suède* are the only ones fashionable. Those for walking are either *aventurine* or chamois colour.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR is the GRANDEST ORNAMENT belonging to the HUMAN FRAME; how strangely the loss of it changes the countenance, and prematurely brings on the appearance of old age, which causes many to recoil at being uncovered, and sometimes even to shun society to avoid the jests and sneers of their acquaintance, the remainder of their lives are consequently spent in retirement. In short, even the loss of property fills not the generous thinking youth with that heavy sinking gloom, as does the loss of his hair. To avert all these unpleasant circumstances, C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA stops the hair from falling-off on the first application, and a few bottles restores it again; it also produces whiskers and eye-brows, prevents the hair from turning grey, makes it curl beautifully, and frees it from scurf. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per Bottle.

Numerous Certificates of the first respectability, in support of the virtues of Oldridge's Balm, are shown by the Proprietors, 1, Wellington Street, Strand, where it is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Vendors.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXXIV.—English Earls.

EARL SPENCER.

*"——— The immortal mede be THINE,
That freedom wreathes the Patriot's brow around !—
For at thy Country's call, thou, foremost found,
Did'st leave the grove where science won't to twine
(Thy chaplet richly grand with classic flowers.)
For Britain claim'd thy care."—SOTHEY.*

It is really pleasant, and no *task* of duty, to be called upon to trace the *Genealogy* and *Biography* combined, of a Nobleman not less distinguished for the integrity of his public career, than the elegance of taste and classical attainments of his private life. Both are equally worthy of grateful remembrance and estimation.

GEORGE JOHN SPENCER, K. G. F. R. S. and S. A. Viscount Althorp, Viscount Spencer, and Baron Spencer, of Althorp, in the County of Northampton, was born on the 1st of September, 1758, and is now therefore, and his character possesses those attractions which hallow his reverential years, in the dawn of his seventy-fourth year. On the 6th March, 1781, he married LAVINIA, daughter of Sir Charles Bingham, Bart. (afterwards Lord Lucan,) by whom he had issue JOHN CHARLES Viscount ALTHORP, (whose prudent conduct in recent very trying situations proclaim sufficiently good things of his talent, and coolness yet spirit of perseverance,) and five other children, one of whom, a gallant Captain in the Navy, has recently perished, a victim to the noble service of which he was so devoted an ornament.

EARL SPENCER was the Son of JOHN, the first EARL, by Margaret Georgiana, the eldest daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq. of Midgham, Berks, and descended from the third Earl of Sunderland, whose youngest son married the daughter and co-heiress of the renowned Duke of Marlborough (by which the Spencers subsequently became related to the very ancient house of Pembroke also, and Anne Churchill, the grandmother of the present Lord. His Lordship, EARL SPENCER, succeeded to those honours he wears so worthy, at the decease of his father, 1783; and, besides his other situations of useful or honourable distinction, is High Steward of St. Albans, a Governor of the Charter House, and an elder brother of the Trinity House.

We should not omit to mention that the *Honourable* JOHN SPENCER, (from whom the springs of the family are to be

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traced,) youngest son of Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, represented Woodstock in Parliament from 1731 and 2 to the time of his decease, in 1746; although, and thence the wonder, returned for the County of Bedford. Times and *Woodstock Election* matters, are altered now!

Mr. SPENCER was appointed Ranger of Windsor Great Park, at the decease of his Grandmother, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the only place he was allowed by her Grace's haughty and most parsimonious will to accept; but this was in a good measure compensated for by his subsequently inheriting a considerable portion of that singular Lady's perseveringly amassed property. He married, 14th February, 1733-4, the third daughter of Carteret, Earl Granville, and was succeeded by his only son, John Spencer, Esq. created on the 3rd April, 1761, Baron Spencer, of Althorp, and advanced 1st November, 1765, to the VISCOUNTY OF ALTHORP, and EARLDOM OF SPENCER. We have already shewn that the marriage his Lordship contracted with Miss Poyntz gave him an alliance with the highest families of that period. Besides JOHN, the present Earl, he left a daughter, Georgiana, who married William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, (but who died the 30th March, 1806, leaving issue William Spencer, the present Duke of Devonshire, and two daughters;) and Henrietta Frances, who wedded, 27th November, 1780, Frederick, third Earl of Besborough. She died the 11th of November, 1821. And now we arrive to the succession to the Earldom of the present excellent head of the noble house of SPENCER.

Harrow, that has had the fame of producing so many bright Scholars also reckons in her Classes GEORGE JOHN, EARL SPENCER; and it was here he enjoyed the advantage of possessing Sir William Jones for a tutor. Trinity College, Cambridge, next received him, where, in 1778, he took the degree of M. A. Every where he was esteemed as an elegant and accomplished classical scholar. He was first sent to Parliament for the borough of Northampton, and strenuously opposed the administration of Lord North; on the overthrow of whose power and party, he was appointed a Lord of the new Treasury, and both from his rank and talents, possessed a marked influence among the leading Statesmen of the age.

That great event, the French Revolution, in which were plunged in one mass of frightful performances, the destinies of Europe, his Lordship, upon the King issuing his Proclamation, in 1792, joined the ministry of Mr. Pitt, stood for sober and unensanguined principles; and was in consequence, on the 20th December, 1794, appointed as the successor of Lord Chatham, to the high and responsible situation of FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, a post at all times requiring great ability and integrity, and never displaying more of either than it did under the auspices of Earl Spencer. Indeed the glorious victories of St. Vincent's, of Camperdown, and of the Nile,—the splendid exploits of a HOWE, a JERVIS, a DUNCAN, and a NELSON, encircled with laurels the period. Not even the wretched mutiny at Spithead in 1797, tended to bring down reproach upon his conduct of the Admiralty. In fact, in the discharge of all his duties his Lordship was most assiduous,

and in personal exertions altogether indefatigable. In 1800, he retired from office with Mr. Pitt, beginning to think

- "The post of honour was a private station."

And in 1801 expressed very energetically his disapprobation of the peace with France, which he considered a great degradation to his country. We should mention, also, that during the short lived union of certain parties at that period, he in 1806, accepted the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department, resigning it again in the following year.

It is stated in the National Gallery of Portraits, that it was under Lord Spencer's favour that Mr. Brunel's ingenious and valuable inventions in block machinery were introduced into our dock-yards, together with many other improvements made in those important *dépôts*, which have since contributed in no small degree to our naval superiority.

The principal seat of this noble family is Althorp Park, in the parish of Brington, about five miles to the west of Northampton. Prior to the days of Henry VII. (we are told) it was the property of John Catesby, Esq. of Legers Ashby, by whom it was sold during the above reign, to John Spencer, Esq. From that period to the present, the estate has, without interruption, been in the regular possession of his succeeding heirs. Wimbledon, Surrey, Ryde, Isle of Wight, and St. James's Place, are the other residences of the family with which we are acquainted.

The *Motto*, *Dieu defend le droit*, has been illustrated in the character and career of LORD SPENCER, who was spared to do service to his country when it required his active abilities, and is still apparently, *Heaven-defended*, on retiring from public life, to find increasing pleasure in his favourite studies and classical enquiries, as he ponders over with delight those works of inestimable value with which his library is enriched. We therefore take leave of this estimable character with the satisfactory and perfect assurance, that the autumn of his useful life is spent in those high intellectual enjoyments which are to be found with the sages of all times, congregated in a manner to satiate the most ardent thirst of knowledge, and afford the deepest luxury to the philosophic mind.

MARK GHERRIT'S RING; OR THE STRANGER OF FRANKFORT:

A TALE.

The young—the innocent—the fair,
Fall first, the spoiler's prey;
And evil spirits lay their snare,
To lead young hearts astray.

The traveller, as he passes through Frankfort, seldom fails to turn a few miles out of the direct road, for the purpose of witnessing a singular object, to which a popular superstition is attached, regarded as it is by the peasantry of the neighbouring village, with awe and wonder. This object is a piece of rock pierced in the shape of a ring; but whether its present appearance is to be ascribed to the ingenuity of man, or to one of those vagaries of nature, the effect of which so frequently meets the traveller's eye, it is impossible to determine. It bears the name of *Mark Gherrit's Ring*, and the following superstition, connected therewith, was

related to me, with much precision, by a venerable patriarch of the village, who seemed to give implicit credence to every detail of the story.

In the year of —, I forget the precise date, but it was some period of the latter portion of the seventeenth century, the fair of Frankfort was expected to be extremely attractive, from the quantity of merchandise of all descriptions that, for some time previously, the dealers had been bringing into the city, from all parts of the continent. The excitement of those attractions, drew the people, far and near, to the great emporium; and holiday as the fair of Frankfort usually was, upon the present occasion it proved far more lively and entertaining. The bells from all the churches ushered in one of the brightest mornings that the imagination can picture, as, with cheerful looks, the enterprising merchants began to unlock their stores, and produce the varied attractions of articles of use and of luxury; the velvet kirtle, and the embroidered stomacher; the embossed and massive bracelets, and crosses of gold and ivory, to the delighted eyes of the crowds that assembled to gaze upon the varied beauties. Rapidly the choicest goods made their way from the stalls of the dealers, to the possession of some allured admirer; the kirtle was carried off in triumph by a laughing maiden, whilst a cloak, of the newest Paris cut, found an eager purchaser in some Frankfort beau, who, probably, caught at the treasure with delight, in order to appear with greater advantage in the eyes of his beloved girl; the bracelets and the ear-drops became love gifts, and the crosses of gold reposed upon the white bosoms of some admiring beauties. In this manner the day opened; cheerful looks and bright smiles bespoke the pleasure which the heart experienced, and happiness and animation pervaded the scene.

At this interesting period of the day, arrived Michael Blockberg, a retired merchant, with his daughter Christine and his maiden sister Agatha; the latter of whom officiated as housekeeper in the merchant's establishment, maintaining the honours of that situation, although the pretty Christine was now fast arriving at womanly estate. But Agatha had lived so many years in the commanding capacity, that she became pertinaciously attached thereto, and the least attempt to interfere with the duties of that department, was considered an infringement of her prerogative, and treated accordingly. We should have premised, that Michael Blockberg resided in retirement in a small village, situated in a beautiful valley at a short distance from Frankfort, where he lived in peace and happiness, his declining years being consoled by the soft affection of a devoted child, whilst his every want was administered to by his attentive and obliging sister. Eighteen years of Christine's life had passed in this delightful manner; in the possession of all that the means of a doating father could confer, she was supremely happy; the beauty of all the village festivals, the blithe companion of the young and gay, and the constant friend of the aged and lowly, Christine was the pride of the neighbourhood; every girl, while she envied, loved her; and the youths endeavoured to render themselves worthy of her smiles. Frederic Bernhardt, the son of the village pastor, however, was the one who seemed to obtain the most favours, for he was ever at her side at all the festivals, and often, when he had concluded his studies, and sought relaxation from the severe pursuit, by wandering among the fields and meadows, as the sun declined in the heavens, and the cool breezes of evening, refreshed both heart and mind, then was Christine

beheld leaning upon his arm, looking so innocent, and so happy, that the picture itself was delightful to behold.

She loved—she was beloved ; and *love is all
That makes a woman's world*,—her element—
Her life—her Eden ! Then the seal was set,
Love never sets in vain—and sets but once.
I need not say how young affection sprung,
Gathered, and grew in its sweet course ; they hung
Together o'er the poet's breathing page
Till their own eyes reflected every thought :
And both lov'd music, and love never yet
Had an interpreter like song !

Such was the situation of the little family of Michael Blockberg, at the time of the great fair of Frankfort, when Christine, desirous of personally beholding the splendours and amusements of that scene of gaiety, persuaded her good natured parent to accompany her thither. Nor was Agatha Blockberg averse to the solicitations of her niece, for though arrived at an age that has ever been considered that of prudence and sober thought, Miss Blockberg had still implicit reliance upon the power of her personal charms, which, according to her own opinion, remained in all their early attraction, and, consequently, still capable of impressing upon an admirer's heart ; besides, too, she wanted to make several purchases, had a great desire of seeing the Dutch conjuror, with the fame of whose astonishing feats the whole country was resounding ; and the various other gaieties were alike attractive to the sensibilities of Agatha Blockberg.

Frederick Bernhardt attended the little party a short distance on their way, and then, compelled to return to his studies, he resigned Christine to her father's arm, and parted, leaving them to pursue their journey. The day was far advanced when they arrived at their destination, and aware of the short time which they would be enabled to spend amidst the many gaieties of the fair, Agatha, as well as her interesting niece, with delighted hearts, passed over the varied portions of the scene, scarcely allowing themselves to appreciate a single object, so entranced were they with the joyous appearance of the whole. In vain the sober merchant advised them to restrain their ardour, for, like emancipated fawns, they lightly bounded amidst the congregated group, utterly unmindful of the intreaties and remonstrances of the worthy Michael. Christine enjoyed the amusements, but Agatha was perfectly delighted. Nothing could exceed her astonishment at beholding the far-famed conjuror, and her shouts of admiring surprise could, frequently, be heard half-way over the fair. Then, her laughter, too, at the whimsicalities of the mountebanks, and her expressions of amazement when the rich stores of jewellery and embroidery upon the various stalls met her eyes, created as much amusement to her fellow spectators, as the exhibitions did to her delighted self. At length, however, the enthusiasm of the females began to tire ; the day was rapidly declining, the stalls were thinning, the conjuror abated his attractions, and the buffoons in vain endeavoured to excite a laugh ; people were departing to their homes, and Michael Blockberg intimated that it was also time for his little party to be gone. Christine willingly acceded to her father's proposal, but Agatha was loth to leave ; she had not had time to purchase a single article, for every moment had been completely occupied by the amusements ; and now there was not anything exhibited that seemed at all worth buying. The lady

then fell into an ill humour, not a little increased by the reflection, probably, that not a word in the way of gallantry had been spoken to her during the whole day, whilst encomiums upon her niece's beauty, were continually meeting her ear. She became sullen and ill-natured ; they had already passed, for the last time, the principal stalls, and were nearing the verge of the fair, when the eyes of Agatha fell upon a richly covered stand of jewellery that must have been quite unheeded by the fair people, for not a single article appeared to have been sold therefrom. The merchant to whom the stand belonged, stood by its side, looking upon his unsold stock, very dejectedly, and resigned to complete abstraction ; care and deep thought were marked upon his pale countenance, and he seemed altogether an object capable of awakening sympathy. Of a sudden, Agatha burst from the sullen fit, and exclaiming with delight, " Oh, here are fairings, brother ! " away she dragged the old man, and his willing niece, to the stall of the dejected merchant, where she began pulling about the rich articles of jewellery, each one exciting some favourable opinion, and each appearing still more beautiful than those which she had previously beheld.

The dealer, aroused from his abstraction by the loud exclamations of Agatha, immediately assisted her in drawing forth the splendours of his merchandize ; he spoke, too, in a tone of such civility, that Agatha became as much delighted with him, as with his wares ; but to Christine, the sound of his voice produced unpleasant feelings ; those feelings were so strange, it was impossible even for herself to define them. As he spoke, his words inspired something like terror ; and when, with a smile of humble courtesy, he submitted a beautiful *ruby ring* for her inspection, she involuntarily shuddered, and sunk back upon her father's arm. The dealer spoke not ; for a moment he gazed intensely upon the girl, and then, with a smile, exhibited the ring to the delighted Agatha, expressing his wish that she would purchase it for the young lady.

" No, no," exclaimed Christine ; " I am not in want of a ring."

" Tut child, tut ; you want to spare your father's purse ; but recollect we have no fair at Frankfort every day : and 'tis but right that he should buy for each of us a trifling article of remembrance ; and, on my conscience, I think the ring a very pretty bauble."

" Yes, yes, good aunt," replied Christine ; " but——"

" But, nonsense child ; put the ring upon your finger without another word, for I have chosen, too, a very pretty cross, and by the blessing of St. Mary, I intend your father to pay for it for my own wear."

" Then have it aunt, by all means ; but for the ring, I cannot, will not have it."

" Not have it ! " exclaimed the surprised father ; " not as my gift, Christine ? "

" My dear father," replied she, " I would willingly have the ring—nay, I should dearly esteem such a gift from *you* ; but, believe me, there is something that I cannot explain ; nay, nor even comprehend, which bid me not accept it."

" 'Tis childish feeling, Christine ; you must not have such thoughts."

" Perfectly childish, indeed," echoed Agatha, still turning over the wares ; " the ring is a very pretty ring, indeed, and perfectly suited for a lady's wear. Methinks," continued she, raising her eyes from the stand, and leering at the mer-

chant, whose thoughts were all occupied upon the fair Christine. "Methinks the ring *might* suit some other finger, sir."

"Madam," exclaimed the dealer—

"Oh, inattentive, sir," exclaimed Agatha, endeavouring to blush at the abstraction of the man. "I said that if Christine refused the ring, then *I* might, perhaps, accept it."

"Pardon me, madam; the young lady appears to like the ring, though delicacy prevents her from expressing her approval. Her father *might* induce her to accept it; a gift from such a source, must, sure, be very estimable."

"Very estimable, indeed," said the aunt, scarcely knowing what she was giving utterance to. "Allow, me, madam," continued the dealer; "for your father's sake, to place the ring upon so fair a finger," and he stretched forth his hand in order to receive the girl's, but she shrunk away, and, with tears starting in her blue eyes, exclaimed, "Do not, do not entreat me, I implore."

Michael Blockberg, though a kind and indulgent parent, had a great aversion to being thwarted in any thing upon which he had set his heart: he was rather irritable, and always would have his way. The continued refusal of Christine, therefore, to accept the ring, which he, adopting the stranger's opinion, ascribed to excessive delicacy, and want of knowledge of the world, only inflamed his disposition, and again he desired his child to give her hand to the man.

"There, there," cried Agatha, "she still refuses. Upon my conscience, I believe the girl has parted with her blessed sense, (St. Mary forbid!) or she would never have the heart to refuse so sweet a ring. Indeed, I am quite enamoured of it, and Mr. Goldsmith, since the foolish child will not allow you to place the bauble upon *her* finger, you are at perfect liberty to affix it upon *mine*," and smiling in his face, she instantly offered her hand.

The merchant, however, did not seem to heed what she said, and remained looking intensely upon Christine, with his hand held out to receive hers.

"Did you hear, sir, what I last observed?" enquired Agatha.

The stranger, finding himself compelled to answer, replied, "Oh, yes, madam; but I should be very loth to deprive the young lady of a jewel which, I am certain, she must admire."

"But if she is so pertinacious in refusing it," rejoined Miss Agatha, "I don't see why you should lose the sale, when another purchaser is ready. Come, give it me."

Agatha reached over to the stranger, and was about to take the ring, when he instantly drew back his hand, and, in a tone of perfect civility, replied,—

"Excuse me, madam, I cannot sell the ring *to you*. 'Tis far from my wish to offer rudeness to a lady, still I must observe, that this particular ring was formed with studious care, to gem a youthful hand. A lover's fond affection gave it birth; 'twas meant for one most beautiful, who spurned the precious gift—the fond heart, too, that offered it. Pleased with the lover's ardour, I had resolved the ring should be so wrought, that it might prove worthy of his passion; my time, my utmost talent, was devoted to its perfect finish, and the young man gave it his entire approval. I prized the ring myself, for it was beautiful. But the lady scorned the lover and his gift; disclaimed the heart whose first and best affection throbb'd so fondly for the false one, beneath whose treachery it broke; yes, ladies, the lover died. He could not live beneath her frowns, whose lips had once breathed

only rapture, and whose smiles had only spoken tenderness and love. He died, ladies, and I again obtained possession of the ring. You may believe with what regard I prize it, and will not blame my fixed resolve, to part with it but to as fair a purchaser as she who once refused it."

The stranger finished his little narrative, which he had delivered in a tone of such impassioned feeling, that the tears trickled down the cheeks of Christine, and even Agatha displayed symptoms of having been moved by the recital. When the stranger had concluded, she replied—

"The story's quite romantic, I declare. Upon my conscience its a very pretty tale; I scarce know which I most admire, that, or the ring itself. Well, sympathetic sir, although I cannot very much admire the *gallantry* of your *refusal*, I will not insist upon the purchase for *myself*, but, by the Virgin, Christine shall have it.

"Indeed, indeed," murmured Christine; "Indeed I had rather not."

"Ridiculous," replied Michael; "obey you shall, so give the man your hand; the night is setting in, and we must hasten home. Christine, your hand."

The trembling girl averting her head from the merchant's stall, suffered her father to take her hand, and place it in that of the stranger. Immediately she felt the touch of the latter, a chilling coldness pervaded her frame, and with the hand that remained at liberty, she clung convulsively to her father's arm. A smile played upon the stranger's countenance, his eyes became bright, and his dejected demeanor gave place to a look of happy gaiety, as after breathing upon the ring, he placed it on the white finger of Christine, exclaiming at the same time,

"Fair child of innocence, receive *Mark Gherri's Ring*."

Christine shrieked as the stranger pronounced these words—a deadly weight fell upon her breast, and clasping her father's neck in an agonized manner, she fell senseless into his arms.

Michael Blockberg, as well as Agatha, now became alarmed, for life seemed entirely to have fled, and the pale features of Christine were cold, and her pulse moved not beneath her father's pressure. The stranger left his stall, and appeared to take the utmost interest in the distressing situation of the girl. Agatha, however, whether she could not pardon his want of gallantry to herself, or thought his attention uncalled for, requested him to desist, and forcibly prevented him from pressing his lips to those of the hapless girl, which he meditated and attempted. Agatha's ire was roused at this, and she immediately desired her brother to leave the fair, which he did, bearing in his arms the poor Christine.

"*'Tis done*," cried the stranger, and he retired again to his merchandize.

These mysterious words were heard by Michael as he was proceeding from the spot, but attaching no importance to them then, they were altogether unheeded, and swiftly passed from his memory.

In a few moments after they had left, Christine revived, and after gazing inquiringly upon the features of her father, she raised her head, and looking for a moment upon the ring that glittered on her finger, fell on Michael's neck in tears.

"Only behold the face of ridiculous delicacy," cried Miss Agatha, as the little family proceeded to their home. "Thank St. Mary, no one can say that *I* was ever possessed of such excessive notions."

"I will bear witness to that," returned Michael. "You never were at all squeamish."

"I understand the tone in which you speak, brother Michael—you delight in throwing doubts upon the propriety of my behaviour."

"Propriety!" cried Michael, "there is a great deal of propriety, no doubt, in having half a dozen hangers-on at a time."

"Oh, you *will* acknowledge that, brother Michael? On my conscience I imagine you would say I never had an offer, but continued in the honourable distinction of the single state through sad necessity. But no, brother, I might have had the highest fortune that I pleased, but I *refused*—yes, brother Michael, I *refused*. There was a colonel of the Emperor's troops projected an elopement from Madame Von Spickensplack's seminary, but he was five minutes beyond his time, and I *refused*. After that came the son of the mayor"

"Whom you frightened away with a peal of *vixenry*!" interrupted Michael.

"There, there, it is—you are a very provoking creature, brother Michael—an absolute Russian bear!"

In this manner the party proceeded in their little vehicle to the village. Christine spoke not a word, but frequently her sobs were audible; once or twice she essayed to remove the ring from her finger, but it was so firmly fixed, that it withstood her endeavours, and by repeated efforts to displace it, seemed only to cling more firmly. Arrived at their abode, Christine immediately desired to retire to her chamber: she heard the voice of Frederick welcoming her return, and a strange feeling seemed inspired respecting him; she endeavoured to avoid him, and when he caught her hand, she suddenly withdrew it from his grasp, and placing it across her eyes, hurried to her apartment.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of this strange behaviour, Frederick sought an explanation from Michael Blockberg, who disclosed to him the whole of the events of the day. Attaching no importance, however, to the affair of the ring, the father was alike unable to account for the altered demeanor of Christine towards her lover: ascribing it, however, to weariness and exhaustion, Frederick departed to his own home.

The sun again arose in the heavens, and Michael Blockberg prepared to commence another day. Frederick was early at the abode of his beloved one, but she had not left her chamber, and after waiting for some time, he was obliged to depart to his studies.

Agatha, however, speedily appeared at the breakfast table, and shortly afterwards Christine appeared, perfectly recovered from her strange indisposition of the preceding day. The father, glad to behold the restoration of his child's health, amused himself by laughing at the strange fears which had produced so grievous an effect.

"I am almost ashamed, my dear father," at length observed Christine, "for having been the cause of so much pain to you. I cannot account for my behaviour, but, still, I remember shuddering at the idea of having this sweet ring. It was perfectly ridiculous, I own, for the merchant was very kind and civil."

"Oh yes, very civil indeed," replied Agatha, "on my conscience. I believe the man was somewhat taken with his customer, for while you were lifeless in Michael's arms, the fellow seemed impetuous in his desire to salute your lips!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Christine with a smile.

"Indeed, Miss!" echoed the aunt. "You seem pleased at hearing of his attention."

Another smile was the only reply of Christine.

"On my conscience," cried Miss Agatha, "I believe we live in fairy land! The girl seems pleased with the fellow!"

"And why should I not, aunt, he was certainly agreeable."

"A great deal too agreeable, Miss—but he did not touch your lips I warrant. But what will Frederick say to this?"

At this moment a servant entered to announce that a stranger wished to offer his compliments to the family. Michael desired his name, and the servant returned with that of *Mark Gherrit*!

"The goldsmith himself, upon my conscience!" cried Agatha starting from her chair. "I see it—I see it all as plain as the letters in the legends of St. Dennis! What *will* come next!"

The stranger, at the request of the hospitable Michael, now entered the apartment, and bowing respectfully to the family, he begged to inquire after their healths, but more particularly of the young lady. Christine smilingly assured him that she was perfectly recovered, and thanked him for the interest which he appeared to feel for her. He was offered a seat at the breakfast table, which he accepted, and during the meal contrived to ingratiate himself into the favour of all the family. He described himself as an independent trader, frequenting the various fairs more for amusement than profit, and as having taken his abode within a short distance from that of Michael Blockberg, from his admiration of the delightful situation of the village. The day past in cheerful and animated conversation; the attention of Gherrit was devoted to Christine, and she seemed not unmindful thereof; repaying his little gallantries with those sweet smiles, which more than any thing bespeak the gratification of the heart. Evening came, and Christine was still fondly listening to his vows, which the enraptured Gherrit was offering at her shrine, when the arrival of Frederick was announced. Christine started at the mention of the name, and a deep blush suffused her pale cheeks, as if her heart was at the moment conscious of its perfidy; but Gherrit directed a fixed and passionate glance upon her, and she immediately requested that Frederick might not be admitted! The work was accomplished, and Christine had become Mark Gherrit's slave.

It matters little what passed at that momentous period; Christine banished the remembrance of Frederick Bernhardt from her heart, and its passionate impulses now throbbed alone for the stranger. People marvelled that one so good should prove so fickle, and the guile of Christine became talked of throughout the village: one alone among the throng was silent, and though he heard the opinions of all his associates, still he never once upbraided her, though he alone had cause. Michael Blockberg regretted the transition of his child's affections, yet his wishes were for her happiness solely; and though regretting the step which she had taken, he never once blamed her choice, nor spoke, nor thought to the discredit of her new lover. Other individuals had not similar delicacy, for they openly exclaimed, not only against Christine's faithlessness, but against the stranger Gherrit, many of whose actions, since he had resided in the village, had appeared mysterious and unholy. Agatha, who never for-

gave his want of gallantry at the fair, was not at all averse to talking on the subject, and at length the mysterious affair of the ring became a general subject of conversation. Mark Gherrit never attended the religious duties of the family, nor did he ever enter the church of the village; every Friday a strong and supernatural light was beheld blazing at midnight in his chamber, and indeed some hazardous or inquisitive persons had even ventured to his door upon one of those occasions, and although Mark Gherrit lived alone, yet voices were heard in conversation—sometimes threatening, and at others sinking into earnest supplication. The villagers now forsook his society, and he became shunned by all except the family of Michael Blockberg. Each succeeding day seemed only to increase the affection of Christine, and through all the calumnies that were echoed round her respecting the object of her love, her heart clung to him with undiminished fondness, more pure, more devoted, from the opprobrium by which he was assailed.

An important religious festival was now fast approaching, it was the feast of St. Mary, and preparations were making in order to celebrate the day with the utmost solemnity and splendour. Gherrit had been persuading Christine to absent herself from the ceremony, in order that she might witness a beautiful piece of jewellery, which he meant for her to wear upon her wedding day, but which he could not commence until the former period. For some time the girl refused in consequence of the imperative orders of her father, but at length affection for her lover overcoming every other feeling, she consented, and it was arranged that Michael and Agatha should attend the festival, whilst Christine beheld the workmanship of her lover.

During the whole of the interval Frederick was not heard of by the family; he never made any inquiry respecting Christine, and Michael Blockberg began to consider his affection unreal, and to congratulate himself upon the loss of such a son-in-law. At length St. Mary's Eve came, and Michael, Agatha, and Christine were sitting in their principal apartment, the latter waiting impatiently the coming of her lover, when a footstep was heard upon the stairs; Christine started from her seat to welcome the appearance of Gherrit, when the door opened, and Frederick entered the apartment. The family were surprised, and Christine turned away her head abashed; but Frederick seizing her hand, exclaimed, "Turn not away, Christine, do not still spurn your Frederick, who, though abandoned, has still watched over, and now has come to save you!"

"Save me, sir!" exclaimed Christine.

"Do not, do not speak so cruelly, I implore!—Christine, you are the victim of a fiend!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Christine again.

"Mark Gherrit, the stranger," continued Frederick, "has persuaded you to remain with him alone during to-morrow's festival. Oh Christine, my beloved Christine, encourage no such idea. To-morrow his crime must be consummated—he yields an innocent victim to the demon, or himself must perish! No matter how I obtained this knowledge—such is the fearful truth; already you are destined, for the *ruby ring* is on your finger, and you have accepted it with the stranger's love! Only one thing can save you—a refuge at the altar in the festival."

At this moment Gherrit entered the room—he started upon beholding Frederick, who, glancing imploringly upon Christine, quitted the apartment. The whole of his discourse

was now revealed to the stranger, who, by his keen powers of persuasion, soon succeeded in converting it into ridicule, and in a few moments it was thought of merely to afford a theme for laughter. Gherrit took his leave for the night, with a promise from Christine that she would certainly attend him on the morning.

The morning came, and, true to her promise, Christine quitted her father's house alone, and with unmoved feelings passed into the abode of her lover. He received her with a frantic smile of exultation, and, with the most tender ejaculations, conveyed her into the apartment where his articles of workmanship lay scattered about. Christine expressed some surprise that her lover should be so cautious in strongly fastening every door through which they passed, but fearing no harm from one whom she believed loved truly, and so well, she allowed her thoughts to be laughed away, and then became perfectly contented and happy. At length Gherrit rose from his seat, and passing his hand over the white brow of Christine, and moving aside the thick auburn tresses of her hair, he regarded her delicate features for a moment with fixed and intense feeling. A tear trembled upon his eyelid, and his whole frame quivered.

"What means this agony, Mark?" inquired the affrighted girl.

The stranger replied not, but remained still regarding the girl's beauty, his feelings at that moment, too agonized for utterance. At length he burst convulsively from the contemplation, and sinking upon a chair beside her, exclaimed in a murmured tone, "*I am ready!*"

"*Ready—ready—ready!*" resounded, in response, throughout the abode.

"Mark Gherrit!" cried the terrified girl, "what can this mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, love, but the echo's of my own voice through the vaulted roofs of the chambers through which we have passed. Oh, do not fear!" And again his heart seemed bursting.

His injunction was unheeded by Christine, whose fears increased as thin streams of smoke curled through the crevices of the flooring—the air of the place seemed infected, and various insects were seen creeping over the walls. The curls of smoke rapidly united, and formed themselves into dense masses, whilst confused voices resounded through the dwelling. Gherrit remained in an agonized state of abstraction—his hands clasped before his eyes, until the shrieks of Christine awakened him to the execution of his project. Instantly he started from his seat, and, seizing the girl, exclaimed aloud,

"*The Victim's ready! and Mark Gherrit claims another twenty years!*"

At this moment, when the smoke was rapidly filling the apartment, and red sparks began to issue around, a crash was heard at the back of the apartment, and the voice of the village pastor exclaiming aloud,

"*Spirit of evil, in the name of the living Deity be stilled!*"

"Oh!" shrieked Mark Gherrit, as he made towards the door, and endeavoured to fly from the presence of the ministers; but he had himself barred the entrance too securely to admit of his momentary escape, and ere he could unloose the bolts, Frederick Bernhardt, with his father, the pastor, and the whole religious assemblage that had congregated to celebrate the festival, had entered the scene of evil through a pri-

vate passage, unknown even to Gherrit himself. "Stay!" cried the pastor, and the arms of Gherrit sank nerveless by his side. The host was instantly raised, and the crucifix applied to the lips of Christine by the hands of her lover. The girl shrieked at the touch, and fell senseless into Frederick's arms; the ruby ring dropped suddenly from her finger—a smile pervaded her sweet countenance, and she seemed in a sleep of innocence and peace. The holy rites were continued, and the host was brightly visible amidst the mass of smoke that filled the apartment—frightful noises were heard, and at length the whole building gave way, and the next moment the noise and smoke vanished—the sun shone brightly upon the little assembly, and they breathed again the pure air of heaven. Not a trace of Gherrit nor of the ring was visible, and the building wherein his crime was to have been consummated, had vanished, leaving only a small circular piece of rock to bear a warning to the villagers in after years, and recall the remembrance of the rescue of the fair Christine, who, during the fearful scene, reposed calmly upon the breast of Frederick, and awakened from the delusion to bless his perils and fidelity, and to offer her thanksgivings in the festival for her rescue from the machinations of the spirit of evil!

On my conscience!" exclaimed Agatha Blockberg on the ensuing morning—"I never had an opinion of the stranger, since he was so ungallant to me at the fair of Frankfort!"

FAREWELL.

Farewell, we part to meet no more,
Our fates will have it so;
The dream of wildest bliss is o'er,
To distant lands I go:
And all our fairy hopes depart,
The hopes youth's fervour gave,
I bear alone a breaking heart,
To bow me to the grave.

On the high waves now bounds my bark,
To waft me o'er the sea:
I grieve from cherish'd friends to part,
But mostly, love, from thee.
Thou wilt remain to gem the scenes
Of happiness and pride;
And joy and gladness wait on thee,
And bliss be at thy side.

I go to solitude and thought,
You to the rose-hung bower;
The lute and song will thee beguile,
Each fairy-gifted hour.
Well, be it so—thy path in life
Was mark'd 'mid flow'rets fair;
Mine among thorns of bitterness,
Of trouble and of care.

Alas—alas—when hopes depart,
And fairy prospects die;
All that can cheer the mournful heart,
Consists in memory.
And thou perchance wilt think upon
Affections' 'passioned spell;
And sometimes, too, of him, who now
Murmurs his last farewell!

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

"Unheeded, pass not by
The *bravery of woman*; trust we, good Sir Knight,
It bears as good record in olden deeds
Of chivalry, and even beams as glorious
As woman's love!" DECKER.

It is delightful to record instances of *glory* in which the most lovely objects of the creation have distinguished themselves, so as to render them equal to the much, though unjustly, vaunted superiority of man. Confessing, however, that woman appears in the most beautiful, because delicate, light, in her domestic character; still we are pleased at finding her, occasionally, emerging from those tender duties, to assert her rights to the rewards of heroism. We have, therefore, the agreeable task of mingling with our sketches of woman in her more subdued character, a record of woman's *valour*, nothing less than the institution of a FEMALE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD! which was created by Don Raymond, the last Earl of Barcelona, (who, by a marriage with Petronilla, only daughter and heiress of Romino, the monk king, united that principality to the kingdom of Arragon), who, in the year 1149, gained the city of Totosa from the Moors. In the course of the ensuing winter, however, the Moors, having recruited their army, laid siege again to the place; for a length of time the inhabitants bore the siege firmly, and with the utmost and uncompromising bravery, but having suffered extreme privations, they applied to Don Raymond for relief; the latter, however, having experienced very ill success himself, was unable to succour the city, when every hope having vanished, it was proposed to yield it to the Moors. Upon hearing this cowardly project, the *females* of the city instantly offered themselves to *defend the place*, and having attired themselves in the habits of their husbands and brothers, they made a resolute sally upon the Moors, and with such heroism, that they compelled their enemies to raise the siege, and returned *triumphant* to the city! So resolutely did they fight, that the Moors fled in dismay, and made no farther attempt upon Tortosa.

Raymond was delighted by the report of the bravery of those intrepid females, and entering the city for the express purpose, he rewarded them by the grant of several privileges and immunities. Moreover, to perpetuate their memory, he instituted an *order of knighthood*, somewhat resembling a military order, into which none but those brave ladies who had succeeded in preserving the city, were admitted. The badge of the order resembled a friar's capouche, of a crimson colour, and sharp at the top; it was worn upon the head dress. He also ordained, that at all public meetings the women should have the precedence of the men; that they should be exempt from all taxes, and that all the apparel and jewels left by their husbands (whatever might be the value of them), should be lawfully their own. These privileges, with many others, they long enjoyed, and were universally honoured and esteemed.

At the present eventful period, we have, also, a bright example of the heroism of woman, and in one of the noblest causes, too, that has ever inspired the sympathy of human nature. The poor Poles were assisted in their brave attempts to redeem themselves from Russian thralldom, by *their females*, and the name of PLATER, the lady who led the

female troops, will descend to posterity, associated with the record of the noble, though unsuccessful, struggle of the Poles.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

"Haughty lady, why shrunk you back, when your poor frail one drew near? Was the air infected by her errors? Was your purity soiled by her passing breath? Ah, lady! smooth that insulting brow; stifle the reproach just bursting from your scornful lip: wound not a soul that bleeds already! She has suffered—"

"Lady, to look with mercy upon the conduct of others, is a virtue no less than to look with severity on your own."

M. G. LEWIS.

In the course of a tour through England, business of importance compelled my friend, Charles Lawrence, and myself, much against our inclinations, to revisit, for a while, the smoke-impregnated air of the metropolis; and having given up our apartments in town, when we first set out on our expedition, we were under the necessity of seeking for others during our temporary stay. In our peregrinations we were attracted by a bill in the parlour window of a respectable looking house in ——— street, announcing "*lodgings to let*," and, on enquiry, found them to be exactly what we were in search of. The person of our destined landlady was far from deficient in bulk or rotundity, and her carbuncled visage seemed to argue her as one not in the least disinclined to the enjoyment of *creature comforts*.

Somewhat fatigued with the journey, I was sitting by the open window soon after our arrival, contrasting the view of sundry stacks of chimneys, which it afforded, with the expansive prospects we had so recently quitted, and drawing a comparison between the odour arising from the workshop of a neighbouring tallow-melter, and that of the keen and wholesome air which sweeps from the Northern hills, extracting, as it flies, the perfume of every flower that graces its course. I was also speculating on the—I am at a loss for a name—but our good hostess applied the epithet of 'garden' to a piece of ground, about 15 feet square, considering, probably, that as the gravel which formed the principal part was bordered by some sterile mould, through which a few odd looking things, of the vegetable world, were with difficulty fighting their way about two months after the proper season for their appearance; and the middle of it was decorated by some half-dozen flower-pots, containing drooping unwatered geraniums, that it was well entitled to that honourable designation, and she, no doubt, flattered herself with the idea that it imparted a highly rural air to her premises, and rendered them as completely "*rus in urbe*" as could be expected in London. Whilst enjoying my cogitations, I was interrupted by Lawrence who had just opened a drawer with the intention of depositing something in it, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, he advanced towards me, holding in his hand a small, but exquisitely finished, coral necklace.

"See," said he, "what our good hostess has left."

I examined the necklace closely, and found engraved on the clasp, H. F. to M. C.

"A love-token, no doubt," said I—

"I think so too," replied my friend, "let us ring for the landlady, and restore it to her."

He accordingly did so, and on Mrs. Watkins attending the summons, I placed the trinket in her hands, telling her where we had found it.

"Alack! Sir," said the old woman, "it belonged to my last lodger, poor thing."

"It was careless to leave it behind," I observed—"the more especially as it appears, from what is engraven on the clasp, to have been a gift."

"Ah! Sir, the poor misfortunate unhappy creature couldn't help it," and a tear started into the old woman's eye as she spoke.

"Was she unfortunate then?" inquired Lawrence.

"Alas, Sir, it would make you melancholy to hear her sad tale."

"Perhaps you will oblige us by narrating it," said I—"and as we have nothing at present to attend to, it will serve to guile away an hour."

There needed but little persuasion to induce our good hostess to comply with our request, and, seating herself in an arm-chair opposite, she commenced her relation; prefacing it, however, with the observation, that it was lately that the facts had come to her knowledge—for "had she known the rights on it afore, she wouldn't have let the lodgings to 'em." From a vast proportion of circumlocution and redundancy, we succeeded in extracting the following matter.

Maria C———was the daughter of a deceased clergyman of the highest character. Like too many of his sacred profession, it was his lot to struggle with poverty; nevertheless he had contrived to give his beloved and only daughter an excellent education. But his death occurring when she was little more than seventeen, left her alone, unprotected, and moneyless. By her indefatigable industry, however, aided by the exertions of one or two friends, she was enabled to form a connexion as a portrait painter; and the merits of her private character, together with the talent, assiduity, and perseverance she displayed in her profession, soon deservedly procured her employment. Her means, consequently, were rapidly increasing, when a circumstance transpired, which at once crushed her budding fortune.

She was unfortunate enough one morning, whilst making some purchases at the Bazaar, to attract the notice of Henry Fitzgerald, who followed her unperceived through all the interstices of the stands, ogled her through the intervening array of caps, frills, &c., and finally watched her home, when to his surprise he discovered by the plate upon the door that it was no other than his own mamma's *protégée*!

"Capital," thought he, as he slowly retraced his steps, "an admirable opening for an introduction."

On the following morning, Maria was surprised by a visit from a tall and elegant, yet somewhat delicate looking young man, who announced himself as the son of Mrs. Fitzgerald, and requested she would take his likeness for that lady, stipulating, at the same time, that the transaction should be kept a profound secret from his mother, as he said he wished to surprise her with a present on her birth-day, which was at hand.

"Promising to call or send on the day appointed for the picture to be finished, Henry placed a morocco-case in the hand of Miss C———, and desiring her to accept payment in advance, departed.

Henry Fitzgerald wanted a year of his majority, and his immense fortune depended on the will of his mother, should

he marry without her consent before he reached that period. But Henry saw and loved Maria—Maria, the humble portionless Maria, was preferred by him to the rich and titled dames who were contending for his smiles. He loved her ardently, passionately—more than all, sincerely; and it was his decided resolution to make her his wife so soon as he was legally master of his actions.

Maria, the fond confiding Maria, believed him true, loved him, and accepted his proffered troth. He visited her secretly, and poured forth the vows of affection with all the impassioned ardour of his nature. A few months and Henry would be empowered to espouse her without injury to his fortune.

Both were young, both were inexperienced, for Henry was no profligate, no selfish man of the world, or of dissipation, but the soul of sincerity and honour.

In a moment of delirium they were lost!

Henry was sitting one evening alone with his Maria, and endeavouring to calm her fears by renewed protestations of sincerity—one arm encircled her slender waist, and he was imprinting upon her tearful cheek the kiss of affection, when the door suddenly flew open, and a little, thin, hatchet-faced old woman entered, dressed in the extreme of juvenile fashion. Henry started up at her entrance, but her quick eye discovered the posture in which he had been sitting, and she exclaimed, "Eh!—What! Mr. Fitzgerald here! Bless me! I really beg pardon Miss C——, I was not aware you were so pleasantly engaged, or I certainly should not have intruded. The street door I found open, *accidentally I suppose*, and I thought the liberty of your oldest customer allowed me to come up without being formally announced to inquire if you had copied that little effigy of my dog. You may send in your demand, Miss, as soon as you please," added the old woman, pursing up her skinny lips into an expression which she intended to represent scorn and dignity, "and I will instantly discharge it, as I cannot of course continue my patronage after this discovery. Gracious! who would have believed it.—Well I declare!—Good evening Mr. Fitzgerald, I suppose I shall have the honour of meeting you at Lady D——'s to night."

"It is not my intention to go there, Madam," said Henry, his indignation mastering his usual courtesy—"I suppose," continued he, "this circumstance will be known before this hour to-morrow over all the space intervening between Portland Place and Paddington?"

"Indeed, Sir," replied the old woman, tossing her head, "my character both for philanthropy and secrecy is too well known."

"Pshaw!" said Henry, contemptuously, as the intruder left the room. "My love," said he, turning to Maria, who had covered her face with her handkerchief on the first entrance of the old woman, and now lent back in her chair in an agony of tears, "do not let this untoward circumstance prey upon your spirits—I will supply you with money. You shall leave this place immediately and give up your business, by which you will avoid again coming in contact with those whose knowledge of this event, (which, depend upon it, that painted hag of quality will most industriously spread,) might cause to treat you with contumely. Courage my only love! let a few months elapse, and I call my Maker to witness you shall be my wife; and, as I before have often said, we will im-

mediately retire to my seat in Dorsetshire, where we will take up our permanent abode, and seclude ourselves for ever from those heartless fools, whom still greater fools are pleased to term "The World."

Henry was not mistaken, for the story of poor Maria's shame was soon generally known both in her own small circle of friends, and amongst the numerous and noble connexions of the high-born Henry.

The Honourable Miss Sneyde, for such was the name of the lady, with praiseworthy perseverance ceased not driving about town the next day, to the manifest chagrin of her coachman, and the endangering the wind of the fat old family horses, until she had communicated the discovery to about fifty friends, and in the evening an extra quire of paper was put into requisition for the purpose of imparting the momentous intelligence to those whom time or other circumstances had not permitted her to favour with a morning call.

"Let a few months elapse, and I call my Maker to witness you shall be my wife."

Such were the emphatic words which Henry spoke, and from his heart, to his Maria, the last time he visited her.

But two days elapsed from thence, and Fitzgerald was stretched on a couch of sickness, a prey to an internal disorder which no medicine could cure, and his delicate constitution was fast sinking under its baneful influence. Still Maria was not forgotten—he supplied her, through the medium of his faithful groom, with money, and endeavoured to buoy his spirits with the hope of eventually recovering, and attaining the height of his worldly ambition—the legal and undisputed possession of his chosen Maria.

The last agonies are upon him—a few moments longer and the mortal career of Henry Fitzgerald will be closed for ever!

Sumptuous was the couch on which reclined his decayed form; soft was the pillow which supported his dying head: splendid the coverlid on which rested his white and wasted hand. But did the luxury which surrounded him retard one moment the gentle but perceptible approaches of death—impart the glow of health to the hectic of his cheek, invigorate his languid frame, or stifle the reproaches of conscience, with which his last mortal hours were embittered? Each fleeting moment, as it flew towards eternity, warned him of his proximity to the tomb, and reminded him how impossible it was to render that justice to his Maria which her wrongs demanded. But it was too late—and however just and honourable his intentions, however sincere his professions, Henry was now doomed to labour under that most distressing of all reflections to a sensitive mind, the consciousness of having wronged an innocent and confiding creature who loved him, and whose affections he returned with a tenfold warmth. But Henry felt his end approaching—the grave already yawned to receive its victim, and he was about to quit this world, leaving his orphan and friendless Maria alone and unshielded from the poisonous breath of calumny—exposed to the rude taunts of scorn, and undefended from the bitter revellings of a censorious world. Fitzgerald felt that he and he alone was the cause of her ruin, and the consciousness smote him in his dying hour, and strewed his pillow with thorns.

Henry had lingered for some months, and understanding that dissolution was certain, at his earnest request the injured Maria was sent for—she stood by his bedside, and endea-

voured by her attentions and uncomplaining gentleness to soothe his mental torture. She never reproached him, but still nourished the hope of his recovery, and entertained full confidence in his honour. Yet her cheek was pale—her form attenuated, and the deep lines in her once blooming cheek showed the ravages of sorrow, remorse, and grief! Each look of kindness from her mild, yet tearful eye, struck a dagger to the heart of her adoring Henry—each soft and endearing word carried with it volumes of reproach to his faulty yet repentant spirit.

She watched the looks of the sufferer with an intense agony—she saw a yellow hue overspread his fine features—she saw his eye change—she heard an awful rattling to which no other sound can be compared in the throat.—“Maria—beloved Maria—I am dying—I leave you my adored one.—My mother—it is my last request—take my Maria under your care—cherish her—protect her for my sake—be unto her as a parent—the fault—the fault—Oh God, forgive me, was mine”—and Henry spoke no more.

Even the haughty mother of Fitzgerald was for a time affected, but soon recovering her proud unbending spirit, she pointed with stern and significant gesture towards the unfortunate Maria, who had fallen senseless on the corpse of her lover. The hint was understood—she was conveyed from the apartment, and restoratives applied. No sooner, however, did sense return, than by order of the proud mother of her Henry she was spurned from the door.

It was night—it was stormy—it was cheerless, as the unhappy girl wandered from the house of her departed lover! Her reason could not support the weight of her accumulated misfortunes, and, in a fit of despair and madness, she sought the shade of her Henry beneath the dark waves of the river. A striking example, that guilt, even when atonement is intended, will always meet its due punishment from a justly offended God.

J. W.

THOUGHTS CAUSED BY AN ABERRATION FROM RECTITUDE.

As once alone, I musing sate,
Revolving every turn of fate,
Methought how hard a course to bend
Towards virtue—lost without a friend!
A female, once her virtue lost,
Like a frail bark on ocean tost,
By passion driven without control,
Rushes on headlong to the goal.
Too late she sees her fatal course,
And sunk in misery and remorse,
To Heaven she turns! but oh! how dare
To hope that Heaven will hear her prayer?

’Tis not regret sincere and true,
Which Heaven in mercy still might view,
But ’tis despair!—disgust to see
How deep she’s plunged in misery!
The very friends she thought her own,
Oh! let but sickness, sorrow come,
She soon will find th’ admiring train
No more regard distress or pain;
But coldly pass—nor shed one tear
To soothe her misery, grief, or care!

Yet there *is* One will hear her grief—
In mercy too will grant relief;
Will pardon yield for all the past,
And bring her *hope* and *peace* at last!

SELINA ANN.

DESCRIPTION OF A BULL-FIGHT.

“Madrid quand tes taureaux bondissent
Bien des blanche mains applaudissent
Bien des écharpes sont en jeu.”

DE MESSET.

Many white hands applaud, around
Madrid, thy bulls’ terrific bound,
Full many a scarf is waved in air.

Spain! Spain! how pure and brilliantly riseth thy sun in its Eastern boundary! Santa Maria already seems bathed in a flood of light—the thousand windows of its white houses dazzling with its beams, and the sweet-scented orange trees of Alameda appear covered with leaves of gold! Far in the distance lies Cadiz enveloped in a hot red mist, where, on the sparkling beach, the large and clear waves roll onward, like a large festoon of diamonds lit up by the sun’s fire: and then in the port, ride myriads of feluccas, whose flags are distended by the light breeze which plays amidst the cordage. The fresh odour of the seaweed—the song of the mariner as he unfurls his large brown sails, yet humid with the dew of night—the striking of the church clocks, the neighing of the horses which race in the green meadows that stretch out in the rear of the city;—all in fact combine to make it a spectacle of interest aided by noise, by perfume, and by light.

And the bustle occasioned by the announcement of a Bull-fight, which should take place at Santa Maria, adds a new stimulus to the scene. Almost all the population of the adjacent towns and villages lined the roads. *There* were seen red painted calashes, covered with rich golden trappings flying along, and drawn by horses, whose heads were ornamented by waving plumes and tinkling bells, whose sounds were heard afar. And *here* the pavement trembled and shook under the feet of eight mules, whose resplendent harness, covered with devices and silver shields, was directed by a fat and comely coachman, clothed in the magnificent livery of a Grandee of Spain; these were preceded by race-horses, covered with fine clouded housings and sparkling bits.

At a distance witness the approach of that nimble-paced Andalusian palfrey. By all the saints of Arragon its owner is well off—with his sweet-heart seated behind him, and his fine embroidered brown coat trimmed with black and flesh-coloured silk! And see the thousand little gold buttons which wave down the length of his thigh, and meet the top of his clean chamois gaiter! How firmly his foot is fixed in the large Moorish stirrup! But his form is undistinguishable, for it is almost covered by the ample mantilla.

By St. Jago they are a pretty couple! How fast she clings to him with both her hands—and how gracefully the green sleeves of her *monilla* falls over her lover’s dark-coloured vest. What fire in her eyes, which sparkle under their deep black fringe! Heavens, what speaking looks! what an easy shape! And may the Virgin bless that complaisant skirt with its long silken fringe, which displays her little foot and pretty

silk stockings—to say nought of the little Tuscan poinard, which a true Andalusian never dispenses with.

Onwards they go! their good bay horse impetuously advancing—his black mane entwined with flesh-colour ribbons floating on his stately neck, and the white foam covering the curb and brilliant studs of his bridle. Onwards young man! Let the spur press the flanks of thy steed, that thy brunette with her long dark lashes may tremblingly press thee closer to her heart, and thou feel its palpitations—while her hair falling on thy forehead, sweetly caresses, and her breath fevers thy cheek with delight!

By St. Jago, I conjure thee to move on, young people, and disappear from my jaundiced vision amidst yon cloud of dust.

But see the crowds at the gate of Santa Maria! every one is pressing and pushing amidst mingled cries of pain and joy; men, women, and children are immoveably fixed there, waiting in agony the moment of the entertainment commencing. At last the barriers open, and the immense galleries which surround the circus are speedily filled with spectators breathless with impatience.

“Make room there! Make room for the Alcaide for the Junta and for the Governor!” Before them march the city militia with their long carbines—then come the sergeants, who blow the trumpets, and carry in their hands red and yellow flags, embroidered with the Castilian Lion and the royal crown.

“Make way there for the Novice!—for this is the *first* as well as the *last* fête at which the poor young girl will be present. To-day she belongs to the world, to-morrow she will belong to God! To-day, also, she is dazzling in the glare of precious stones; her robes glistening with spangles and fine rows of pearls encircling her alabaster neck; pearls and diamonds too, enrich her plump white arm, and more pearls, mixed with flowers, decorate the beautiful black hair, which shades her white and polished forehead. Behold how interesting she appears! How affectionately she looks up to the Abbess of Santa Magdalena! She does not cast a single glance on the brilliant and animated scene which surrounds her—not a smile in return for the murmur of admiration and ardent homage which follows her, nor for the devotion of the young nobility of Seville and Cordova. Nothing can distract her ideas from the holy vocation she is about to adopt. Being an heiress and an orphan, her friends devoted her to a holy life, and then placed her in charge of the Superior of Santa Magdalena. That pure and innocent heart fears the world without knowing it, for they desired she should gain heaven without a combat for its glorious crown! To-morrow, according to custom, that thick hair will fall beneath the scissors; to-morrow a stuff gown and linen veil will supersede those dazzling tissues; to-morrow she will be bound for ever by an irrevocable oath; but to-day custom allows her to take part in the vain and deceitful pleasures of a world of which she is ignorant, and then to take an eternal farewell of it. “Make way there, make way for the novice is coming”—and she entered her box, which was covered with white cloth, and the floor strewn with flowers.

Brava! the trumpets are sounding; it is the signal for the barriers to be opened; a bull leaps forward and darts into the Arena! It is a fine wild animal, born in the forest of San Lucar; he is of beautiful fawn colour, only a strait white line runs across his shoulder. His horns are short, but

strong and sharp, and no steel was ever more bright and polished. His muscular neck supports without trouble an enormous head, and his rough and nervous legs are not enfeebled by the weight of his chest.

When the animal appeared he was greeted by a burst of admiration, sufficient to shake the “mountains” of Sierra, and the cries of Brava bull! was heard on all sides. He suddenly stopped, and suspending for a moment the lashings of his tail, looked around with astonishment—then he made the tour of the space which separated the Arena from the spectators; and looking for an opening and not finding any, he returned to the middle of the circus, and then began to toss and sharpen his horns, and throw up the sand in volumes over his head.

At this moment a *chullillo* appears. “May the Virgin protect thee my son! and may heaven grant that thy handsome jacket of blue satin, embroidered with silver, be not presently converted into red, like the streamer which thou flitest before the eyes of thy opponent, who bellows with rage. Bravo, *chullillo*, may thy patron watch over thee, for scarcely wilt thou have time to throw thyself behind the enclosure to escape the bull, whose eyes begin to dart fire like hot burning coal.”

“Have patience, and see the *piccador* advance with his long lance, and mounted on a handsome pied horse; his large grey hat covered with ribbons, and a sort of boot and cuirass to preserve him from the first attack. Brava, bull! thou takest thy aim well; with head bent down, thou precipitatest thyself on the *Piccador*, but he arrests thy course, and plunges his trusty lance underneath the left shoulder. Thy blood streams, thou bellowest, and thy fury redoubles! Just God, this fight is beautiful!”

“By St. Jago, there’s a leap!—what growls he makes! Brava, bull! the *piccador* rolls in the dust; his fine pied horse has his flank torn, and his entrails fall out, amidst a sea of blood—he makes a few steps—falls!—and dies!!! Well done, companion, with the sharp horns, well done; thou hearest the frantic cries of joy resound. I say again, just God! that fight is beautiful.”

“But silence! here are the *Venderilla’s del Fuego*—Oh, oh!—thou ragest round the enclosure, tossing up the earth, and making a frightful noise. How will it be my son, when the brave *Chullillo*, whom our holy mother protect! shall plunge into thy chest those long darts ornamented with flowers, and surrounded by squibs and crackers, which take fire as by enchantment! Hold, did I not say right?—by the soul of my father the *Chullillo* is ripped open! That was a fine stroke of his horn!—It was his fault—he did not throw himself aside in time. Brava bull! Thou art noble and fierce, bounding along in the midst of the flames, which burn and torment thee!—Thy blood mingles with the fire; thy skin burns and cracks under the squibs, which wind and form themselves into streams, and fall in a shower of gold; thy rage is at its height, and the spectators have flown from the first enclosure, fearing thou wilt break its bounds although it is six bars high.”

“The devil! The *Metador* is not yet arrived! and now is the moment! Could a more desirable one be found? Never! for never did the fury of an animal attain a higher pitch, and I will bet my good carbine against an English gun, that the *Metador* will fall. Holy Virgin! how late he is! I hope he will soon come.”

"Oh! here he is: 'tis Pepe Ortis.—Long live Pepe! Long live Pepe Ortis!"

"Ah! see! he salutes the Governor and the Junta—and then the Novice—He has taken off his hat, and see he puts on his red cap—good!—He bends his large two-edged sword.—What gold on his orange-coloured vest! I am dazzled! 'Tis gold all over!—there is gold even on the clocks of his stockings, and on the bows of his chamois leather shoes! At last he enters the Arena.—" Kill the bull for *me, my love*," cried out an Andalusian girl, with a brown skin and teeth of enamel. By Heavens, thou must not smile so at thy mistress—Fly, Joseph fly! the bull will be upon thee. But no, Joseph expects him with a firm step, his sword between his teeth, he seizes upon one of his horns, and leaps lightly upon his back. Brava, my worthy *Matador*, brava; now pick up the almond blossom that thy sweetheart threw towards you when she clapped her hands. But! here is the bull returning! Holy saints! that's a bad sign! He stops short, and bellows no more; his legs are tired, his eyes on fire, and his tail rolled in a ring. Recommend thy soul to God, Joseph, for the barrier is at a distance and the bull approaches.—Forward! devil! push forward thy trusty blade—Ah! he is too late! the sword is broken in pieces, and Joseph, encountering the bull's horn, is nailed to the balustrade! Just God! I am right, the fight is beautiful!"

Then arose shouts of joy and screams of delight, which rent the air, and might have raised the dead.

"Brava, bull! brava!" cried every voice in the crowd. What! every one? No, *one alone was silent*; It was the young girl who threw the almond blossom!

For many years such a *fête* had not been witnessed: the bull, excited by his victory, ran round the circle, making frightful plunges, and darting on the bleeding remains of the *Matador* and *Chullillo*, he threw them over the spectators. They began then to tremble for the event of the fight, since Pepe Ortis had so singularly cooled the zeal of his companions; when an unexpected incident occurred, and turned the tumult of the mob into silent and stupid astonishment.

YOU ASK ME HOW I LOVE THEE.

You ask me how I love thee,
But should I answer true;
You say the heart's fair colouring,
Wore much too bright a hue.
You ask me how I love thee,
The questions 's rather bold:
You state it very plainly,
But the truth you'd not be told.

Love is a myst'ry;—those who feel
Its pure and strongest power,
Ne'er waste that love in idle words,
Nor pass an idle hour:
For 'tis a perfect, solid thing,
Like bags of current gold;
Which charm the heart as well as eye,
Most truly, when *untold*.

Imagination yields a charm,
Which knowledge soon destroys;
We think that 'mong the mass of gold,
There can be no alloys.
We think, too, in the proffer'd heart,
There can be no deceit;
And yield our own when thus we see,
The captive at our feet.

What language can have greater force,
Than that spoke from the eyes;
Are there not volumes in a glance,
And tomes of truth in sighs?
Yes, more than ever I could tell,
In those are oft confest;
I tell thee that my heart is true,
That think,—and guess the rest.

L. PERCY.

TO HENRY —.

I see, I see the chain is broke,
Which lately, when from sleep I woke,
Pressed sorely on my beating heart;—
And yet I grieved not at the smart,
For thy sweet smile, and eye of blue,
Beamed friendship and affection too:
But *now*, that smile and eye is gone,
To cheat some other "*lonely one*!"

CANZONETTE.

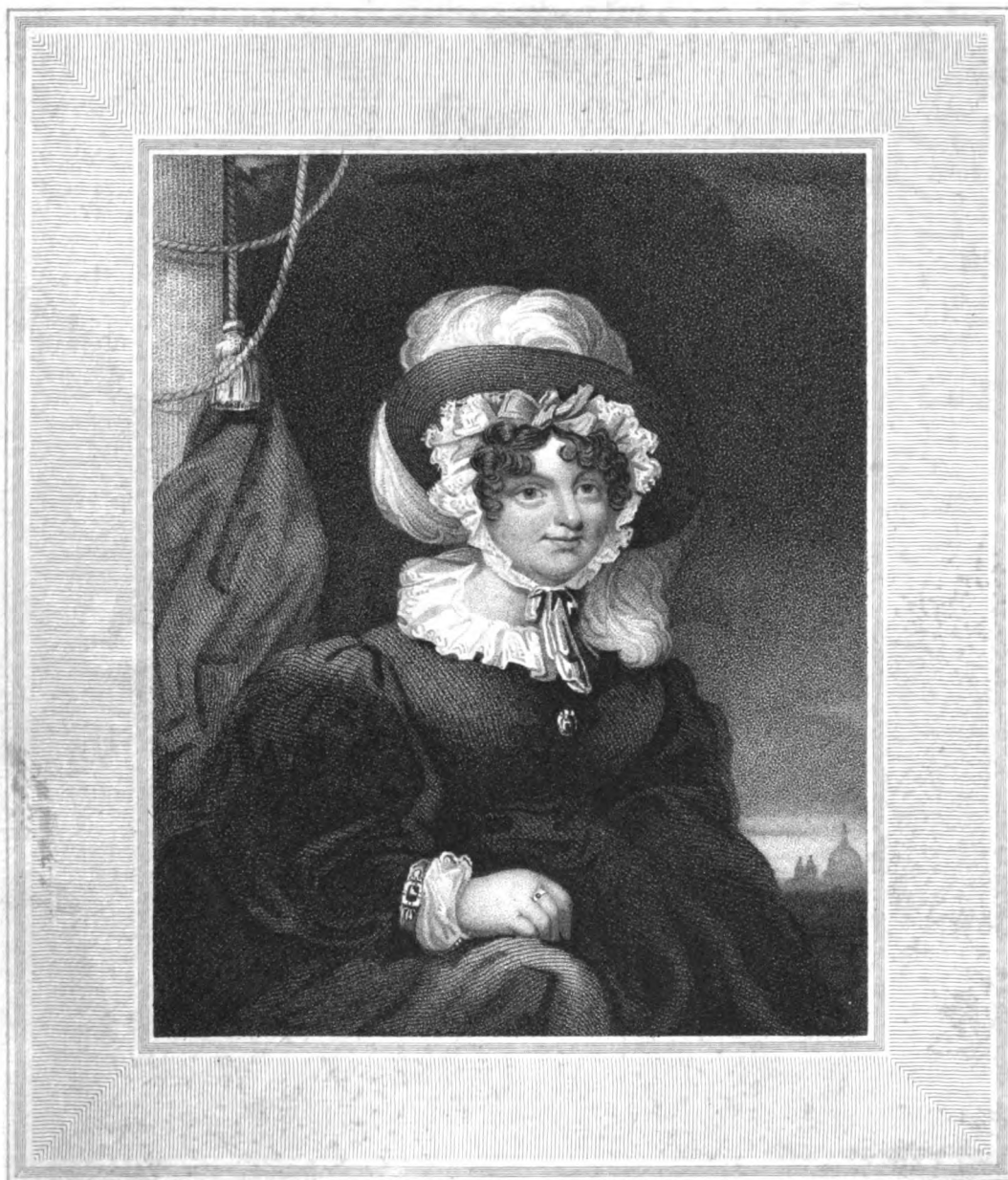
I'll come to thee when the eve's pale star
Rises above the sea,
It shall light the way for my fairy bark
To thee—to thee!

And though thy sire may coldly frown
On the heart that beats for thee,
Fear not, a more than father now,
Thou shalt find in me!

Fear not, nor heed those frowns,
For I have smiles in store,
And truth, as no passion'd knight
For maiden ever bore.

When the chimes are heard again,
And the convent bell is rung;
When the moon is in the sky,
And the vesper hymn is sung,—

I'll be with thee, my boat
Shall waft us down the tide;
And ere the morning dawns
Thou'lt be my *bride*!



J.J. Jenkins del.

Thos. Williamson sculp.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA.

From an Original Portrait taken expressly for this Work. February 1 1832

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 95.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1832.

VOL. IX.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A PORTRAIT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA.
PLATE THE SECOND.—MORNING AND PROMENADE DRESSES, AND A FANCY COSTUME—FINLAND.
PLATE THE THIRD.—MORNING, EVENING, BALL DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—EVENING AND PROMENADE DRESSES, AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—AN EVENING DRESS, HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

ODE TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA,

(Accompanied by a Splendid Portrait, Drawn and Engraved
expressly for this Magazine.)

"Beauty and wit were sure by Nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;
The soul, transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the princely dame;
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides;
Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms."

GAY'S EPISTLES.

When Virtue's precepts dignify the mind,
And worth with rank and title is combined;
When one bright star amid a lustrous train,
Sheds rays of glory over wave and plain;
While heav'n's own hand appears to guide the glow,
Unveil the brightness, and direct the flow;
The good man then in grateful homage kneels,
And breathes the rapture that his bosom feels;
We strike the lyre, and raise the votive song,
Whilst thousands float the tribute theme along,
And all conspire with glad acclaim to raise,
Honour and homage, gratitude and praise.

Such is the Princess, honoured, good, and great,
Whose virtues cast a radiance o'er her state;
Who blends with innate dignity and grace,
Soft pity's charm—compassion's ev'ry trace;
But while she moves among the shining train,
That crowd in fashion's fairy-form'd domain,
With stately splendour, and a regal tone,
That mark her near alliance with the throne;
The gentler graces, in their forms divine,
Imparting all their softness, round her twine:

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Thus while we view the Daughter of that King,
Whose praises minstrels still, and e'er must sing,
Upholding all her dignity of birth,
First of the royal daughters of the earth;
A softer charm blends with her regal state,
A kindlier bearing, but tho' not less great;
For woman cast in nature's tenderest mould,
Weeps at the tale by suffering virtue told;
Feelings divine, most merciful and meek,
Inspire the tears that fall on the fair cheek;
Tributes of sympathy unconscious given,
Esteem'd by man—and most belov'd by heav'n!

Such are the charities of womankind,
The dictates of the pure and virtuous mind;
Resembling more the feelings of that sphere,
Where sorrow never comes, and never tear,
Than man's,—proud man, made up of stubborn stuff,
With manners rude and hardened, stern and rough;
Unpolish'd, unrefined, to dare the strife
That storms amid the paths of human life.
But woman—gentle woman, meek and mild,
Prudent, but guileless as a lovely child,
Owns all the tenderest feelings,—pity, love,
The social charities of heav'n above;
Lists to the orphan's wail, the widow's cry,
Responds in sympathy to sorrow's sigh;
Proffers her hand to draw the wayward near,
And pours on wounded hearts the balsam of a tear.

And feelings like to those are her's, whose name
Shall live for ever on the roll of fame;
AUGUSTA—England's Princess, good and great,
Whose heav'n-born virtues sanctify her state;
And while in Britain's courts and halls of pride,
Fashion and pomp stand waiting at her side;
The poor man rendered happy, breathes a prayer,
For her whose bounty drove away his care;
With grateful heart he pours to heaven his hymn,
And blesses her whose act so blessed him.

C

With feelings high and joyous, Britons view,
 A Princess good as gracious, kind as true ;
 Alive to England's interests, all her own,
 (Interests combined, and mingling with the throne :)
 And while she moves, the rich and radiant gem,
 That glows in fashion's fairy diadem ;
 Her heart is open to each tender claim,
 Her deeds are bounteous, spotless is her fame ;
 Virtue her only guide, her only end,—
 The people's Princess—and the people's friend.

THE LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

"Now doff thy cap,
 And as the royal person passes by,
 Cry out, with all thine heart, and all thy soul,
God save the King !"—DEKKER.

"Shall I ask the brave hero who fought by my side,
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds disagree ;
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?"

NATIONAL MELODIES.

Nothing could possibly afford more gratification, or more satisfaction to the country, than the impartial manner in which the invitations to the Christmas festivities at Brighton were made ; politics and party spirit succumbed to the hospitality of the KING, and the "whisper of a faction" dared not insinuate itself into the splendid entertainments, to which the monarch of a great kingdom invited the wealth and beauty of the land, unbiassed by any prejudice or partiality, and directed only by a desire to see at his festive board, the representatives of the power, the loveliness, and the industry of the nation. It is thus that a free KING entertains his people : making no distinction, but extending a cordial welcome to them all.

"For this on earth, the British crown was given,
 And an immortal crown secured in Heaven."

A very ridiculous report was circulated during the early part of the month, respecting an attack of the small-pox, which had been experienced by some of the inmates of the palace, and for which they had been immediately vaccinated. The report went so far, indeed, as to say, that the KING himself had submitted to the operation : but the whole affair is too ridiculous to need refutation ; it is "rather too bad" for editors of newspapers to notice every trifling ailment where-with any of the cooks or kitchenmaids of the palace may be affected.

Prince ESTERHAZY has visited their MAJESTIES, for the purpose of taking leave, preparatory to his return to the continent. He was very graciously received by the Royal individuals, who evinced considerable feeling at the termination of the final visit. The Prince intended to leave England immediately afterwards, but he was compelled to remain in town, in consequence of the delay in the adjustment of some diplomatic business. We do not think proper to repeat the rumours that are in circulation, in fashionable circles, respecting Prince ESTERHAZY's departure, although the conduct of the nearly-related individual pointed at, has long been the talk of the World.

Mrs. FITZGERBERT is a particular favourite with his MAJESTY and the QUEEN, being always included in the invitations to the palace, and always received with marked attention. This is as it should be ; we are truly happy to find so amiable a lady received at Court in this distinguished manner.

Mr. Morton has been honoured by the KING with sittings for a highly-finished portrait.

The Palace chapel has exhibited a most interesting appearance, during the Sunday morning services, in the course of the month : the KING and QUEEN, accompanied by Prince GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE, the Princess AUGUSTA, Lady MARY FOX, &c., and surrounded by all the Nobility and Gentry attending the Court at Brighton, paying their devotions, and kneeling, in prostrate homage, to the fountain of life and light, the King of all Kings, Lord of all Lords—the Omnipotent God of Heaven and of Earth. Here, all pomp laid aside, all pageantry abandoned, WILLIAM OF ENGLAND and his Royal Consort, join in the prayers of the humblest of their subjects ; and, in the true spirit of the Christian faith, evince that they are, as all humanity, "nothing but earth, earthly."

The new Page of Honour to the KING is HENRY TORRENS D'AIGULAR, Esq. who becomes entitled, by his situation, to a Commission in the Foot Guards, of the estimated value of £1200.

The Duchess of KENT, and the interesting and amiable Princess VICTORIA, remain at Kensington, frequently enjoying morning walks, as well as carriage airings, among the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Park and gardens. The Duchess has established a school at Claremont, for fifty children of the village. It is held in a little cottage near the Park gate ; the school-mistress has a very characteristic appearance, and adds considerably to the interesting and picturesque aspect of the scene. It is truly gratifying to contemplate the lives of the young Princess and her royal Parent, who, living in comparative retirement from the great world, seem to enjoy the most perfect happiness of which humanity is susceptible.

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

"Eye Fashion's walk—shoot Folly as it flies
 And catch the manners living as they rise."

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOMS.—Office of the Vice Chamberlain to the Queen, Queen's House, St. James's. Notice is hereby given, that the Queen will hold Drawing Rooms at St. James's Palace, on the following days :—Friday, February 24 (the day appointed for the celebration of her Majesty's birth-day) ; Thursday, March 15 ; Thursday, April 5 ; Thursday, May 3 ; Monday, May 28 ; (the day appointed for the celebration of the King's birth-day) ; Thursday, June 7.

A series of seven Drawing Rooms, has been thus announced. The manufacturers and artisans, who have been almost destitute during the autumn and winter, looked forward with great anxiety for the *impetus* which the Queen's Drawings Room would give to trade, and the consequent employment in the various branches to which their labours were devoted. But with deep regret we state, that those poor dependants have not at all benefited by the promulgation of the Queen's festivities, but heart-sick and out of hope, they

almost resign themselves to the sternest fate, since that they find their last reliance destroyed, the last prop taken from them. And to what is this heart-rending state of destitution and suffering to be ascribed, but to the unlimited patronage which is still extended to arrogant and impudent *foreigners*. Can it be possible that ladies of tenderest feelings, full of the gentle sympathies of nature, whose tears are ever excited by the distress of fiction,—can it be possible that *they* shut their hearts against the *real distress* of life, and steel their bosoms to the heart-broken exclamations of their perishing humble countrywomen? Can it be possible that an ill-placed regard for gaudy French productions, induces them to abandon their own country, and leave their own countrywomen to despair? The thing is monstrous, and will not bear reflection. We have before appealed to the *justice* of our fair and noble readers, and now we appeal unto their *sympathy*. We beseech them to turn from the fictioned distress of Lytton Bulwer, or the tearful heroines of Miss L. E. Landon, to the contemplation of the tale of humble life which we lay before them. We beseech them to look upon the distress which their present rage for articles of *foreign produce*, entails upon the community, and then we appeal to them not only in their characters of protectors of the distressed, but as *Englishwomen*,—and can they—will they reject the suit we proffer?

It is an undisputed fact, that our own country *can* produce articles of every description *equal to those of rival nations*, if the labour is rewarded accordingly. The English silks are, in some instances, preferable to those of France, and our ribbons are equally good. We have seen some specimens of British gloves of the most eminent description, and we recommend them to our fair subscribers. At a period too, when so much ill-will is exhibited by the lower classes with regard to the higher orders of society, it might be *advisable* to conciliate them by evincing a disposition to promote their interests and better their condition, by the encouragement of their trade. We only, however, place the whole affair as a case of general distress, beseeching the *sympathy* of our readers, and we are certain that we have not estimated the character of English ladies too highly, in characterizing them as the protectors, and supporters of the distressed.

THE AMICABLE ASSEMBLIES.—We attended the opening ball of the *Amicables*, at Willis's Rooms, and really we were astonished at the incongruous and motley appearance of the ladies and gentlemen with whom we found ourselves associated. We could, in fact, scarcely believe that we were moving in that distinguished region where the pride and glory of the world, the noble beauties of England, are accustomed to assemble, and impart thereto a spirit of delight and rapture equal to the imagined paradise which Mahomet pictured in days of old. Instead of the usual attractions of this superlative scene, we found ourselves mingled with a mass of very respectable people no doubt, but who evinced by divers expressions of feature and other conclusive marks, their intimate acquaintance with the "useful occupations," and some of them "smelt vilely of the wax." The very first individual that met our visual organs, was the actual knight of the thimble who not half-a-dozen hours before waited, cap in hand in our hall to take the measure of our proportions for a morning gown! Scarcely had we recovered our self-possession, when a new source of admiration presented itself, in the veritable person of a green-grocer,—a retailer of cabbages and cucumbers, lounging with extreme importance upon one of the red sofas, and softly smiling upon, and insinuating pleasant-

ries into the grateful ears of a little snubby-nosed dulcinea, whose father occupies one of the stalls in the shambles at Newgate-market, there carrying on the profitable occupation of a butcher, and purveyor of food to the "great unwashed!" Indeed, this was a wondrous sight, and similar wonderments met our gaze wherever we turned. In the very seat wherein we remembered to have seen the noble Marquis of H—, administering to the happiness of the lovely Baroness de G—, previous to their union, there we beheld Miss Marrowfat, a lisping young lady with a charming obliquity of vision, blushing behind her variegated fan at the small talk of admiring Mr. Bobbin, the haberdasher, of St. Mary Axe. Presently we were elbowed by a fat burly man, like Theodore Hook of the *John Bull*, whom we remembered having seen cutting up ham and beef in one of the eating houses in the city, but who now, perfumed with the *esprit de lavande*, and his hair in ringlets, endeavoured, notwithstanding his bigness, to emulate his lordship of Ellenborough in personal attraction! Then came a *preux chevalier* in the person of a linen draper's clerk, the hero of a galloppade, wherein the "lords and ladies" of the night did enact more drolleries than pen can tell. *Galoppade!*

Verily it would have delighted the Misses Prince to have seen the great *improvements* made in the popular *galoppe*. Such dancing—such romping—such attitudinizing;—such faces looking red, and such ringlets streaming and discomposed! One gentleman, with great and peculiar effect, blended the step of the *galoppe* with one which he must have caught from the natives of the Sandwich Islands; and produced such a frantic effect, that his lady partner, who very composedly allowed herself to be carried to whatever part of the room the gentleman thought proper, was absolutely astonished, and actually *carried*, her feet refusing to make any motion at all! Another *dieu de danse* was more tame; he gave six steps, and a step, then jerked his partner round and began again!

Above all things, we had the Mazurka, (or the *Mazukky*, as it was elegantly denominated) which one of the ladies declared to be nothing more than a "squaddrell;" and when the music sounded, gave the word for "the Chain Anglay" figuring away to the right and left with all the grace and vigour of Taglioni! One young gentleman, who seemed to know as much about it as the lady just mentioned, and willing to convince the beholders that he did know something, indulged himself with a hornpipe, *a la* T. P. Cooke. And at last, we believe, for we could not stand any more of it, the set divided, and joined together in dancing Scotch reels.

We do not mean to say that there were no creditable company among the "Amicables," for we saw some gentlemen, and, moreover, some very lovely ladies, equally disconcerted with ourselves, and at a loss to comprehend the singular scene, wherein tailors and cobblers and linen-draper, accompanied by butchers' daughters, and the fair heiresses of landlords of the Sun and Gridiron, or some such reputable places of public resort, mingled among those of "more refined clay." "To what *funny* uses, may we not return "Horatio!" exclaimed we, while returning to our couch, and thinking of Almacks, and its "Amicables." We committed ourselves to repose, but the *Amicables* still possessed us, and even in our dreams we saw the veritable hero of the galloppade jerking his partner to all points of the compass, and the lady heroines of the "*Mazukky squaddrell*!"

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—The *Court Journal* has very un-

ceremoniously thought proper to deny our statement respecting this unfortunate edifice, by saying that the Committee of Taste have not yet decided upon the alterations that are to be effected therein. We do not like to be severe upon so delicate an offender, and shall abstain from comment upon the present annoyance, merely adding to our former statement the simple fact, that, over the workmen's door, is a notification from Lord Duncannon, stating, that the works *are now in progress*! If our contemporary is better acquainted with the subject than his lordship, then of course our statement may be liable to suspicion; but we repeat, that the necessary improvements preparatory to the New Palace being adopted as a royal residence, are being carried into effect with the utmost rapidity.

MISS STRACHAN.—We are loth to say anything more severe to our *innocent* contemporary, but really it is too bad for people to make so free as he does with fashionable society. Miss STRACHAN, whom we have seen in the pages of the paper alluded to, until we are quite tired of the name, again figures therein as the heroine of a projected marriage, of which the Sicilian Prince (*again!*) is to be the hero.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The distressing illness which the Duke has lately endured, was occasioned by extreme impudence on the part of his Grace, who, in defiance of unfavourable weather, performed several long journeys in an open carriage without any extra precaution, or more than his ordinary habiliments.

A noble and beautiful lady, who has ever been one of the most attractive objects in fashionable society, has perfectly recovered from her severe illness, and again mingles in the circles of *ton*. We are much pleased at this happy event, and beg, also, to suggest to the noble lady a little more discretion with regard to the management of his lordship's fortune than she has hitherto been accustomed to. The world talks largely of her ladyship's extravagance, and the circumstance of Lord ——— having been compelled to accept a subordinate situation upon account of the pecuniary embarrassments into which such conduct had thrown him, is still fresh in the public recollection. May we not hope that experience has taught her ladyship an useful lesson, and that now her disbursements of every description will be conducted with prudence, if not with exact *economy*.

REFINED AMUSEMENT.—We strolled into the court-yard of St. James's Palace one morning, while the guard was being relieved, to hear the performance of the two military bands. While there, we were much amused by the gratification which a distinguished officer of the *Grenadiers* seemed to feel in exciting three or four dogs to fight! patting them, and setting them on; and when his elegant object was accomplished, turning upon his heel, like a whirligig, apparently intoxicated with delight!!! Moreover, this same officer, whose name we forbear mentioning, displayed, for the amusement of the assembled crowd, his proficiency in the Terpsichorean science, by repeating a variety of steps, in which probably he might have been admired on the previous evening at some fashionable assembly! All this was very amusing, but still very ridiculous; had he been contented with *playing with the flag-pole*, by striking his sword into it in order to show what a fine stroke he could make; nay, even had he desisted after putting its point to the breast of a brother officer of the Guards, we should not have thought the circumstance worthy of notice; but when this distinguished individual descended to such unredeemable *vulgarity* as that which we have noticed

above, we can neither be silent nor too pointed in our remonstrance.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.—We have had many instances of gentlemen of rank and fortune forming matrimonial alliances with beauties of a humble sphere, and have now an addition to the number, in the person of a gallant Colonel lately returned from Malta, who having accompanied some of his fair friends to the shop of a well known haberdasher in Regent Street, became suddenly smitten with the charms of a young retailer of ribbons; and so fierce was the attack, that the gallant Colonel surrendered at discretion, laid down his arms, and offered the fortunate girl his hand. The offer was accepted, and the Colonel and the lady were among the latest votaries at Hymen's shrine.

THE KING.—We understand that the King is very indignant at the liberty which one of the Brighton papers has taken with him, by circulating a report that his Majesty had been inoculated for the small-pox! The Brighton editor having, we suppose, exhausted his vocabulary of commendation and panegyric, hit upon the novelty of giving his Majesty a distressing disorder, in order to create a sensation among the good people of his overgrown town.

Lady Barbara Crawford and Lady Sophia Gresley, were a few days ago overturned in their carriage, while proceeding from Derby to Drakelow. Fortunately, the vehicle fell in a favourable position, and the ladies were extricated without injury.

Lord Lyndhurst's splendid mansion in George-street, is still unoccupied. His lordship has just taken possession of his new establishment.

Lord Howden has been permitted by the King to use the surname of Caradoc, instead of that of Cradock.

THE KING'S SONS.—We have every reason to believe that all the sons of his Majesty are intended to be elevated to the peerage. There could not possibly be a greater source of gratification to the country, than the elevation of those amiable and esteemed persons.

It has been represented to us, that the concerts held by the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, at Kew, are performed *entirely by German professors*. If such be the case, it cannot be too deeply regretted: there are English musicians in abundance, of equal merit to foreigners; and, moreover, it cannot be *grateful* to expend upon *German* professors, the princely income bestowed upon the Duke by the *ENGLISH* people.

It is doubted in Paris, whether Lord Rivers will marry the fair daughter of the English Ambassador.

THE OPERA.—Notwithstanding "the dreadful note of preparation" sounded by Monck Mason, we are fearful that the results of his scheme will not realize the public expectation. Tosi is even inferior to Lalande, and Madame Schröder Devrient is heard to great disadvantage out of her own language. She may be a valuable acquisition to the *German* operas. The *Straniera* of Bellini, is to be revived expressly for Tosi. We see that Mr. Mason has adopted our suggestion, and retained Mademoiselle Heinefetter; but he should do as much for the little syren as his predecessors did for Sontag; her story is interesting enough, and the enthusiasm of the Elector of Hesse Cassel would find many followers here.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham intend to reside for the season, in the metropolis.

Wisdom is not essentially requisite in a royal individual,

and the following instance of the lack of that quality in the person of a junior member of one of the royal houses of Europe, is particularly amusing:—One day the preceptor of the princely juvenile alluded to, promised him as a reward for diligent attention to his studies, the pleasure of witnessing the turn-out of the king's stag hounds for a day's sport. The delighted prince immediately thanking his kind tutor, very innocently concluded, with the enquiry, "And do the king's hounds hunt on foot like other dogs?—*How very singular!*"

QUINTUS SERVINTON; *A Novel in 3 Vols. Printed and published in Hobart's Town, Van Diemen's Land!* We have read this work with much attention, and cannot bestow upon it, as a literary production, any considerable praise. It is, nevertheless, calculated to excite much interest, being the first publication of the kind that has emanated from the press of any of our colonies; added to which, it bears internal evidence of having been written by a convict. Those circumstances will occasion the volumes to be read, and there are some portions that may please our fair readers, provided they take the necessary precaution of "skipping" over the greater portion of the first volume, which is very ridiculous. The tender affection of a wife, clinging with deathless tenacity to her husband through every scene of "weal and woe," is a subject eminently calculated to interest the reader, and had it not been described in such common-place language as we find in the present volume, we should have recommended the scenes wherein Emily Clifton is engaged, to the especial attention of our readers. As it is, they may be amused by the perusal of a work which possesses such peculiar and original associations.

We have seen the specimens of the *Frame Tablets*, for mounting Drawings, coloured Lithographs, &c. just published by Messrs. Vizetelly, Branstons and Co. Their advantages, as compared with any other production that has been hitherto applied to the same purpose, are as follow:—They are much more effective; as they harmonize with, and seem to form part of, the Drawing itself. They will lie flat in the Portfolio or Album, and are less liable to soil.

*** We respect and honour the feelings of our fair correspondent "AMELIA;" but we think that she has viewed our observations in a very different light to that which we intended. We can assure her, that she only does us justice in ascribing to us the desire of avoiding every thing that can possibly be unwelcome to our readers, or that is not strictly in accordance with those principles which she so justly admires, and which, we trust, have ever characterized the pages of this Magazine. We are glad that "AMELIA" has allowed us an opportunity of disclaiming any, the slightest, intention of assailing feelings, which, in reality, we truly venerate: we must also declare our correspondent unjust to herself in supposing that we should consider her as one of a class of "silly women;" were we so ungenerous as to make such distinction, our fair correspondent, certainly, would not be included therein.

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

With the exception of a single ball given at the Tuilleries, the year 1831 has expired without leaving us the *souvenir* of a single brilliant *fête*. However the year 1832 begins under more lively auspices, and there appears a hope that the *movement* will pass from the streets to the *salons*.

THE SAINT SIMONIENS.—This sect has latterly decreased apparently in importance. Its supreme pontiff (the *Pere OLINDE*) has just had recourse to a most impudent expedient to prop its sinking credit. He has issued bonds, printed on blue paper, and very similar in form to those of Naples. These bonds bear interest, which is to be paid out of the future success of the society. They are called in French *actions*, and *Figaro*, who puns upon every thing, says that OLINDE has put his religion in action; as we say of the dramatic proverbs, but where is the moral? The Journal of Hamburgh has furnished one; it announces that the sect of the Saint Simoniens has just made a very important acquisition: a young German Prince has given up his whole fortune to the society, which amounts to about £40,000 a year. He has not reserved any thing for himself, but has left it to the discretion of the *Pere ENFANTIN* to bestow upon him a daily allowance, proportioned to his deserts; that is to say, to his mental and physical capabilities of aiding the cause of GENERAL UTILITY. The *Pere* has fixed the allowance at sevenpence. Query—Is it not too much for such a blockhead?

A new Actress has just been engaged at the *Salle Favart*, whose singular adventure at the Milan Theatre is much talked of. It appears that there was an attachment between her and a young Italian gentleman; it seemed for a long time a very happy one; but, all of a sudden, they quarrelled, and parted. The gentleman throwing the blame of the rupture entirely upon the lady, and vociferating horrid menaces against her. He went so far as to declare, that if he were once convinced that she had betrayed him, he would blow her brains out from one of the upper boxes, and afterwards shoot himself.

A short time only had passed, when one evening just as the lady was warbling a favourite air, she perceived her discarded lover, pale as ashes, and with his eyes fixed upon her. She trembled violently, and, on seeing him put his hand in his bosom, she fairly ran off the stage, crying, "Seize the murderer! seize the assassin!" In the bustle, he contrived to escape. This affair has nearly cost the actress her reason. She is now recovered, but, disgusted with Italy, she has lost no time in quitting it.

That part of a lady's dress which is called in England a bustle, and which used to bear a name in France that I will not repeat, because it is not the most delicate, has just changed its title. It is now called a *Haubersaert* among the royalist belles: in revenge, probably, for M. de HAUBERSAERT's having brought an action for defamation against one of the royalist party, who accused him of taking patiently a few kicks from the Premier.

One of our journals has published several epigrams on the subject of new year's gifts. It promises to each of the newspapers an admirable plan of a prison, capable of containing thirty thousand persons: with the word liberty inscribed over the gate, in letters six feet long. Gags, iron collars, and handcuffs, of a very commodious and genteel form, will be presented as new year's gifts to each of the managers of the theatres. The deputies of the centre, who are all placemen and pensioners, will be complimented with a prescription to prevent indigestion. All magistrates will be provided with a microscope to enable them to discover political offences. And the ultra liberal deputies will compliment LOUIS PHILIP (for that day only) by styling themselves his subjects, provided that he, on his part, will make a new year's gift to the nation of the civil list.

The prefect of Marseilles lately gave a ball, and in the excess

of his civic enthusiasm, he resolved to have tricoloured ices. "Impossible," said the confectioner, "we have no blue fruits." "However," replied the prefect, "I am determined to have tricoloured ices, and you must send them or none." "There is nothing but indigo, and I should be afraid to use it." "Fear nothing, only let the ices be tricoloured." They came accordingly. The company were in raptures at the ingenious patriotism of the prefect, and, without inquiring into the composition of the ices, eat a great many. The ball was delightful, the prefect amiable, and the refreshments the very pink of civicism. Next morning all the company thought they were attacked by the cholera morbus, and some were very near dying of the fright. Luckily the confectioner let out the secret, and in consequence the inhabitants of Marseilles have forsworn tricoloured ices.

Mademoiselle FAUVEL, recently arrested for aiding the escape of the Marchioness DE LA ROCHEJAQUELIN, appears to unite the intrepidity and talents of the male sex, with the graces and charms of her own. She appears, however, not to be at all ambitious of the distinction to which they entitle her. She dresses in the plainest manner, and wears her air in the style of a man. She is about five-and-twenty; her countenance is full of expression; she has a firmness and dignity of manner which has nothing of boldness. The magistrate who interrogated her, expressed his regret to see a young lady, so talented as herself, engaged in a political conspiracy. "Sir," answered she, "there are so few men at present in France, that the women are forced to take part in political affairs."

A new invention for the toilet has just appeared, under the title of napkins of beauty; it is a paper which, if the face is rubbed with, renders the complexion delicate and youthful; so at least the inventor says, but we do not pledge ourselves for the truth of it.

A French hairdresser (we beg his pardon, *artiste* we should have said) has just published a book, in which he demonstrates, as he himself declares, almost mathematically, that the looks of the oldest and ugliest woman alive, may be improved by his method of dressing her head.

BARONESS DE FEUCHIERES.—The following account of this notorious character, has recently appeared in some of the French newspapers:—"Sophia Dawes is a native of Saint Helens, in the Isle of Wight, where her family still reside. She was chambermaid at an inn, in the year 1814, where the Duke of Bourbon first saw her. She came to Paris to him in 1817, where she became acquainted with an aid-de-camp of the Duke, who married her in 1818. They were separated in consequence of Feuchiere's jealousy of the Duke. Robert Dawes, the father of the Baroness, exercised at once the three professions of pilot, fisherman, and smuggler; but notwithstanding all his industry, he was at last reduced to the workhouse, out of which he was taken four or five years ago by his daughter, who gave him a decent maintenance till his death, which happened about eighteen months ago."

Mademoiselle le Normand, the famous fortune-teller, in whose predictions Napoleon had such faith, has just published a work, the title of which is "A Manifesto of the Gods on the Affairs of France," signed Jupiter, and dated Olympus. The author makes the mother of Louis Phillip appear to her son, and give him her last advice. The work is said to be the most pregnant libel, that has yet appeared, upon the present government.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"How happily the moments pass,
On life's delightful tide;
When bliss twined rosiest wreaths for me,
And I was all—a bride!"

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which he cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd,
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still!"—MOORE.

The memories which the great and the good leave behind them upon the hearts of relatives and friends, when they have passed through the ordeals of life and death, have never been more beautifully described than by our modern Anacreon in the lines which we have quoted for our motto. Who is there that has not, that does not experience their truth? In such manner do we sympathize with, and console those who have felt the power of the destroyer; and in such manner we relieve the distress of the friends of the amiable Mrs. ERSKINE, who died suddenly of apoplexy on the 12th instant, in a house which she had entered in order to avoid a heavy shower of rain. She was widow of the late Dr. ERSKINE, and sister-in-law of the Noble Lord of that title; one daughter, who is a ward in Chancery, and heiress to considerable property, was the only result of the union.

Turning from the contemplation of that distressing event, we record the hymeneal celebration, made on the 10th ult. at Benton Church, Northumberland, by RICHARD FLEETWOOD SHAW, Esq. of Brantingham Thorpe, Yorkshire, and the lovely ANNA, eldest daughter of Colonel BELL, late of the 86th Regiment. And, again we find the songs of rejoicing spreading among a happy groupe, assembled to do honour to the beautiful and amiable CHARLOTTE, second daughter of Lady CHARLOTTE CROFTON, upon her nuptials with G. C. ANTROBUS, Esq. M.P. The ceremony was performed at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, the seat of the Marquis of WESTMINSTER; and on the same day, a *dejeuner* was given by Lord CROFTON to a large party of fashionables, at his residence in Upper Brook Street, in order to celebrate the happy event.

"Hark! again—Hark! again the bells are ringing,
Lads and lasses all in white, are singing,

for HENRY STRAUBENZEE, Esq., of Spenithorn, Yorkshire, late of the 14th Light Dragoons, has led to the hymeneal altar, the eldest daughter (HARRIET) of Sir JOHN WROTESLEY, Bart. M.P., and niece of the Earl of TANKERVILLE. Many are the favours worn upon this truly happy celebration, and sincere are the wishes universally breathed for the continued welfare of two young and amiable individuals, thus happily brought together.

Again we are called upon to chronicle sadder tidings; for the noble Baroness FITZGERALD and VESEY has quitted this life for one far better; and having passed through her pilgrimage, now is at rest. Her ladyship's son, hitherto the Right Hon. WILLIAM VESEY FITZGERALD, inherits the title. His father is the Right Hon. JAMES FITZGERALD,

who, for many years, held high offices under the crown, which he voluntarily relinquished during the important discussion of the question relative to the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, and is still living at a very advanced age. The late Baroness, whom he married in 1782, was descended from the same ancestry with the Viscounts DE VESCI. By her ladyship he had five children, the present successor to the barony,—the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of KILMORE, Lady ROSS MAHON, Mrs. LESLIE FOSTER, and the Hon. GERALDINE FITZGERALD; some of whom rank among the most important of the stars of the fashionable world.

Happier tidings, however, await us, and we hasten to congratulate the lovely MARIA, third daughter of Sir PETER POLE, Bart., upon her union with the Viscount TURNOUR, eldest son of the Earl of WINTERTON, which was celebrated on the 19th ult.; at the same time, WILHELMINA, second daughter of Sir PETER POLE, being united to the Rev. THOMAS EATON SWETTENHAM, rector of Swettenham.

The Dowager Countess of SHEFFIELD has mingled her spirit with those of the departed, and left a world of which she was, for many years, a bright and valued ornament. Her ladyship was one of the ladies in waiting on the Princess of Wales, (late Queen Caroline) before she quitted this country for the Continent. She was the third wife of Lord Sheffield, a nobleman of singular presence of mind, intrepidity of character, and devoted to literary pursuits. His Lordship, when Colonel Holroyd, from the active part he took in suppressing the riots of 1780, in defeating the schemes of Lord George Gordon, and in being always a staunch "King's man," was raised to the Peerage, and died with the honours and dignities of Earl Sheffield. His Lordship was the personal friend of the historian Gibbon, and the editor of his *Memoirs and Posthumous Works*. Few ladies in the circles of Nobility have been more beloved and respected than the lady whose death is the occasion of this notice: she was highly talented, an ornament to society, and a generous and attentive friend to the needy, especially in the vicinity of Sheffield-place, Sussex; where the poor will long regret the death of their benefactor. Lady Clinton and Lady Stanley are daughters of the late Lord Sheffield, by his first marriage; but the present Earl Sheffield and a daughter, married to the brother of the Earl of Dartmouth, are the issue of the Countess whose death we now record.

PROJECTED MARRIAGE.—We understand, that one of the daughters of Lord ERSKINE, our ambassador at Munich, is affianced to a nobleman attached to the Court of Bavaria.

There is no truth in the report of a projected matrimonial alliance between Miss ATKINSON and Lord SCARSDALE'S son, Captain CURZON.

EXHIBITION.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF FLORENCE, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—This is one of the most agreeable panoramic views that Mr. Burford has ever presented to us. It represents the most delightful spot in the romantic land of Italy, at the festive time of the Carnival, and comprehends not only "*La bella Firenze*, fairest of earthly cities" itself, but a great portion of the luxuriant *Val d'Arno*, with its hills and pasture, churches, palaces, and olive-gardens, the whole of which are executed with such powerful effect, that the spectator may readily imagine himself in the midst of the actual scene; and

standing upon the top of the Jesuits' Convent, looking down upon the city, and gazing upon the bright Arno, lightened by, and reflecting the rays of the setting-sun; the lofty mountains in the distance; the vast *Duomo*, and the antiquated *Ponte Vecchio*, with its decaying houses and singular-covered gallery; the exalted *Belvedere*, and the *Boboli Gardens*, and, at last, the giant mausoleum-like *Palazzo Pitti*, that stupendous monument of man's ambition, rising in sombre magnificence amidst the lesser objects, and forming a striking contrast to the gay and animated appearance of the party of the masqueraders in the fore-ground. The most highly-finished and striking portion of the picture, is part of the beautiful *Ponte à Santa Trinità*,* with the narrow street leading therefrom. The church of *Santa Spirita*, and the immense tower of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, are also finely delineated. The figures are the only portion of this delightful panorama to which any objection can be raised, their faces being very inferior;—the harper, in the right-hand corner, is the most striking figure, by reason of his back being towards the spectator. Would not the interest of this exhibition be heightened by the introduction of *music* upon the stairs? It might impart a life and gaiety to the scene, which the spectator misses, when he looks down upon a representation of an *animated and revelling* city, and *feels* that he is in a *still and quiet* exhibition-room, so quiet indeed, that a pin might almost be heard falling upon the ground. The Panorama is highly creditable to Mr. Burford's talents, and we are certain of our readers being amused and delighted with it.

THE DRAMA.

"Now to the mimic scene we critics turn,
Where tyrants rage and heroes' bosoms burn;
Where gentle youths in love are very sad,
And maidens, all in white, go raving mad!"—ANON.

We promised in our last number, a review of the *Pantomimes* that were produced at Christmas for the entertainment of children from school, and babies of a larger growth, whose peculiar taste induces them to encourage that description of entertainment. But it would be altogether superfluous to redeem our pledge, as the pantomimes are no longer novelties, and will, in all probability, be consigned to everlasting repose before the appearance of the present number of our Magazine. We will, therefore, pass on to the consideration of the other performances of the month.

Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, having recovered from his severe illness, has returned to his histrionic duties, and performed some of his chief characters, with all that truth and spirit which have ever characterised his delineations. We particularly admire his *Mercutio*, a part which is restored to its original prominence in the play, by Mr. KEMBLE'S fine performance. We were much amused during the representation of the tragedy, by the singular appearance of an unknown female upon the stage, in one of the most interesting scenes between *Juliet* and *Romeo*. When the former exclaimed,

* It is not unamusing to contrast the representation of this elegant bridge (one of the chief promenades in the city), and the print in the *Landscape Annual*, with its heavy London November fog.

"It was the *nightingale*, and not the lark,—
Nightly she sings on you pomegranate tree,"

the strange-looking woman, clad in a shawl and bonnet, emerged from the trees, and proceeded very leisurely across the stage:—the audience immediately hissed, and *Julet* went on with the line,—

"Believe me, love, it was *the nightingale*!"

The audience burst into laughter, and the woman ran rapidly off the stage. The subsequent lines from *Romeo*, however, were not of a nature to destroy the risibility of the spectators:—

"It was the lark—the herald of the morn—
No nightingale!!!"

LORD LEVESON GOWER's tragedy of *Catherine of Cleves* has been produced, supported by all the talent of the theatre; but the small success which has attended its representations is not at all commensurate with the expectations of the author. Indeed, we may say that the play will not become popular, although the bill tells us that it has been received with the utmost applause "by admiring audiences." FANNY KEMBLE sustains the chief character with ability, and her father also performs in a talented and effective manner. The delivery of the following lines, (which may be taken as a specimen of the poetry of the tragedy) was particularly spirited:—

"Will not your nobles, rallying round your person,
Pour back their wealth into the liberal fount
From whence it sprung? Is not that wealth your own?
Let our flocks bleed, and let our forests fall,
Let our red vintage freely flow, to bear
The charges of that war. We shall not grudge
Harvest or flock—our red wine or red blood.
If gold be wanting, we can coin our mantles,
Where finger-deep the rich embroidery stiffens;
Melt down our ladies' ciphers in the crucible,
And load our petronels with golden bullets."

The tragedy is a translation of the *Henri Trois* of Dumas,—itself an adaptation of an old English drama, but none of the spirit of the original production has been transferred to the present one. The incident upon which the whole distress of the piece turns, is almost ridiculous, *Catherine* being compelled to write a letter to her lover, appointing an interview at a place where he is to be assassinated, by a mere—tremendous pinch on the arm!! The method resorted to by the old English dramatist, was the rack.*

* Mr. WARDE gave a very ludicrous reading of a line in his last speech, which is,

"Her dying breath outweighs all proof of guilt."

by rendering it thus,—

"Her dying *weth-breath*—out—weighs all proof of guilt!"

The audience scarcely noticed the actor's error; but some of the friends of the noble author, who, with books in hand, appeared following the performers through every line, in order, we suppose, to discover any attempt made to *trick* the noble lord of a sentence, looked remarkably indignant at the offence. Miss KEMBLE also committed an error of a similar kind.

At DRURY LANE, the principal novelty of the month has been a new musical entertainment, called "*My Own Lover*," full of bustle and incident, and so far different from the general nature of the pieces that have been lately produced, that the town has been induced to sanction its success by reason of its novelty. The piece bears much resemblance to the Spanish Comedies, wherein rapid incidents and effective situations, atone for the absence of wit. WALLACK sustains the principal character in a very able manner, and wears one of the most splendid dresses that we have ever seen upon the stage. The ever delightful Miss PHILLIPS personates the heroine in a most chaste and beautiful style. We admire her so much in the attire of her own sex, that we regret to see her in the habiliments of man: she has enough to do, however, in this piece, having to change her dress half a dozen times. A Mr. BRINDAL endeavours to attract the attention of the audience, but his overstrained exertions are very ridiculous. HARLEY plays with great animation and humour. Mr. WOOD sings one or two songs very prettily. Miss PEARSON is very lack-a-daisical indeed.

Mr. MACREADY has again appeared in the character of *Macbeth*; his performance of which, although not equal to the delineations of either KEAN or YOUNG, is still bold and masterly, and productive of great effect. Miss PHILLIPS gives a fine and forcible picture of *Lady Macbeth*: there is a grandeur, almost Siddonian, about her sleeping scene, which cannot be too highly commended.

THE OPERA.—The performances commenced on the 28th ult. under the new management. The house presents a very splendid appearance: the furniture of the boxes is entirely new, the curtains and cushions being composed of crimson velvet, with linings of French plush. The panels of the boxes, which are of a light-green colour, with dead-gold ornaments by the lightness of appearance, relieves and contrasts well with the deep tone of the furniture. A new lustre, double the size and power of the last, has been added. The proscenium has been enlarged, and the ceiling newly painted by Grieve; a slight, but appropriate deviation in the attributes of the figures has been adopted. New scenery, and a magnificent new drop-curtain of a rich arabesque pattern, in deep crimson and gold, complete the material change. Nothing can exceed the chaste elegance and splendour of the interior under its present arrangement. The orchestra has been enlarged, and an organ of extraordinary power added to it.

Madame VESTRIS has produced at the OLYMPIC, a very wretched extravaganza, entitled "*Olympic Devils, or Orpheus and Eurydice*," the only commendable thing in which, is the very delightful singing of some miserable rhymes, by Miss FORDE, a young lady of great musical talents (in the character of *Eurydice*). Madame VESTRIS sustains the part of *Orpheus*. A new burletta, called "*He's not A-miss!*" serves to display the buffoonery of Mr. LISTON. The modest and talented Miss LANGLEY, whom we alluded to in our last, appears to be no longer a member of this establishment.

Mr. RAYNER has opened his new subscription Theatre, in the Strand; we will pay its performances (as well as those of the OPERA, which commenced too late for criticism in this number) every attention in our next.



Newest Fashions for February, 1832.

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M. D. G. 1832.

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Newest Fashions for February, 1892. Morning, and Evening Dresses.



NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1832.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

A pelisse dress of *bleu de Roi gros de Naples*, *Corsage* of the shawl form, partially high behind, and very open on the bust. The shawl is rather deep; it is embroidered, as well as the front of the dress, with white silk, in a very rich pattern. The corsage and the embroidery are edged with a white fancy silk trimming. Sleeves à *l'Imbecille*, finished with pointed cuffs, embroidered to correspond with the trimming. Cambric *chemisette* trimmed with a full *ruche* of English lace. The hat is white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with white gauze ribbons, and ostrich feathers, and finished at the edge of the brim with a curtain veil of blond lace. Fancy velvet muff.

EVENING DRESS—COSTUME OF FINLAND.

A skirt of red lilac silk, striped with white, and finished round the border with two rouleaus of Chinchilla fur. The bodice is white silk, with long loose sleeves adorned with light horizontal stripes of gold. The bodice is made up to the throat, and close to the shape. Over it is a green satin waistcoat, lined with white satin, with short sleeves, trimmed with fur, and a gold embroidery. The *ceinture* is of gold thread, an ornament which rises from it is also embroidered in gold. White silk apron, worked in coloured silks and gold. The hair is curled at the sides of the face, and disposed in open crescent bows on the summit of the head; it is adorned with a gold bandeau, and knots of deep rose-coloured ribbon. Jewellery of bright gold.

MORNING AND PROMENADE DRESS.

It is composed of Aventurine cachemire. Plain high *corsage* and *gigot* sleeves. The skirt is embroidered in Aventurine silk of the darkest shade. The pelerine is of velvet to correspond with the embroidery; it is also worked and edged with fancy silk trimming. The bonnet is a black velvet *bibi*, worn over a *tulle* morning cap, and trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A *chapeau bibi*, of blue *velours epinglé*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and a bouquet of white curled ostrich feathers.

FIG. 2.—A front view of a rose-coloured crape turban, à *la Malibran*.

FIG. 3.—A half-length figure; a robe of violet *gros de Naples*; a *pelerine à nœuds* and a *capote bibi*, of emerald green velvet, trimmed with a *plumet à la russe*; blond lace, and green gauze ribbons.

FIG. 4.—A back view of the morning and promenade dress bonnet.

FIG. 5.—A back view, half-length, of FIG. 3.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

An open robe *en seigneur*, of light fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*; it crosses in front; a large pelerine and sleeves à *l'Imbecille*; it is lined and edged with rose-coloured satin, and worn over a white round dress, with a richly-embroidered border. Morning cap of clear French cambric, the trimming small plaited, and sustained by a rosette and *coques* of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, bows of which decorate the crown. *Colletterie* and neck-knot to correspond with the cap.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

Is composed of slate-coloured *reps Americain*, *corsage*, a three-quarter height, and sleeves of the long *gigot* shape. Round pelerine of *peluche*, to correspond with the dress, with the collar and lappels in the habit style. Hat of dark green velvet, lined with *ponceau*, it is trimmed under the brim with a butterfly bow of ribbon to correspond: a bouquet of green parrots' feathers ornaments the crown.

EVENING, OR BALL DRESS.

It is rose-coloured gauze over satin to correspond, *corsage* cut very low, forming a *demi cœur* behind, and crossed drapery in front. *Beret* sleeves surmounted by *jockeys* in scallops. The trimming of the skirts consists of bands of gauze ribbon laid flat round the border, one end is attached above the other below the knee, by a bouquet of damask roses inserted in a knot of ribbon. *Ceinture* of gauze ribbon with floating ends. *Demi Grecian coiffure* ornamented with gold chain and a wreath of roses. Jewellery of bright gold. The half-length figure is a back view of this dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 2.—A blond lace cap of a perfectly round shape, the trimming, which is narrower than usual, is sustained by a wreath of damask roses. Knots and bands of gauze ribbon decorate the caul.

FIG. 3.—Back view of fig. 2.

FIG. 4.—A front view of a rose-coloured *velours epinglé capote marmotte*; it is trimmed with a bouquet of white roses, gauze ribbon to correspond, and blond net *mentonnieres*.

FIG. 5.—A side view of the *capote* just described.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

An under dress composed of damask rose-coloured satin, trimmed round the bottom with a full *rouleau* of the same materials; sprigs of gold myrtle are embroidered above it at regular distances. The robe worn over it is of white chaly, with a *corsage en demi cœur*, bordered with blond lace and *bouffant* sleeves, surmounted by epaulettes

aged with *dents* of a new form. The skirt of the robe is bordered with similar *dents*; it is looped on one side so as to display the under dress. *Coffure* of the *demi Anglaise* form ornamented with gold *esprits*.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A bird of Paradise crape dress satin to correspond, the seams of the skirt are ornamented with longitudinal bands of ribbon, on which *nœuds* are placed at regular distances. *Corsage en cœur*, *bouffant* sleeves, and *mancherons à nœuds*. *Demi Grecian* *coiffure* ornamented with a bouquet of flowers and a gold *agraffe*.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A high dress of lavender bloom *gros de Naples*, over which is a loose pelisse of onyx brown velvet trimmed with sable. Fancy velvet hat trimmed *à la Leontine*, with *nœuds* of gauze ribbon. Sable muff—velvet *brodequins*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the next figure.

FIG. 2.—A dress of *gaze zephyr*, a white ground figure in green and gold. *Corsage en demi cœur* and *bouffant* sleeves. *Coffure à la Madame Malibran*, ornamented with Roman pearls and a golden arrow.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the first evening dress.

FIG. 4.—A side view of the second evening dress.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS.

It is composed of puce-coloured velvet, *corsage à revers*, pointed *mancherons*, and sleeves of the short *gigot* shape. Four or five satin pipings put very close together, finish the upper edge of the hem. India muslin *chemisette* very richly worked. *Chapeau marmotte* of *aventurine* velvet, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and a plume of white feathers. Satin boa.

EVENING DRESS.

A black velvet dress, *corsage uni*, cut very low round the bust, and trimmed *à l'enfant* with blond lace. *Bouffant* sleeves covered with blond lace draperies. The outer dress is of printed cachemere, lined with pearl-coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with sable; its form is that of a Turkish pelisse, with Mameluke sleeves, also trimmed with sable. Head-dress a Polish *taque* of ruby velvet, trimmed with white ostrich feathers. Jewellery of dead gold.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

It is of *gaze zephyr*, embroidered in rose-buds. *Corsage à la Princesse Marie*. The *coiffure* is *à la Sevigné*. The hair is disposed in curls at the sides of the face, and in a low knot behind, it is ornamented with pearls, and full blown roses.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the second evening dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the morning dress.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

A round dress of rose-coloured *moire*, Grecian *corsage*, and *ôdret* sleeves, over which is an open dress of black blond lace, *corsage à revers* and *imbecille* sleeves. The hair is decorated with white ostrich feathers, bows of rose gauze ribbon, and a fancy bandeau of white velvet and jet. Jewellery of jet.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of Fig. 2.

FIG. 2.—An evening dress of blue crape over white satin, the *corsage* of the latter is cut square and low, the former is open to the waist, and trimmed with a lappel of a perfectly new form. Blond lace sleeves *à l'Imbecille*. *Chapeau bérêt* of blue velvet, trimmed with white ostrich feathers. Jewellery of gold and pink.

FIG. 3.—A back view of Fig. 4.

FIG. 4.—A social party dress of light green *gros de Naples*. *Canezou* of blond lace. Half-dress cap of blond lace, trimmed with rose-coloured gauze ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A front view of a *bérêt*, composed of intermingled azure-blue velvet and white satin, and adorned with the plumage of a bird of Paradise.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the head-dress above described.

FIG. 3.—A Brazilian *coiffure*, composed of *ponceau* velvet, gold tissue, and white satin; it is arranged in front in the *bérêt* style, but with an open caul, through which the hind hair, disposed in a full tuft of curls, protrudes.

FIG. 4.—A second Brazilian *coiffure*, but with the hind hair partly arranged in braids.

FIG. 5.—A front view of a blond lace cap *à la Taglioni*, trimmed with rose-coloured gauze ribbon.

FIG. 6.—A back view of the above head-dress.

FIG. 7.—A back view of the first evening dress *coiffure*.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1832.

The London winter is now fairly set in: it has commenced with more than ordinary splendour; and FASHION, with that benevolence which, amidst her endless changes, still remains fixed and unvarying, has rendered the luxuries of the rich conducive to the comforts of the poor in a more than usual degree. New materials continue to be introduced in every department of the toilette, and new modes of making them up are daily invented. We select from the most novel modes those which Mrs. Bell has just introduced, convinced that our fair readers will agree with us, that she has displayed in them all that taste and invention, which have so long characterized the Temple of Fashion in Cleveland Row.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Bonnets are closer than last month; they are either of the *bibi* shape, or of one much resembling it, called *marmotte*. The brim continues to be made small. The crowns of bonnets are of various shapes. Some are very low behind, and rise almost in a point in front: others have the crown placed very far back, and the centre pointed in a very slight degree. Some have the material laid plain upon the crown, and others disposed in folds. The cock's feathers, *plumes frimaties*, and even the flowers which ornament bonnets, are always so placed as to droop to one side, or else over the crown; it is only the *plumets russes* which are placed in the latter direction. If flowers are employed, they must be large pinks, full blown roses, or other flowers of a large size.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Encore des manteaux*, but mantles of a different description from those of last month. Cachemere striped alternately in imitation of watered *gros de Naples*, and of rich shawl patterns; they are generally lined with satin, and lightly wadded. Others are of *coutil de soie*, lined and trimmed



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with *peluche* of a strongly contrasted colour, as *ponceau* for dark green, azure for *avanturine*, &c. &c. There are also some satin ones, trimmed with a velvet border embroidered in wreaths, or detached bouquets of flowers. The principal novelty in the make is, that the pelerine, which is still deeper than ordinary, terminates in points before, and a single one behind, and is surmounted by a second pelerine of a similar description, but very shallow.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF DINNER DRESS.—White China crape, striped or figured in satin, is coming much into favour; so also is printed and embroidered *barèges*; the latter is very much in request. We see also a good many velvet dresses. *Corsages* are in crossed drapery, or of the *demi cœur* form; the latter have the fold in the centre, disposed *en dent de loup*. The sleeves of velvet and China crape dresses are always of the *beret* form, with long ones of blond lace drawn over them; but many *barège* dresses have a long sleeve of the same material, trimmed at the wrist with a single point of *barèges* turning upwards, and edged with blond lace. A new style of trimming for *corsages*, and one likely to become very fashionable, is *à la Medicis*; it is blond lace disposed round the back and shoulders in such a manner as to stand up; this style is borrowed from the portraits of Mary de Medicis. Another and still more elegant style of trimming for *corsages*, consists of blond lace draperies, so arranged as to form a kind of low *canezou*. This is an accessory employed for dresses of different materials; it has the most elegant effect, particularly upon velvet, by the disposition of the jockeys, which fall over the sleeves.

HEAD-DRESSES IN DINNER DRESS.—Turbans of crape, *gaze sylphide*, and trimmed with a single ostrich feather, or two *esprits* are in favour; they are smaller, and the folds lighter than last season. Blond lace caps trimmed with a *bouquet à la Malabar* are adopted by some of our most fashionable *belles*. The *bouquet* is composed of four roses of different colours, placed near the top of the caul on the right, and enveloped by the *blonde*. Another very fashionable cap is the *beret à la Rossi*; it is also of blond, a low crown of an oval form, the blond lace trimming is of a light pattern, and disposed on each side so as to form *ailes de papillon*. The cut ribbons which sustain the trimming are of striking colours. A *volkammeria* or a large rose *à gouttes d'eau* is placed on the left side of the caul, and droops towards the left temple. A third stile of cap has the trimming of the front arranged in the form of a diadem. The most fashionable ribbons are of gauze with satin stripes, either very broad, or *à mille raies*.

BALL DRESS.—Gauzes seem most in favour this month, particularly *gaze zephyr*. A favourite trimming for dresses of this material, is a wreath of coral sprigs, embroidered in silk of the colour of coral. We see also several ball-dresses, particularly those of crape, trimmed with wreaths or *bouquets* of stamped velvet. Gold or silver is generally mingled with the trimmings of dresses for grand parties. We may cite as one of the most elegant, a dress of rose-coloured *gaze zephyr* embroidered above the hem in a wreath of vine leaves in green silk; the edges and *contours* of the leaf were silver lama; the stalk was a mixture of lama and green silk. *Coiffure en bacchante*, a wreath of green and silver vine leaves.

Corsages have not altered since last month, but we observe that flowers are much used to ornament the sleeves of dresses, which continue to be worn very short and full. They are arranged in *bouquets*, some of which are tied by a ribbon

with long floating ends. If the sleeve is *à l'Espagnole*, the *bouquet* is passed through one of the puffs, and attached to the under sleeve. If the sleeve is ornamented with flowers, the trimming of the skirt must correspond either by a wreath placed horizontally above the hem, or by detached *bouquets* at regular distances, or else one or two *bouquets* which serve as *agrafes* to a noble trimming.

HEAD-DRESSES IN BALL DRESS.—Very young ladies have in general their hair arranged in soft braids on the forehead, and twisted *en cœur* behind. A large flower, as a rose, or a pink, or else a small *bouquet* formed of different flowers is employed to ornament it.

Wreaths or diadems of coral are much in favour for the ball *coiffures* of married ladies. They are generally mingled with *epis d'or*. We have also to notice among the most elegant *coiffures*; those composed of a diadem of gold flowers, surrounding the head, and a *panache* of white feathers inserted in the knot of hair behind, and those composed of *nœuds* of *marabouts* and gold flowers.

Fashionable colours are *vert d'acanthé*, violet, slate colour, crimson, azure, citron, and all the shades of *aventurine* and rose-colour.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Black velvet bonnets are the most in favour in morning dress. The most fashionable are of the *demi capote* form, with a long brim, which almost meets under the chin, but does not sit so close round the face as they have recently been worn. A *plumet russe*, or a long ostrich feather *beuclé* or *frimatisé*, and a few light knots of ribbon, always ornament these bonnets. One of the most elegant of them is of black velvet, lined with cherry-coloured satin; the long black feather, which surmounted the crown, was edged on both sides by *barbes* of cherry-coloured feathers, intermixed with the black; it drooped in the form of a ring.

The prettiest hats are those of blue, *ponceau*, or *aventurine* velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a white feather; bordered in the manner that we have just described.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Mantles continue in favour; velvet ones are most fashionable. We see also a good many of *coutil de Soie*, lined with sable fur. Pantaloon of jaconet muslin are becoming very fashionable; but instead of being loose at the bottom, as they have hitherto been worn, they terminate by a band, which fastens below the ankle by a button. The band is edged with lace. Many ladies wear, in addition to a muff and boa tippet, indispensable to a promenade dress, a round fur pelerine, and a kind of velvet mask, called a *loup*: these two last accessories are only adopted when the weather is extremely cold.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HALF-DRESS.—Velvet, *gros de Tours*, and *Chaly*, are most in favour. The most fashionable form is a *redingote à schall*, the *corsage* high in the neck behind, very open in the bust, rounded behind, and sloped in the form of a heart before. If the dress is of plain materials, it is always embroidered up the front, and round the shawl part; the embroidery must be either a shade or two darker than the dress, or of a strongly-contrasted colour, but of one colour only. The sleeves are generally of the *gigot* shape; we have seen, however, some made *à l'Imbecille*.

HATS IN HALF DRESS.—Velvet is the only material employed for hats; they have round short brims of a moderate and becoming depth, and crowns higher before than behind. They are variously ornamented. Some with ribbon disposed in flat broad bows, with pointed ends, which are passed through a gold buckle, richly chased; others are trimmed with ostrich feathers, *bouclées*, or *frimées*, of which we have already spoken, and many are decorated with flowers.

OPERA DRESS.—Within the last few days our most distinguished *élégantes* have appeared at the opera in robes of plain India muslin, with *corsages*, a little in the form of a heart, plaited on each side, and having the plaits fixed in the centre of the bosom, and on each shoulder by a band. Long sleeves, excessively wide at the upper part, and fitting nearly close to the lower part of the arm. A jockey of three points, trimmed with Mechlin lace, and a cuff of a single point also edged with lace.

ACCESSORIES TO OPERA DRESS.—Gauze scarfs have taken place of boas, and *nœuds zephyr*. The most fashionable are of *gaze Donna Maria*; they are negligently twisted round the throat.

OPERA HEAD-DRESSER.—*Toques* comprised of *tulle*, and ornamented with ostrich feathers, are much in request, as are also turbans of gold lama. Blond lace caps trimmed with a half wreath of roses placed horizontally, are adopted by many *élégantes*, but they are not considered so *distingué* as *Fanchons* either of blond lace or embroidered *tulle*. This head-dress is simply a half-handkerchief, placed very backward; the point, which is richly embroidered, falls over the hind hair, and the ends are tied carelessly under the chin.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF FULL DRESS.—The dresses most admired at the last court day were of velvet, crape, and various kinds of rich silk, as *gros d'Orient*, &c. &c. The *corsages* were mostly of the Grecian form, with *beret* sleeves of extreme shortness. All the dresses were trimmed round the border. Those of velvet were embroidered in a wreath of gold or silver flowers. Those of silk were generally trimmed with a single flounce of *blonde de Chantilly*. Some crape dresses were lightly worked round the border, in a mixture of coloured silks, and gold or silver. Others were embroidered on the front only, with those garlands, either of gold or silver, forming columns, and enlarging gradually from the ceinture to the knee, where each terminated under a bouquet of gold flowers, mingled with *marabouts*.

HEAD-DRESSES IN FULL DRESS.—Turbans, &c. &c. are magnificently adorned with ostrich feathers and diamonds. Head-dresses of hair have the bows much lower than last year, if they are ornamented with feathers and diamonds, mounted in sprigs or *vignettes*; but if the ornaments are cordon of diamonds, pearls, gold chains, or wreaths of flowers, then the *coiffure* must be of the *demi Grecian* form.

JEWELLERY.—The new year has introduced many novelties in jewellery: among the most distinguished are diamonds and pearl arrows, *bandeaux* composed of *cameos*, intermingled with pearls and gold chains; pins to the heads of which are suspended pearls or gold beads, waving over the *coiffure*. We observe in fancy jewellery, that jet necklaces are coming much into favour; they are substituted for the *fiancées* of black velvet so fashionable last year. The part which goes round the neck is about two inches in breadth; they fasten before by a *plaque* of jet, to which suspended a double chain that fastens under the ceinture.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Velvet *bottines*, lined and trimmed with fur, are indispensable for the promenade. The *pan-touffes* of our *élégantes* must be richly embroidered in gold or silver. We have seen, however, within the last few days, some that are made of India rubber. The fashionable gloves for the promenade are those à *la Robert*; they are a peculiar shade of red, sewed and embroidered in black silk. A fashionable glover has just introduced gloves à *mancherons*. The gloves are inserted in pieces of silk or velvet resembling half staves, lined with fur, and fastened at the wrist by two buttons; when the arms are crossed, these half-staves have the appearance of a muff, and if they are turned down, the fur forms a cuff.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Grecian head-dresses, although abounding as principal taste, yet do not suit all faces. The charming Countess M., who was present at the last performance of Catharine of Cleves, wore her's ornamented in a very touring style. They were composed of light plaits united at the base by a twist of hair, which was afterwards entwined round the plaiting. The head-dress was then ornamented by a willow plume, placed with infinite taste, the light feathers of which played as fantastically as a coquette could desire: on each side of her face the hair fell in clusters of cork-screw curls.

At another party we observed the young Duchess of B. in a completely Grecian style of head-dress. On the forehead was a golden diadem, in which was set three rich *cameos*, the hair drawn up to form a band behind; at the summit of the head it was twisted in a knot, from whence depended on the left side, in a graceful negligence, three palm branches enriched by *cameos*, and at the right side a bunch of cork-screw curls. From this knot fell two separate *rouleaus* of hair, which were passed over each temple. It is absolutely requisite, that to a style so *strictly* classic as this, a countenance, like that of the Duchess, should approximate, and she looked divinely. Another lady wore her Grecian *tiara* set off here and there with small scarlet plumes, and one fair charmer wore two branches of *nettle* in gold, so disposed as to form a coronet in front.

The Turbans are made very simply, and with much grace. In general they are of small size, and of Cashmere or gauze *lisse*. One of the prettiest which we remarked was composed of white Cashmere strewn with palm branches, and between the folds pressed out occasionally a narrow bordering.

HULL, Dec. 1, 1831.—Gentlemen, We have just had another instance of the good effects of your BALM OF COLUMBIA. A Gentleman, whose head for a considerable length of time was destitute of hair, applied to us for a restorative; we recommended your Balm, which in a very short time had the desired effect; his hair grew again, and it is now as thick as ever. He is a person of high respectability in this town, and is ready to come forward at any time to testify to what we assert. We think if the above was made known it would be of benefit to yourselves and the public. We are, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

To Messrs. C. & A. OLDRIDGE.

HOPKIN, GELL & CO

OLDRIDGE'S BALM causes whiskers and eye-brows to grow, prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops the hair from falling off. Abundance of certificates from gentlemen of the first respectability in England, are shown by the Proprietors, C. & A. Oldridge, 1, Wellington Street, Strand, London, where the Balm is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders.—Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle.

ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

LXXXVI.---English Earls.
EARL BATHURST.

"—— Not alike to every mortal eye,
Is this great scene unveiled; for while the claims
Of social life to diff'rent labours urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care
Hath Nature on the multitude of minds
Impress'd a various bias, and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil."—AKENSIDE.

From among the congregated assemblage of noble individuals, whose association with the constitution of our country has ever imparted thereto a degree of stability as well as splendour, which has materially assisted in exalting its character to the high position it occupies in the scale of nations, we select for this month's section of our History of the Peerage, HENRY EARL OF BATHURST, *Baron Bathurst of Battleden*, and *Baron Apsley, of Apsley*, in the county of Surrey, Knight of the Illustrious Order of the Garter, Teller of the Exchequer, and Joint Clerk of the Crown; in tracing whose genealogical descent, we find another great example of the rank and honours which have originated from the commercial industry of our countrymen. EARL BATHURST having lineally descended from Launcelot Bathurst, Esq. a merchant and alderman of the city of London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

But as we have the means of tracing the ancestry of the Noble Earl from a more distant period, we shall commence our genealogical details by stating, that the family derived the name of BATHURST from a place so called, which they originally occupied very near Battle Abbey in Sussex, but of which they were despoiled at the time when the fierce contentions between the rival houses, York and Lancaster, laid some of the fairest edifices low, and spread destruction, anarchy, and civil oppression over the whole surface of the country; fathers rose against their children, and sons smote their venerable parents to the earth; the ties of nature were dis severed, all the energies, all the feelings of the people were absorbed in the struggle for predominance between the two factions, and they became lost to every thing except their respective partialities for a red rose and a white one.

In these struggles the patrimonial possessions of the Bathursts were destroyed, and some of the ruins in the wood (still denominated "Bathurst's Wood") alone remained to bear evidence of the dreadful scene which had been enacted

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there. The Bathursts took refuge at Crouchbrook in Kent, within a few miles of the ancient castle; and here in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, a position was established by Lawrence Bathurst, who at his decease left three sons,

Edward, ancestor of the Earls of Bathurst.

Robert of Horsmonden,

John of Staplehurst.

Edward was the father of Launcelot Bathurst, (previously alluded to) who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and succeeded in amassing a large fortune, and laying the foundation of that noble house, which at the present period occupies so high a position in the British Peerage. He purchased the Manor of Franks in Kent, where he built a splendid mansion, there enjoying in his latter days the fruits of his early industry and application.

"Thrice happy man, enjoying ease, content,
Blest with the conscience of a life well spent;
Nor would be great, but guided well his sails
Safe by the shore, nor tempted sterner gales.
Most happy! laid where trees with trees entwined,
In bowery arches trembled to the wind;
With innocence and shade-like Adam blest,
Whilst a new Eden open'd in his breast."

This honourable gentleman at his decease left a son, George Bathurst, Esq. who, in the year 1610, was united to Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Edward Villiers, and becoming thereby possessed of the reversion of that estate upon the death of his wife's father, he there settled; his lady presenting him with thirteen sons and four daughters.

Sir Benjamin Bathurst, Knight, his youngest surviving son, was in the reign of Charles the Second appointed to the high official situation of the Governor of the Royal African Company, in which he displayed such peculiar abilities, and such persevering attention to the duties which devolved upon him, that in the year 1688 he was honoured with the situation of Governor of the Honourable East India Company. Subsequently he was called upon to assume the office of Treasurer of the Household to the Princess Ann of Denmark, and when that esteemed princess ascended the throne, he was honoured by a still higher office, being constituted Cofferer to the Queen. His lady was Frances, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, of Apsley in Sussex, his union with whom was the origin of the second title attached to the Earldom of Bathurst. Sir Benjamin was succeeded on the 27th of April, 1704, by his eldest son,

Allen Bathurst, Esq. M. P. who, on the 31st of December, 1711, was advanced to a seat in the House of Lords, by the title of BARON BATHURST, of Battersden in the county of Bedford; and on the 12th of August, 1773, he was created, EARL BATHURST, of Bathurst, in the county of Sussex. His lordship was united to Catherine, daughter of Sir Peter Apsley; and died on the 16th of September, 1775, having attained the patriarchal age of ninety-one. He was succeeded by

Henry, his eldest surviving son, born on the 2d of May,

D

1714. He was elevated to the peerage in the life-time of his father; his great legal talents qualifying him for the important office of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, to which he was called upon the 23rd of January, 1771, by the style and title of *Baron Apsley*, of *Apsley*, in the county of Sussex. This distinguished law officer had been for some years distinguished in his profession, and the ability which he displayed while upon the bench of the Common Pleas, rendered his elevation a matter of general approbation. His lordship was first married to Anne, daughter of — James, Esq. and widow of C. Phillips, Esq. by whom he had no issue. By his second union, with Tryphena, daughter of Thomas Scawen, Esq. of Maidwell, in the county of Northampton, he had

HENRY, the present Earl.

Apsley, joint-clerk of the crown. He died in 1816.

Tryphena, born 1760.

Catherine, born 1764.

Selina Letitia, born 1766: died in 1827.

Susannah, born 1768.

His lordship died in 1794, when his eldest son, the present peer, came into the possession of the hereditary titles and estates.

HENRY, EARL BATHURST, D.C.L. and F.S.A., was born upon the 22nd of May, 1762. On the 1st of April, 1789, he was honoured with the hand of Geogiana, youngest daughter of Lord George Lennox, and sister of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, by whom he has issue,

Henry George, Lord Apsley, M.P. & D.C.L. born the 24th of February, 1790.

William Lennox, born February 14th, 1791.

Seymour Thomas, born October 27th, 1795.

Charles, born January, 1802.

Louisa Georgiana.

Emily Charlotte, married in 1825, to the Hon. Major General Ponsonby.

Thus, blest with a large family, universally esteemed and respected in the high circle wherein they move, the present possessor of the coronet of Bathurst, beholds the perfect establishment of his noble house, so honourably raised, and so uniformly supported; and in the enjoyment of all that state and station can command, seeks also by a strict life of rectitude and well-doing, to merit a nobler recompense than the approbation of humanity—the esteem of Heaven.

The arms of the *House of Bathurst*, are *Sable*, two bars, ermine, in chief: three crosses pattee, *Or*. The crest is, *Or*, a wreath, a dexter arm in mail, embowed and holding a club with spikes, all *ppr*. Supporters—Two stags, *or*; each gorged with a collar general, ermine. Motto—"Tien ta foi."

EARL BATHURST possesses a fine estate in Nottinghamshire, known by the appellation of Langworth Lodge, and another in Gloucestershire, called Oakley Park. His lordship's town residence is in Great Stanhope-street.

THE ROBBER STURMWIND. (Concluded from our last.)

With a malicious laugh he rejoined, "You have said it, though in a rude manner. Yes! I am the leader of a brave band, some of whom you have seen; and you may think yourself lucky, that you belong to me, and not to one of them. I was prepared for a little whining and affectation

when I undertook to bring you here, and my fondness will make me indulgent; but have a care! do not exhaust my patience. I love you, and will remember that I am your husband; but recollect that I am also *your lord*; think on that. I have now many things to attend to, and in the evening we shall meet again." And so saying he left her, and closed the door.

Opalinsky bolted the door on the outside, and Susanna remained the image of misery. For some time she sat in mute despair, unable to reason or think coherently, till a flood of tears broke from her eyes, and deep sobs relieved her oppressed and swelling bosom. Her situation was indeed pitiable: no one was near to give her consolation or hope; and all was silent, except when the vaulted roof echoed her lamentations. After an hour had thus passed, a servant entered, placed some food on the table before her, and left the room; and she again heard the bolts drawn. In the adjoining chamber, there appeared to be a large party assembled at a feast; and amidst the confused sound of cans and pitchers, the voices of men, and the clatter of knives, Susanna heard the notes of a guitar, which seemed to be touched by a skilful hand.

The music fell like balm on her heart; but when she distinguished some of the words which were sung to it, (although on account of the thickness of the walls, they could not be clearly heard,) her horror of the place where she was confined, returned. But her sorrow gradually abated, when the idea of flight occurred to her mind. How was this to be accomplished, or even begun? she examined the damp stone walls of her subterranean prison: it had no window, and apparently no outlet except the bolted door; and even if that were found open, she would have to pass through the large vault, which was generally full of men.

Still brooding over this thought, (and often between while, when hope failed her, wringing her hands,) she heard the door unfastened, and Opalinsky entered. He was just risen from supper, and half intoxicated: his cheek glowed with wine, and his large black eyes shot fire. "What!" said he, "is my pretty bird still in tears?" Fear robbed Susanna of all self possession, she shrunk from his approach and fainted. When she revived, Opalinsky was gone, the lamp burnt out, and all was perfectly silent. "Ah!" she exclaimed mournfully, "daylight never enters here! merciful God! would that I might never live to see another day." After some time, the same attendant who had brought her refreshment, entered; he replenished the lamp, and lighted it. "It is day *without*," said he, "and our Captain will presently visit you:" and very shortly Opalinsky appeared. Breakfast was brought in, and he invited Susanna to the table, and helped both her and himself, saying, "Lay aside these caprices my treasure; and believe me, there is nothing which one may not be accustomed to by use; and you will not want for leisure to grow accustomed to all about you here. You will soon find that our mode of life is far from being so miserable as the shabby townfolk have, no doubt, represented it to you. Besides, you shall not always live underground, as now, but often enjoy the open air: and when you mix with other people, it shall be with an appearance becoming your beauty, and my consequence. It is now daylight," continued he, "and I must leave you again till evening—farewell, and here is something to amuse you," and he laid before her a valuable ornament set with precious stones, and departed.

When Susanna saw the jewels sparkling before her, the

thought crossed her mind, that they might be very useful to her, and she determined to retain them. On turning, she saw for the first time, that the door was not quite closed, and looking into the large chamber, she perceived only two men who were sleeping on the benches. Induced by the unusual stillness, she took courage to step on softly, and found herself in the entrance vaults, through which Opalinsky had led her. These were not lighted by any lamp, but the day faintly glimmered through an opening above. The sight of this entrance to the free air, rejoiced her, and hastily she stepped towards it. Coming into the chamber where it shone, she looked wistfully at the high opening, which now seemed perfectly unattainable, when she suddenly heard the rattling of keys near her, and a voice said, "Lady, why are you come hither? Go to your own apartment, I beg of you; if the Captain should return suddenly, it would go hard with me for leaving your door open." Susanna turned towards the speaker; and by the faint light in the cave, she recognised in him the servant who had brought her meals and trimmed her lamp. "Good man," she replied, "suffer me to be a few instants here, it is so dull and lonely in the dark vaulted room: and here, the air is so fresh, I cannot bear to leave it." "You will soon be used to the air of the chambers, like me and others: go now, I beg of you." The entreating tone of the man, gave Susanna more fear than reverence for the Captain, and she ventured, instead of obeying immediately, to continue the conversation. "Another minute, and I will: but tell me, do you expect your Captain soon?" "Who can tell when he comes? probably not till night; perhaps not then: for he is at break-neck work to day." "Friend," said Susanna, "you seem not to find it so merry a life as your Captain: you are a discontented robber." "A poor one, at least; and he is rich. But go now, lady; I must close the doors." "One word yet," said Susanna, "let me out through that opening, and I will give you what will make you rich," and she shewed him the jewelled ornament. "Then were I a fool to be kept here longer like a dog—yet hold," and he took the ornament, examined it, and went farther into the cave. Susanna looked on, doubting and fearing, she heard him close the inner door and lock it: he returned with rapid steps to the trembling girl, and said, "I have long wished to leave this cursed hole: twice the Captain has mortified me, and done me injustice in dividing the plunder, and I have sworn to be revenged. You give me the opportunity and the means. This jewel, however, should have been mine; it fell to my share, and he shamefully deprived me of it." He then took from a dark corner, a ladder, laid it against the opening, and desired Susanna to ascend. "You need not fear," said he, "I have shut the door, and caged the two birds that you saw asleep: there is another entrance, but the Captain has the key of it." When the fugitives had clambered out of the subterranean dungeon, the robber accompanied Susanna some way into the forest, and then said, "I dare not go farther with you, for I must follow my own road, and keep out of the way of my late companions. You must go in this direction, and will soon come to the frontiers of Courland, where you will find a road, and not far on, a village. Farewell lady. He turned aside, and she soon lost sight of him amongst the underwood.

Susanna found herself for the first time in her life alone: she was far from human help in the midst of a thick wood, though all was desolate and strange to her. She, however, thanked God for her deliverance, and hastened forward,

though not without trouble and fatigue. After some time, she reached a broad road, which intersected the forest; but timid and prudent, Susanna kept close to the trees, fearful of being seen. Suddenly she perceived a party of men riding towards her. Her first movement was to conceal herself behind the trunk of a large tree, whence she observed them. They were all armed; and two who rode before the rest, were engaged in loud conversation; and listening attentively, she discovered that they spoke German. Their language, and indeed the style of their dress and behaviour, soon convinced her that they could not belong to Opalinsky's troop; and compelled by her miserable situation, to seek the nearest protection, she quitted her hiding place, and threw herself on her knees before them, exclaiming, "Save me! save me!"

The beautiful form and features of the fugitive, her long hair which had escaped from its fastenings, and hung down over her rich fur pelisse, gave her the air of some persecuted princess of a fairy tale. "By heavens, Herman!" cried one of the gentlemen, "if your forest afford such game as this, I marvel not at your fondness for the chase." "Stay your speech yet, Firks," replied the other, "and let us assist this poor damsel; something strange seems to have happened here." Saying this, he alighted, took Susanna by the hand, raised her, and after promising her all the assistance in his power, requested to know how she came to be there, and whom she feared? Susanna told him of her mother's name and residence in Wildau, (so the Germans in Wilna call the city,) of her acquaintance with Opalinsky, his shameful deceit, and concluded by entreating him to take her to the nearest village, that she might be secure from again falling into his power.

"This Opalinsky," said Herman, turning to his companion, "must be the famous robber captain, who is known in this neighbourhood by the name of Sturmwind;* a name which he has received, from the astonishing rapidity and boldness with which he achieves his exploits. I have often heard of him, but knew not till now, that we were such near neighbours."

"I hope," returned Firks, "that your neighbourly feeling towards this celebrated person will not induce you to leave this forlorn maiden in the forest."

"God forbid!" said he, "I propose returning with her as far as the inn, and leaving some of our people with her; and when we have had a little more sporting, to conduct her to the castle, where my wife will take care of her till we can provide her with some conveyance to Wilna."

"Good!" said Firks, "'tis most chivalrously planned; but who is to be the knight-errant which shall take the fair Angelica on his steed?"

"The house is not far distant," said Herman, "I am already dismounted, and will accompany this poor child on foot." "And I will be an escort," added his companion, alighting. The servants followed, and Susanna walked silently with her noble protectors, who forbore to distress her, by asking any farther questions. They reached the inn, or rather pot-house, for it was no better, and she was recommended to the especial protection of the host. It happened to be a holyday, and as a good number of farmers and peasants were assembled there, the two noblemen considered that the place was sufficiently secure for their fair charge, even should Opalinsky track her flight; they left her therefore, promising

* Sturm-wind, or hurricane.

to return for her soon. Susanna sat silent in a corner of the public room, whilst the Courland peasants were singing and bustling about. She understood not a word of their language, nor did they trouble themselves about her: only the host, who was a German, came in sometimes, and asked her with a knavish smile, "if Mamsell had no commands?" Susanna's dress and appearance, for she had re-arranged her beautiful hair, gave her the style of a person of higher class; but seeing her arrive on foot, in the company of two noblemen, it was not very extraordinary that he should imagine her to be some adventuress. His manner annoyed and abashed her, and she drew still farther into the corner. But her attention was presently attracted by the discourse of two young men who sat near her, and spoke in German. They had called for a jug of beer; and one of them unbuckled his knapsack, took out the contents, which appeared to be in great confusion, and re-arranged them, while the other looked on with some curiosity, and said, "It was fortunate, Master Andrew, that your money was not packed with the rest of your articles." "I think so myself," said Andrew, "considering my adventure. I was cautioned, when I left Wildau, to avoid travelling alone, because the robber Sturmwind had made the roads unsafe; and I followed the advice as far as I could, travelling always with the carriers, and came safely enough into Schamait.* But on the borders, the carriers thought proper to halt for a day, to rest their horses. The delay appeared useless to me, for beyond the Courland frontier, I thought there was nothing to fear, and went alone to Schönberg, where I slept, and this morning, set out to Bauslee."

"I went nearly the same road," said the other, "and met with no mishap."

"You were luckier than I," replied Andrew; "I had not walked above two hours when the robbers came upon me. It was in an open field, and I could see no one far or near, when suddenly two men rushed from behind a low hill, where they must have been lurking, armed with cudgels and knives. I pretended to be so terrified as to drop my walking stick, and begged for mercy: for, shabby as it looks, I have nine ducats in a hollow place near the top; and I was sure if I did not defend myself with it, they would never think of taking it. Of course they seized my knapsack, and rummaged over the contents, and not finding what they wanted, they examined my pockets, threatening me dreadfully if I did not give them my money. I told them that except the few pence which they had already found I had nothing; but I should still have been worse used if they had not been interrupted by a horseman, who rode up to them in great haste, and cried in Samogitian, "Up! up! and back to the forest. The captain has lost his mistress; his little bird is flown. There must be treachery in the house: but the girl cannot be far off; and if we search the bushes and the nearest houses, we shall surely find her. Come, leave, that beggar's pack and be alive; the Captain is beside himself with rage!" and then, with some more information and a great deal of swearing in the same language, he rode off, and the other two left me to collect my traps as I could. It was not long after that I met you." "I suppose," said his attentive listener, "this must be some young Countess whom they have carried off." "More likely some wandering girl has remained with them till she was tired of her life."

* Samagitia.

"Well," replied the other, "thank God we are quit of them," and he drank the remainder of the beer with an air of great satisfaction.

This conversation renewed all Susanna's fears. It is true she was surrounded by a number of harmless and perhaps well meaning men, who could protect her in case of need; but she trembled when she thought of the reckless daring of Opalinsky and his band. Her fears were not unfounded. Two men, apparently Lithuanian peasants, entered the house and called loudly for brandy. "God preserve us," said Andrew, in a low voice to his companion, "if my eyes do not fail me, yon fellow is one of the two who attacked me this morning. They are come for no good, depend upon it. Scarcely were the words spoken when several panes in one of the windows were broken with a sudden crash, and without two armed men were seen, who thrust the barrels of their muskets into the room, as if about to fire. A sudden movement was made, and a confused noise begun to be heard, when one of the Lithuanians who was within, exclaimed, "Keep your seats all of you! and be still: we want none of you, and will do you no harm: it is only the lady who sits in that corner that we come for. But if any one moves from his place, he is a dead man." The confusion was becoming general, when this sudden threat produced comparative stillness, and each again took his seat, looking in astonishment for the sequel of this strange adventure. The two armed accomplices thus preventing a rescue, the Lithuanians within approached the almost fainting Susanna, and had already seized her, when a great noise was heard without. The two men at the window seemed to be suddenly attacked and thrown down; a musket went off, and the others thus interrupted in the very beginning of their proceedings, hastened to the door where a crowd was already assembled.

"What now? what's the matter?" cried a Lithuanian, holding a pistol to one who was pressing forward. "Courland swords is the matter!" answered the man, at the same time giving him a blow which disarmed and stunned him. The tumult immediately became general. The peasants rose and mingled in the fray, and the Lithuanian was speedily overpowered. The report of fire-arms, and the cries of the combatants attracted every one who passed within hearing to the house, and the public room was soon thronged. Just at this juncture, the two noblemen who had consigned Susanna to the care of the host, returned from hunting, and were met by the servant maid, who, with loud lamentations, informed them that the house was attacked by robbers, and begged their assistance. Not doubting what was the cause of this attack, and seeing the two robbers standing at the window, they threw themselves from their horses, and rushing from behind the men, whose whole attention was directed to the interior of the room, they threw them down and disarmed them. Entering the house, Firks encountered another robber, while his friend looked around for Susanna. The pressure of the crowd for some time prevented him from discovering that she was not in the room.

The host, the peasants, in short all who were present were interrogated; the house was searched, and the neighbouring thickets examined; but in vain: Susanna was not found. "So," said Firks, "while I have been engaged with that scapegrace, the fair Angelina hath disappeared." "If her flight succeed," replied Herman, "all is in the most approved order of romance; at least, our duty as loyal knights, is fulfilled." After satisfying themselves that the fair fugitive was really out

of reach, and disposing of the robbers whom they had secured, they departed.

Susanna, during the confusion which assisted her escape, had crept between benches and tables to the door, and seized an opportunity of flying again into the forest. Panting for breath, yet not daring to rest, she continued running till she reached another small public-house, of which the host was a Jew. She entreated him to supply her with a plain dress, such as is worn by the country women of that district; and to take in exchange her handsome fur pelisse. To a less experienced eye than that of the grey-bearded Israelite, the advantage of such an exchange could not but be perceptible; and he delayed not in supplying her with some inferior clothes, such as were generally to be found in the houses of Jew publicans, who received them instead of coin from such visitors as had no money. Seeing that his fair customer was in great haste, he offered, when the bargain was concluded, to convey her a few miles in his cart, without any recompense. To this she thankfully agreed; they rode about a league, and, at parting, he remarked that as her gold ear-rings did not agree with her present appearance, she had better dispose of them to him. This offer also was accepted; and the Jew giving her about the tenth part of their value, in small silver coin, wished her good day, and returned.

Susanna was now in the high road, and felt comparatively safe, and her first emotion was to fall on her knees and thank God for her deliverance. In her present costume, it was no difficult matter for her to obtain a night's lodging in some farm-house, and during the day, the piece of white linen which the Lithuanian peasant-women wear, so as to conceal at least half the face, protected her from the observation of any curious person, who might otherwise have recognised her.

Often was she obliged to rest, fatigued by such unwonted exertion and distress of mind; but on the fourth day of her wandering, she reached the church where she was married. Entering, she knelt at the altar, and implored the forgiveness of God for having broken the bands which were there so deceitfully and wantonly imposed on her.

Fran Margaretha was sitting at her usual employment in the old cottage, sad and melancholy that she had no news of her beloved daughter, though above a week had passed since she left her, when a peasant girl entered the room. Scarcely looking off her work, she asked what she wanted: the girl was silent a moment, then exclaimed, "Oh mother!" and fell at her feet. Scarcely could Margaretha recognise her Susanna in the pale exhausted peasant before her. What feeling, what suffering, could be compared to the mother's at this moment? She suddenly beheld her joy, the hope of her old age, the reward of so many wakeful nights and countless cares, at the very moment when she believed she had established her happiness, lying exhausted at her feet. Their tears flowed together; Susanna once more reposed on the bosom of her mother, and was comforted. But the excessive fatigue and constant agitation which she had experienced in so short a time, quickly brought on a nervous fever, and the next day she could not leave her bed. Poor Margaretha passed several sleepless nights by the side of her child; and heard her, at the height of her fever, talk of caverns, pistols, fighting, and the rack; of Opalinsky's threatening appearance, and then she cried loudly for help!

One night, when she was thus delirious, her mother heard a noise, as if some one were trying to break open the window-shutters, which were not much more than a man's height

above the street. She trembled with fear, and yet felt bound to her seat. Indeed, what else could she do? if she opened the door to call for assistance from her neighbours, the robbers would enter before any one could arrive. The noise was continued, and presently the shutter was forced, and some panes of glass broken. "Jesu, Maria," exclaimed Susanna, in delirium, "that is Sturmwind coming! he will seize me and take me with him! but I see the brave knight of the forest—he stands in the corner with his bright arms—I must call him again to save me." With these words, in the height of fever, she sprang from the bed; and her mother had not strength to withhold her. In a corner of the chamber stood a large and heavy sword-axe, leaning against the wall: Susanna lifted it and rushed to the window; a man's hand was seen grasping the lower part of the window-casing, apparently with the design of swinging himself up into the room: but Susanna raised the axe, and letting it fall with all its weight on the outstretched wrist, severed the hand from the arm. The man, with a cry of pain, fell from the window into the street, and the hand rolled on the floor of the chamber. Margaretha now heard the patrol approaching—all else was still; and she replaced Susanna in her bed, where powerless and senseless from exhaustion, she soon fell into a deep sleep; while her mother busied herself in removing the traces of their nocturnal visitant. She raised the dissevered hand, intending to throw it out of window: on one finger was a ring, which she recognised but too well—it was the ring which Susanna gave when she was betrothed to Opalinsky; and she had now no doubt that he had attempted to enter the house forcibly to remove her from it.

The sun was high, and shining through the broken window, and Margaretha was still watching by the bed of her daughter, when she awoke with a start. "Mother," said she, "I have had a frightful dream. I thought"—but turning her eyes towards the window, she perceived the shattered panes, which her mother had not completely hidden. She doubted then, whether it was a dream or reality that had so alarmed her. "The wind," said her mother, "has torn off the shutter and blown it against the window, and so broke it." Oh, no," said Susanna, "not the wind *only*, it was Sturmwind. I saw him, dreadful man!" and again her senses wandered.

But she was strong in youth, and grew better; and with her mother's tender care she recovered. When she was able to walk about, she said one day, "Mother, misfortune has visited me early. I was a bride—the wife of a robber: I am so still. I cannot mix again in the world; people would turn from me, shun me. But," she added with a sigh, there is still a place of refuge left for me: the Saviour of the world receives and protects the poor, and those whom the world despises. Let me, then, vow myself to the service of a cloister. The church alone can loosen my bands; and there I shall find that peace and comfort which are denied to me elsewhere." Margaretha listened—she could not reply, for she rose thickly and choked her voice. "Do not weep, mother," continued Susanna, "I shall not be lost to you: I shall pray for you, work for you, and even see you." "My child," said Margaretha, after a pause, "your bands are already loosened. A marriage, perpetrated by such deceit, cannot be legal. Besides, the ring you gave is in my hands. God has judged!" She fetched the ring and shewed it to her. Susanna burst into tears. She pressed her mother to tell her how it had come into her possession, and she related what had occurred during the night of her delirium.

"Righteous God!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, "thou hast armed a weak hand; and what sense could not have resolved on, thou hast executed by the phrenzy of sickness." She continued to implore her mother that she might retire to a convent, so that at last she agreed to her determination, and she was received as a serving lay-sister, by the Marianites, whose convent stood on one of the hills which surround Wilna. She performed the fatiguing duties of her self-chosen vocation with patience and gentleness, and when her mother visited her, her countenance was tranquil and even cheerful.

One morning as she was going to the convent church, there to pray and to meet her child, a crowd was assembled at the place of execution, by which her road lay; and some who were running, cried to others, "that is Sturmwind, who is going to be hanged!" Involuntarily she looked around, and saw with horror a criminal, who had lost one hand, expire in strong convulsions, between two more who had been already executed in the same manner. Shuddering she turned away, and on reaching the convent related to Susanna the cause of her emotion. "His measure was full," she replied, "and he has atoned for his misdeeds. And now I am freed from the last links in which misfortune held me." She begged to be admitted into the order of the convent, and after the year of her novitiate she became a nun.

Some of the old inhabitants of Wilna still remember the fair unfortunate nun; and have said, that in her dark grey woollen dress, her pale serene countenance resembled that of an angel, who, compassionating mankind, dwelt on earth to alleviate their woes!

D. V.

SHE STOOD BEFORE THE SAINTED SHRINE.

A SONG.

She stood before the sainted shrine,
And gave her trembling hand
To him her heart could never love;
It was her sire's command.
Downcast she look'd and pale,
And many a heart-breath'd sigh,
Spoke of the bitter grief she felt,—
The burning agony.

Her lily hand the dark knight press'd,
Then placed the sacred ring;
While tears fell down the girl's pale face,
And newer sorrows spring.
Alas, alas, she could not breathe
The ceremonial vow;
Once she had plighted heart and life,
That heart is breaking now.

The ruthless father's voice,
In whispers bade her speak;
She gazed upon that father's face,
Imploringly and meek.
He frowned, and seized her hand,
"Swear, girl!" he sternly cried,
But, like a blighted lily, she
Sunk in his arms—and died!

* *

LOVE'S HOME;
OR
THE GUILTY AND THE GOOD.
A TALE.

"They found, within their humble home, content,
And happiness in themselves."—L. E. L.

"In vain I watch—in vain I weep—
My sickening heart grows dark and chill
With present fears that will not sleep,
With deeper dread of coming ill!
And as my hand the garland weaves,
Tears—tears alone, are on the leaves!"—ANON.

Why was Margaret standing upon the cold craggy beach long after the sun had sunk beneath the sea, and the grey veil of night had spread across the heavens, and all was silent and still, save the rolling waves dashing against the shore, and the shrill tones of the sea birds that were wafted from a distance upon the air? Why was she lingering about the dreary scene, at one moment pacing with rapid footsteps the flinty beach, and the next reposing her arm upon a craggy piece of rock, stretching her neck as far as she could over the precipice, evidently in search of something that came not—in the expectation of that, of which no signs appeared? Margaret was anxious for her beloved husband's returned.

She was a young and gentle creature, delicate as one "that breathes the perfumed air of palaces;" nursed in the lap of affluence, she was destined in after years to taste the bitter cup of affliction, and from the pride of wealth and station, her soul was humbled, to mingle with a class of persons inferior and lowly. Still the spirit of Margaret rose superior to the turn of fate, and though she felt the deprivation of those elegancies of life which her previous station afforded, still she looked upon her present condition without repining, or embittering it with vain regrets or wishes for that which had passed away from her for ever. The father of Margaret was a ruined merchant; unable to bear the rush of sorrow, his heart broke under it; he had been too familiar with the uses of high station to look with a contented eye upon the poverty which attended him, and he died. His wife had more fortitude, more resignation; she retired from the busy haunts of the world, and, by the work of her hands, supported herself and her infant daughter, weaning the young mind of the latter from the things with which her early aspirations had been associated, and at length moulding her disposition to that contented mood, which enabled her to enjoy the blessings heaven still bestowed upon them.

But the good and the virtuous must die with "the common herd of men," and the mother of Margaret swelled the triumph of the destroyer, and past away from a world which had indeed been faithless to her, and went to join her broken-hearted partner in the skies. Margaret was then an orphan. Many friends, however, crowded round the desolate girl; it could not be that virtue and beauty, such as her's, could fail of obtaining friends; and there was more energy, more truth, in the appeal which the silent tears with which Margaret bedewed the lifeless corpse of her departed mother, made to the heart, than in the most studied oration or noised regrets. Margaret felt that she was alone in the world—she beheld the one being, the only one upon whose friendship and affection she had any claim, lifeless before her. Friends

came about her and offered services, but where was the being whose attention could be so disinterested, whose enthusiasm could be so warm as that of the departed one? Where could she seek for that consolation which she was accustomed to find in a mother's love?

Among all those who interested themselves in the orphan's cause, the exertions of Richard Maynard and George Forester, two young fishermen, who already, by their great industry, and perhaps their good fortune, had not only raised themselves in the estimation of their associates, but were beginning to look forward in the world, and were generally considered to be saving money, were most conspicuous. The dull hours of Margaret's employment were frequently cheered by the gay conversation of the young men, who, when they could snatch a favourable opportunity, were certain of being attracted towards the cottage of Margaret. At first the guileless girl received their visits as those of friendship and common regard, but at length whispers, floating about, reached her ear, and her eyes were opened to the impropriety of her conduct, and then Maynard and Forester were immediately requested to discontinue their visits.

We none of us know how tenderly an object is endeared to us, until circumstances deprive us of the means of connection. Once shut out from its society, we instantly become acquainted with a thousand feelings that were unknown before; a thousand desires spring up in our breast, and we pant after that, which, while we were in the possession of it, we scarcely esteemed or regarded. So it was with the young fishermen; the youthful Margaret possessed too many attractions to render it possible for a young man to be long acquainted with her, and not feel some desire for a nearer connection: Maynard and Forester loved Margaret: and when they found themselves prohibited visiting her cottage, they became very dull and very melancholy; neither of them knew how to pass the few leisure hours they had, and neither of them knew time to pass with such leaden feet as he appeared to possess now. At length they determined upon putting an end to their discomfort, and each of them made a formal offer of his hand.

Margaret regarded Maynard as a friend—she was grateful for the kindnesses which he had shown her, but she could not entertain any warmer feeling. There was something forbidding in his appearance, and though his conduct was ever correct and honourable, there was still something repulsive in his manners that prevented any other feeling than that of gratitude, deep and holy gratitude ever becoming inspired in her heart for him. But not so to George Forester—for shortly afterwards he was observed to resume his visits to Margaret's cottage; again his appearance was animated and happy, and then every one in the neighbourhood set him down for the accepted lover, whilst the wayward conduct of Maynard pretty plainly told that he was the rejected one.

The spirit of happiness guided the orphan in her decision, and she placed her hopes, her happiness, her life, in the keeping of one who justly appreciated her virtues, and who beheld her as the best treasure which heaven could bestow. He loved Margaret truly and fondly, and all his endeavours were directed to the advancement of the happiness of her who had so generously placed that happiness in his keeping. Richard Maynard was a different man altogether:—dissembling, artful, and revengeful; he saw his rival preferred by Margaret, and the evil spirit which pervaded him, and which had been kept down by the strong hope of obtaining the girl, now burst forth and asserted its dominion. On the night of Margaret's

marriage, he was seen lurking about the cottage: he was afterwards detected with a firebrand in his hand, but which he immediately flung into the sea, and looking fiercely upon the individual whose intrusion had interrupted and prevented his ferocious design, he retired to his own house.

The affair was talked of, and Maynard became more cautious; he would hold no communion with his successful rival, and when he passed him upon the beach, he would turn from him with a sneer. At length he became intemperate and dissolute, the greater portion of his time was passed at the alehouse, and though he seldom pursued his occupation with his brother fishermen, he would frequently display, in his intoxicated moments, more money than he could have obtained by the ordinary means of industry. How Maynard could be in the possession of such gold, became at length the subject of inquiry, and there were not wanting some that insinuated criminal conduct, and hesitated not to accuse the fisherman of being in league with a party of smugglers that infested the coast.

The good fortune that had hitherto attended Forester now seemed suddenly to forsake him—week after week, month after month, passed on; the little stock of money which he had laid by was diminishing, and notwithstanding the diligent care of Margaret, assisted his increased exertions, yet he was upon the eve of utter ruin, and himself and his poor wife reduced to a bitter state of privation. Still the spirit of happiness dwelt within their cottage, and their sorrows were consoled by their affection—their love.

But Forester never suspected treachery, although whenever he brought the produce of his night's toil to the shore, the greater portion were always dead, and the remainder discoloured and unfit for sale: thus he became deserted, and the superstitious people round the coast looked upon him as a doomed man, or, at least, marked out for evil fortune by a supernatural power, and they shunned him. He sat upon the beach one light summer's evening, whilst the fishermen were putting out to sea; the laugh and the song echoed round him, but he gazed listlessly upon his boat, and upon the nets hanging therefrom into the sea, without seeming at all disposed to join his associates; out of heart with his evil fortune, sickened by his continued misfortunes, he seemed utterly regardless of the future, and resigned to despair.

The affectionate Margaret, hanging over his shoulder as she spoke, and gazing affectionately upon his fixed and vacant countenance, whispered, "George, the boatmen have already put to sea, will you not join them?"

The fisherman slowly turned towards his kind partner, and pressing her hand fervently, he fell upon her neck in tears.

At that moment the moon shone fully and brightly upon the placid waters, and illuminated every thread of the fisherman's net. Forester sighed as he looked upon his unfortunate boat, but presently he saw a fish entangled in the meshes of the net, and after endeavouring to bite asunder the threads, fall powerless and dead.

"God of Heaven!" cried he, starting impetuously from the neck of Margaret, "*the net is poisoned!*"

Suspicion at once fell upon the reprobate Maynard; for Forester was too much honoured among his associates for any of them, with that one exception, to conceive so demoniac a project. But he laughed at the excited wrath of his ruined associate, and indulging in the worst of besotted baseness, turned from him with a look of contempt, and a low murmured threat, the purport of which did not reach the ears of

Forrester, but the tone was sufficient to keep alive his suspicions, and to put him upon his guard.

It was about a month after the latter occurrence, that the scene which we commenced by describing, transpired. Forrester had been out all the preceding night, and the boats had returned without him in the morning: he had not been missed by his associates, and no one could hazard a conjecture as to his fate: the night had been calm and quiet, and therefore no one imagined his having fallen a victim to the waves. There was a probability of his having run a-ground upon a sand-bank, where he must wait for the return of the tide to bear him off. This probability consoled the afflicted Margaret during the day, but when the evening returned, and the fishermen again went out, all her fears revived: a thousand horrid phantoms floated before her eyes; for she believed that her husband had perished! Earnestly did she entreat the departing fishermen to proceed as far as their own safety would permit, among the dangerous banks, in order to afford relief to the sufferer, if by chance he should have been thrown in that perilous situation: she fell upon her knees on the flinty beach and besought them to attend to her request:—also to implore Heaven's blessings and Heaven's guidance. Still upon her knees, she saw the boats depart,—still, still she prayed that they might return with her husband in safety; and when they were no longer visible, she arose, and paced the beach, gazing intensely upon the dark rolling ocean, the broad black expanse that spread itself before her.

A sound of oars rapidly splashing in the water, now fell upon her ears,—she leaned over the crag to listen:—a boat was approaching.—“*Forrester?*” screamed the wife, in a tone of impatient agony. “*Aye!*” rejoined a voice, and presently the boat was made fast, and a man's footsteps were heard ascending among the rocks. Margaret flew to meet him;—she could not articulate, but immediately that the man approached her, sunk lifeless into his arms.

It was not Forrester,—it was not the husband,—but his rival, Maynard!

“*Margaret!*” shouted he, in a tone of exultation, as he surveyed her inanimate form. “*Margaret! Mine,—my own dear Margaret!*”

She awaked to life at the unusual sound, and felt herself rudely clasped to the man's breast. “*Margaret, dear, dear Margaret,*” repeated he, and still closer he pressed her in his arms. The woman screamed, and with such horror was her utterance fraught, that the soul of Maynard was scared, and he instantly released her from his grasp.

“*What can this mean?*” exclaimed Margaret, as she recognised the person before her.

“*That I love you Margaret.—That I have even loved you, fonder than mother loves her first-born child:—that my heart has panted,—still pants, Margaret.*”

“*Away, I must not listen to such language.*”

“*You may Margaret, there can be no crime in listening now.*”

“*How!*” cried the agonized wife, in impatient inquiry, and regarding the fixed brow, and moody, sullen features of Maynard.

“*Only that a man came between me and my happiness,—that he stole away from me a treasure his death could only restore. In a word, Margaret, it means that I am revenged.*”

“*No—no—I cannot—let me not believe the truth of what your words imply—Oh, no!—You cannot—have not been——.*”

“*A murderer, Margaret!—You cannot call me worse!*”

The wife, deprived of the powers of speech and motion, stared for an instant in the wild face of the assassin, and without the least sigh or groan, fell lifeless upon the beach.

While Maynard was in the act of rendering assistance, he was forcibly seized; a shout immediately rent the air, and he found himself a prisoner, and surrounded by the officers and men of the Preventive Service. In the heat of the moment, maddened with rage and confusion, he drew a pistol from his belt, and snapped it in the face of the man whose hand had seized him, but the pistol missed fire, and then, with desperate force, he broke from the man's grasp, and rushing up a piece of craggy rock, laughed at the officers in defiance. A well-aimed pistol-shot, however, took effect,—Maynard clapped his two hands upon his breast, and, uttering a loud shriek, rolled into the billows of the sea and perished!

All was then silent and still:—the moon shone bright upon the waters, and irradiated the whole portion of the beach where the poor afflicted Margaret was lying powerless and senseless. A man was buffeting the waves, and with all the energies that he could master, striving to gain the shore; almost exhausted he now seemed to relinquish every hope, and to fall back with the retreating billows; then, as if animated with fresh hope, his arms again struck the waters, and propelling himself onward with that last effort of nature, in a few moments he was thrown upon the beach, close by the lifeless form of Margaret.

The man breathed a prayer to heaven for his preservation, whilst he also endeavoured to staunch the blood which flowed from a wound in his breast, and then raising himself with difficulty from the ground, he proceeded a few steps, when the figure of Margaret appeared stretched upon the beach before him. He gazed for a moment upon her, and then passed his hands before his eyes, as if doubting the reality of what he beheld.

“*Oh heaven!*” exclaimed he, “*Margaret—Margaret!—my wife—my wife!*”

It was indeed George Forrester, whom Maynard had left for dead upon one of the sand banks, but who now, rescued from that fearful fate, knelt beside the helpless form of his beloved Margaret.

Bitter was the anguish of the husband then, but with tender endearments he strove to recall his faithful wife to animation: her heart still beat, though its pulsation was scarcely perceptible. Forrester raised her upon his knee,—he pressed her to his aching breast, and called upon her loved name. Deep was his suffering then, but how blissful were those emotions which he experienced, when the soft blue eyes of Margaret again beamed life and light upon his heart:—when he was again clasped in the arms of her whom he loved dearer than all the world,—dearer than life itself, and again enjoyed with her the blessings of his happy, though humble, home.

OH MEN WHAT TIRESOME THINGS YOU ARE.

Oh men what tiresome things you are,

Indeed you are provoking;

You tell soft tales, and breathe fond sighs,

And then are *only joking!*

You lay a snare for youthful hearts,

Your bait deceives too well;

You play a moment with the prize,

And then, alas, farewell!

Oh men, you say we're false and vain,
 You call us, too, capricious;
 What silly uncomplaining things,
 What gentle slaves you wish us!
 For you would plague, torment, and vex,
 And run your wanton race;
 And yet in woman's lineaments
 No scorn—no anger trace.

Oh men—indeed you are to blame,
 And if we are *coquettes*;
 'Tis man himself should bear the shame,
 For he the pattern sets.
 Were he but honest, just, and kind,
 He'd meet with those as true;
 And no capricious fair he'd find,
 But woman *faithful* too.

LAURA PERCY.

SOPHIA OF ZELLE; OR, THE SYBIL'S WARNING.
 A FRAGMENT OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

"The friends whom I loved in light,
 Are seen through a twilight dim;
 Like fairies beheld in a moonlight night,
 Or heard in a far-off hymn!
 The hopes of my youth are away,
 My home and its early dreams;
 I am far from the land where I used to play,
 A child, by its thousand streams!"—T. K. HERVEY.

"The lovely, and the innocent, are e'er the spoiler's prey!"
 CAMPBELL.

In regarding the English Revolution of 1688, and the Act of Settlement, by which the throne of these realms was rendered hereditary in the family of Brunswick, the minor details of those events, and the multitude of interwoven circumstances which such stupendous changes gave birth to, have seldom been adverted to by the historian. In the fugitive pieces of the time alone do we find them particularly mentioned, and there indeed we have affecting and interesting details of family and individual suffering; ruined fortunes and blighted hopes; stratagems, fraud, cunning; the vicious propensities of ambition, and the debasement of the human character. The sufferings of the beautiful Princess of Zelle particularly claim our attention, and demand our tenderest pity; possessing every qualification, and every disposition to become the delight and the ornament of society, she fell a victim to the insatiable ambition of her step-mother, while the gross propensities of her husband sanctioned her degradation, and by a bigotted devotion to his favourites, he suffered his amiable wife to pine in captivity, her reputation branded with infamy, and herself deprived of every consolation beyond that high support under suffering which is inspired by the consciousness of moral rectitude.

The Electress Sophia of Hanover, grand-daughter of the ill-fated Mary of Scotland, cousin of the equally unfortunate Charles the First, and mother of the Electoral Prince George, who ultimately obtained the crown of England, was a woman who contemplated all the politics of Europe; viewing herself in such close connection with a great nation, her efforts were unceasingly directed to secure to herself a position by which she might be enabled to hold an authority in that kingdom,

which so many circumstances then appeared to prevent her from becoming the real possessor of; every scheme that crafty policy could suggest were tried; the Electress saw with delight the Revolutionary monarch die without issue, and the next Queen (Anne) having lost her son, the Duke of Gloucester, could scarcely oppose the Hanoverian succession. The Electress exulted in the prospect which now opened before her. Her star rose in the regal horizon, her machinations were crowned with success, and the crown of England was now ready to descend upon her head. The Elector was too much engaged in sensual pleasures to heed the political schemes of his wife; she therefore controlled the destinies of the Electorate, and swayed the dispositions of her husband and her son. The latter followed the precise steps of his parent, and while they were passing the hours of their existence in dissolute and depraved company, she was moulding a scheme of family aggrandisement, which eventually succeeded, and the Electoral Prince became the King of England.

But it was necessary that the Prince should marry, that he should have a *lawful* partner in order to perpetuate the succession, and his cousin the Princess Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Zelle, was selected. But the Electress scorned the lovely and amiable Princess; her family were low and pitiful in her elevated mind, and from the day of her marriage, the ambitious mother treated her with contumely and contempt. The Princess Sophia was a young and innocent girl, possessing warm affections, ardent dispositions, and a faithful devotion, that the repeated and wanton tyranny of her husband and his mother could scarcely destroy; and she placed her happiness in the hands of the Prince, reluctantly, but with noble and generous confidence, that confidence which is ever characteristic of goodness and unsullied innocence, too pure to believe that one who swears in the face of heaven to promote and preserve its happiness, could ever be false or cruel. But how faithless are the pictures which the young heart in its first enthusiasm delineates, all purity, all romance; the stern realities of life soon dissipate the coloured visions of romance, and "blot them out in tears."

"——— We cannot see
 Through the grey veil of fate. Else, who would dare
 The coming storm, the wreck of hope and heart—
 The miserable realities that sweep
 Away the fairy pictures of our dreams,
 And lead us to the cold, dark mansions
 Of the tomb!"

The moment in which the Princess of Zelle became united to the Electoral Prince, was the commencement of a life of unmingled unhappiness and regret. Too proud to tell the gaping heartless world what she endured, her grief was still and silent;—she never complained of the dissolute manners of her husband, but a tear trembled upon her eyelid, as she kindly chided his neglect; with all the tender and delicate endearments of real affection, she endeavoured to charm him from his pursuits, to awaken the dormant spirit of rectitude in his breast, and inspire that affection which at the altar of his God he had sworn to treat her with. But all those springs of feeling had been dried up,—feeling had become deadened, the ideas of the Prince were depraved, and every woman became in his opinion, as worthless as the infamous Henrietta Meissenbourg, or her sister Plaaten.

Those were the women, who fearing lest the amiable and unsullied disposition of the Princess might ultimately over-

turn the false principles of her husband, and lead him into the paths of rectitude and honour, sought opportunities of fixing scandal upon the undisguised actions of the Princess,—of traducing a character which stood above suspicion, and at length bent upon the ruin of their noble rival, and presuming upon the hold they had upon the favour of the Prince, and aware of the contempt of the Electress, at length produced a series of forged documents, which attached criminality to the virtuous Princess, and consigned her to a dreary prison on the banks of the Ahler Strom.

It was not until the fact stared her in the face, of her very existence being in danger, that the Princess awakened to the perils of her situation, and then her enemies had too much power for her to encounter; she must have sunk beneath their machinations, and have ignominiously perished by the hands of an assassin. This conviction rushed upon her mind, and the consciousness that she stood alone in the Electorate without a single friend to comfort or assist her, was more than sufficient to lead her to embrace the proffered assistance of a dissolute young man to accompany her to France, where in the midst of her mother's family she would be safe from the perils which surrounded her under her husband's roof. There was no criminality in this; it was the natural impulse of apprehension. There was no safety for her but in flight, and where could she fly to but to France? Her father was a weak-minded man, and his Duchy too near to the Electorate to ensure her personal safety. France was the nearest place that she could escape to, and she could not proceed thither alone: Louis the Fourteenth was pouring his troops towards the Belgic frontiers, and the whole country was in arms. A soldier of high character and bravery was requisite to protect her on her way, and there was only one being near her, by whom she was either regarded or respected.

This was the young Count Konigsmark, a man of acknowledged heroism, but whose manners were sadly tainted with that spirit of profligacy which pervaded all the surrounding courts. He had once been the lover of the Princess,—perhaps the favoured lover; but parental command severed the engagement, gave the hand of the innocent girl to a dissipated Prince, and led the chivalric youth into a life of profligacy and heedlessness. We cannot presume to imagine the reflections of the disunited,—nor state the pictures which the neglected Princess drew of the husband who deserted her for the meretricious charms of his abandoned mistresses, and the once honourable and affectionate Konigsmark, who having irretrievably lost all that was dear to him, plunged into a course of conduct which at one time his heart would have shrunk from and contemned. But whatever the reflection of the Princess may have been, her conduct was above suspicion:—a lingering regard for him whom she once imagined would have had a lawful claim upon her affections, may still have clung to her heart, but reason and virtue curbed and stilled the passion,—she was the wife of another, and could now only think of Konigsmark as a friend.

And the friendship of Konigsmark was tendered; he had repeatedly in the hearing of the Baroness de Molckt, the confident of the Princess, expressed his devotion and readiness to serve her, even with his life, should circumstances demand the sacrifice, and these noble and generous expressions induced the Princess, as the only means of ensuring her personal safety, to confide in the Count's honour, and to solicit him, the only friend in the world, with whom she was enabled to correspond, to assist her in escaping from a scene of

misery, and ignominious death. The Count immediately gave his services, which were gratefully, but delicately acknowledged, and the arrangements for the projected flight left entirely to his direction.

Before those arrangements could be completed, Konigsmark was called upon an especial business to the Polish Court, to that Court, which, under the rule of Augustus, one of the most dissolute men of the time, contained a depraved band from all the Courts of Europe. The Count mingling with these men, again sunk into his profligate habits; he partook of all the entertainments and revelries of the Court, and again gave himself up to dissipation. He freely detailed his amours to his associates, and slandered the most exalted, and noble women in every Court through which he had pursued his career; and, at length, heated by wine, and the glowing recitals of his companions successes, he ventured to insinuate that he was still beloved, and even that he was in the confidence of the Electoral Princess!

That was the admission required; spies were around him, his correspondence with the Princess had been noticed by the emissaries of the Electress and Madame Platen, and he had been followed to the Polish Court, where he dared intemperately to slander the reputation of an innocent Princess, and which ultimately, proved the cause of her captivity, and his own untimely end. A dispatch was immediately forwarded to the Electress, and she soon became acquainted with the unguarded expression of the intemperate Count.

The revel of the night broke up—the royal Augustus was conveyed senseless to his couch, and his intoxicated and exhausted courtiers retreated from the scene of depravity in order to recruit their strength, by a few hours slumber, for a similar debauch on the ensuing day. Konigsmark was the last who retired; intoxicated as he was, a suspicion that he had committed himself, flashed across his mind; he distinctly recollected his insinuation respecting the Princess, and he had noticed the abrupt departure of one of the guests from the table; a fearful presentiment occurred to him, but the wine had stupified him, and he could not bring his ideas into any settled or actual form;—he was distracted,—he saw his folly,—but could scarcely comprehend his danger;—his mind was confused and agitated, and he sought his couch for relief.

As he passed from the palace, along one of the dark and narrow streets of Warsaw, his progress was suddenly impeded, and looking up he beheld a wild and almost unearthly female figure standing before him; her dark raven hair streaming over her shoulders, floated in the breezes of night; her eyes, large and dark, glanced deeply upon the Count's face, and seemed to speak a language of reproof and scorn; the forefinger of her right hand was placed upon her lips, and her other hand was upraised towards the skies.

"Ruin!" screamed the sybil, as she retreated. "Ruin and death!"

"Who—who art thou?" exclaimed the Count,

"The guardian spirit of the House of Zell!—Beware, beware!" continued she, screaming the last words with fearful utterance, and in a moment her figure was obscured in one of the dark outlets of the street.

* * * * *

A month had elapsed since Konigsmark's return from Poland:—the arrangements for the flight of the Princess were concluded. At midnight, the Baroness de Molckt received the signal, and, in a few moments, Konigsmark was in the chamber of Sophia. The Princess received him who was to

be her deliverer, in tears: she trembled at the decisive step she was about to take, and her fears proved greater than her courage. "My children! my dear, dear children!" exclaimed she, sinking upon a chair, "I cannot go without seeing *them*. They have never offended—never injured me. I have a mother's heart—a mother's feelings; pray—pray excuse me!"

"Dear madam," exclaimed the Count, "there is danger in delay: we are surrounded by spies,—another occasion may not happen, and then——"

"Then I must perish! I thank you—from my heart I thank you; but I am a mother. I must see my children!"

In vain the Count, as well as the Baroness de Molck, endeavoured to persuade the Princess; she was fixed in her resolution, and determined upon again embracing her innocent children. She delayed her flight until the following evening, and the Count was conducted from the apartment.

But the sybil's prediction was to be fulfilled. The cabal of the Electress were aware of Konigsmark's admission to the chamber of the Princess,—and such an opportunity of utterly ruining their innocent victim was too golden to be allowed to pass. The death of the Count was determined upon, and he was assassinated in the apartments of the Princess, a few moments after he had left her chamber. The circumstance of the detection of Konigsmark, embellished with all the scandalous implications that the malice and the infamy of Meissenbourg and Plaaten could invent, was speedily conveyed to the credulous husband, who willingly believed every assertion of his favourites, and gave implicit credence to all the forged documents which were laid before him, purporting to be letters from the Princess Sophia to her paramour. Incensed at the supposed criminality of his wife, Prince George immediately ordered her to be confined. The news of her disgrace soon reached the Court of Zelle, but there the minions of the Prince poisoned the ear of the Duke; and though the agonized mother, upon her bended knees, implored his intercession, the Duke turned from her with disdain, exclaiming—"She hath forgotten the duty of a daughter, and shall find that I no longer have the feelings of a father!"

On the day subsequent to the murder of Konigsmark, the Princess was made a State prisoner, a guard placed over her, and the infamous women, Plaaten and Meissenbourg, added, by their personal taunts, to the affliction of the guiltless wife. In a few hours, the Elector entered in considerable emotion to announce the Count's death, and the immediate removal of Sophia. "Send me where you may," replied she, "you cannot fix upon a residence more hateful to me than this." Her only wish was again to see her children, and it was complied with: as she pressed the weeping George and his interesting sister to her heart, "See," cried Madame Plaaten, "see how she mourns their father's death." The Princess, instantly darting a withering look of scorn and contempt, exclaimed, "Monsters! Their father lives, and the God above, that knows the hearts of all, will speedily avenge our wrongs!"—Then, falling upon her knees, and still clasping her trembling children to her heart, she breathed a prayer, and murmured—"Father of the wretched and the desolate, guardian of the innocent and the oppressed, protect these little ones in this regal den of wretchedness! I am guiltless of the crimes imputed to me, and thus, humbling my soul before thee, I implore protection: preserve them in the paths of rectitude, and let them be the avengers of my wrongs,—the means whereby my innocence may be made known!"

The women mocked the prayer of the Princess; but her

spirit rose superior to their insults, and, disdaining to notice them, she followed silently to the carriage that was to convey her to her prison. Bothman, one of the villains in the pay of the Electress, sat by her side, with a drawn sword in his hand, and thus was she torn from her home, her husband, and her children; denied a hearing, and sentenced only by the machinations of the Prince's concubines. "You will not be much alone at nights, madame, in the Castle of the Ahler Ström," said Bothman, in the course of the progress to that savage-looking edifice, where, if tradition is to be believed, many foul murders have been perpetrated, and many victims have pined through years of suffering,—“You will not be much alone at nights, madam, for every room is haunted!”

"Not with worse fiends," exclaimed the Princess, "than thee and thy associates!"

"Long Piet, who had the honour of despatching thy paramour, will, with his wife, be your attendants."

"There is yet a worse pair that the Electress could have chosen—Count Plaaten, and his abandoned wife!"

The carriage stopped at the gate of the castle, and the Princess was instantly hurried into the edifice by the guards that had accompanied the vehicle. "I leave you now, madam, in the custody of these worthy people," exclaimed Bothman, with a sardonic grin; "You will be very hospitably treated, and have much reason to thank the clemency of your injured family."

The Princess turned from the ruffian with contempt. "Conduct me to my prison," exclaimed she; and Long Piet, awed by the sternness of her expression, immediately led the way in silence, into a large and gloomy apartment. The furniture was of the meanest kind, and the bed felt damp and cold: a small glimmering lamp was the only illumination, and, as the keeper retired, the Princess heard the heavy bolts of the door outside jar in their rusty holds. She sunk upon her knees, to implore the protection of Heaven in her desolate condition; and at length, wearied and exhausted, she fell into a slumber. But it was broke by fearful dreams: she beheld her protector perishing beneath the assassin's knife, and her enemies exulting;—then the scene changed, and she thought herself in the Electoral Palace,—the abandoned Meissenbourg approached the bed-side of her children, cast aside the curtains, and fiendishly seized the infants' necks;—they struggled and shrieked, but the grasp of the murderess became tighter, and the features of the children grew black—they struggled less, and their cries were fainter. The Princess herself had neither power to speak nor move; her body seemed inanimate, though her soul fluttered within,—but then an invisible arm struck the murderess to the earth—the children revived, and again rushed into their mother's arms!

Prince George returned to the Electoral Palace, but the knowledge of what had transpired weighed down his spirits: intemperate and heedless, still he was not so dead to every feeling of humanity, as to join his vicious associates in their exultations at the imputed guilt of Sophia, and her disgrace. He sanctioned her captivity, however, and suffered himself still to be guided in all his actions by his ambitious mother, and his meretricious favourites. But there are moments when reflection creeps upon the dissolute mind,—there are moments when a still small voice finds its way to the heart, and, in a few short words, speaks volumes of bitterness and reproof.—The Prince was alone in his library, a prey to the thoughts which such reflections give birth to, when his attention was diverted by the strange appearance of a female, standing di-

rectly before the window in a significant and mysterious attitude;—the Prince arose from his seat, and, throwing up the window-sash, enquired the cause of the intrusion.

"To prop the tottering fabric!" whispered the sybil, and her dark eyes shot forth mysterious fires. The Prince was alarmed, and retreated from the window, but the woman instantly rejoined—

"There is no danger in the wind-breath that foretels the storm. I cannot harm you as you harm yourself."

"How!" exclaimed the Prince, awed by the strange tones in which the sybil spoke.

"The Princess dies!—your life is linked with hers. Within twelve months from her death, what then will be the Electoral Prince himself?"

With these words the mysterious woman darted from the window, and though instant search was made through the Palace gardens, she escaped undiscovered.

Proposals were made for a *reconciliation* with the prisoner, but she demanded, preparatory thereto, the publication of her entire innocence, and the punishment of her accusers: those conditions were refused. "Then tell the Prince," was the spirited rejoinder of Sophia, "that a reconciliation is impossible; for if I am guilty, I am unworthy of him, and if I am innocent, he is unworthy of me!"

The Electress had now paid the great debt of Nature, and Anne, Queen of England, dying shortly after, the friends of the House of Brunswick prevailed over the Stuart faction, and the Electoral Prince ascended the throne of Great Britain.

But the enemies of Sophia still prevailed, and the breach was further widened: the young Prince George, who interceded in his mother's behalf, fell under the royal displeasure, and at length a divorce was obtained in the German Courts. The son, indignant at his mother's unmerited sufferings, endeavoured to elude the vigilance of her guards, and to obtain admission to the castle, but detected, and baffled in his design, he was compelled to forego all his hopes of again embracing his innocent parent. At length, wearied with suffering and broken-hearted, the pure spirit of the Princess Sophia winged its flight to a better world, there to experience the happiness which was denied her in this, and to partake of that bright cup of felicity which

"—— none but angels share!"

Twelve months afterwards, the King set out to visit his Hanoverian dominions: on his way from Delden to Herenhausen, he was observed to start suddenly, as if he had beheld some mysterious appearance at the carriage window; but immediately falling back, he remained for some time in a kind of lethargy or stupor. "'Tis all over with me!" exclaimed the Monarch, and ordered the postillions to drive rapidly to Herenhausen. But they had reached no farther than Osnaburg, when the powers of the Monarch failed, and he sunk exhausted in the arms of one of his attendants.

"The Sybil was right!" murmured the King, and in a few hours he expired.

LOVE'S REFLECTION.

I love—I love as none e'er loved,
Such flame as mine no heart has proved!
And sooner shall the sun resign
It's fire, and earth, and air combine,

E're I a dastard recreant prove,
Or faithless be to her, I love!
But ah,—alas,—though all the day
I sigh,—she bids me sigh away!
For fond and constant though I be,
The cruel girl *will not* love me!

AMO.

TO CAROLINE.

"Oh! not a villain on the guilty earth
With him can vie in damned hypocrisy,
Who plays deception with a woman's heart,
And blights the bosom that was wholly his!"

When late I saw thy wasted form,
Thy pallid cheek and altered mien,
I sighed to think the restless storm
Had blighted all thou once had'st been.

For thou wert lovely as the star
That heralds in the opening morn;
Till passions' withering blight did mar
The beauties of that matchless form.

In vain I seek to find one trace
Of all that thou so late hast been;
I gaze with sorrow on thy face,
Till memory whispers "'tis a dream!"

Thou shedd'st a tear—Ah! joyful sign
Of penitence most dear to heaven;
Oh! may it wash away thy crime,
And angels tell thee thou'rt forgiven!

Not e'en in all the bloom of youth,
When beauty sat upon thy brow;
When innocence and spotless truth
Adorned thee—wert thou fair as now.
For when on woman's pallid cheek
The tear of sorrow trembling strays,
In penitence so calm and meek,
As promise hope of better days;

Then *man's contempt* and *woman's scorn*,
Shall cease to point th' envenom'd dart;
And virtue, like the dawn of morn,
Shed peace and joy around the heart.

Oh! may each hour that peace improve,
May every tear that's shed by thee,
Plead for thy pardon from above,
And from all error set thee free.

Then as thy soul shall take her flight
To realms above with joyful strain,
Angels shall hail the welcome sight,
The pardoned sinner to proclaim.

S. C.



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS II. OF AUSTRIA.
AND
EMPERESS SOPHIA FREDERICA.

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 98.

LONDON, MAY 1, 1832.

VOL. IX.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—TWO CORRECT PORTRAITS OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

PLATE THE SECOND.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A MORNING DRESS; HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE THIRD.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A WALKING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—AN EVENING DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—AN EVENING DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, A RIDING DRESS, HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

MAY !!!

Now that the winter's gone, the earth has lost
Her snow white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender,—gives a second birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee:
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthful SPRING;
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for MAY.

THOMAS CAREW.

We congratulate our readers upon the happy return of this the brightest month of all the year:—the month of love, and loveliness: of universal gaiety, and gladness; when hills and vallies put on their verdure, and the birds, and flowers, nay even the very atmosphere by which we are surrounded, seem to speak a language of joyfulness! Who is there in the living world that can look upon the face of animated nature in all the freshness, the blooming beauty of MAY, and not feel emotions of peace and holiness arise from the contemplation of so much glory?

May Festivals originated from the festival of *Flora*, which the Romans used to commence upon the 28th of April, and continue through several days in MAY. Ovid describes *Flora* as united "by just marriage" to *Zephyr*, who assigned her dominion over the SPRING; from which, and other allegorical ascriptions, the Romans worshipped *Flora*, and celebrated her festivals by ceremonies and rejoicings, and offerings of Spring flowers. Thus originated those festivities, portions of which have descended to our own times, and which are still enjoyed in our provinces. We have not space however for any description, and are compelled to close this seasonable article thus briefly, not, however, without another poetical welcome to the MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

VOL. IX.

Welcome dawn of summer's day,
Youthful, verdant, happy *May*;
Sunny fields and shady bowers,
Spangled meads, and blooming flowers;
Crystal fountains, limpid streams,
Where the sun of nature beams,
As the sigh of noon reposes
Sweetly on its bed of roses!
Welcome! scenes of fond delight,
Welcome! eyes with rapture bright;
Welcome all that's bright and gay,
To hail the balmy dawn of MAY!

THE LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL.

"Sing me a lay—of knightly feats,
Of honour's laurels, of pleasure's sweets;
A lay,—of the brightness of beauty's eye,
A lay,—of the *Splendours of Royalty*!
Twine me a wreath,—a wreath of the vine,
Of the primrose, or myrtle, or eglantine;
And let the fragrant rose breathe there,
Or the slender lily her bosom bare."—HENRY NEELE.

Yes, lays of pleasure shall be sung, and the rose and the lily shall be wreathed, and the notes of pleasure shall resound in halls of state, and in the perfumed chambers of the great, for our sovereign WILLIAM and his illustrious QUEEN, have not only by their appearance again in the metropolis, cheered the drooping hopes of their country, but they have announced a series of festivals, and splendid entertainments, the which might make

"—e'en thick-lipp'd Melancholy
Gather up his features to a smile."

But let us recount the proceedings of THEIR MAJESTIES in the month, now closing, and forego all anticipations of the future,—the scenes of brightness that are bursting into birth, in consonance with the merry month of May. Firstly, then,

I

let us state that the time of our KING and QUEEN has been spent alternately in the busy scene of the metropolis, and the quiet seclusion of Windsor: the arrivals and departures being too frequent to render particular notice necessary. The levees of his Majesty have been numerous and brilliantly attended, and the good health and spirits which our Sovereign is evidently in the enjoyment of, were not the least imposing aspects of those gratifying scenes.

On Thursday, 12th ult., a grand dinner was given by the KING to the *Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath*, in commemoration of *Lord Rodney's victory over the French*, in the glories of which his Majesty personally participated. The banquet was of the most superb description. In the centre of the room, on a long table, was a plateau, extending the whole length, ornamented with a number of allegorical and marine subjects; at each end of which were cross tables similarly ornamented. Five massive or-molu chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling; and candelabra containing wax lights were arranged between all the ornaments. At the head of the room, where HIS MAJESTY presided, was a magnificent sideboard of plate, tastefully displayed. At the top was a vase made from dollars captured from the Spaniards, immediately beneath which was the shield of Achilles. Below this were a large cup, embellished with a battle-piece, carved in ivory; a large salver, with a representation of a battle, in dead gold, of antique workmanship; two Venus ewers and stands; a small equestrian statue of a Champion, in a style of Louis the Fourteenth; and another to correspond of the Centaur carrying off Dejanira; besides a number of valuable gold cups. The outline was relieved by massive salvers, with four cornucopias and burners. A splendid service of plate, surmounted with the crown, was used for the first time; and a beautiful dessert service of china, ornamented with the arms of England in flowers, bound with a border of the Union, was also new on the occasion.

On Sunday, 15th, his Majesty, accompanied by Lady ERSKINE KENNEDY, and others of the royal suite, attended divine service in St. George's Chapel: and on the ensuing day, the royal family, with the exception of the KING, attended a military inspection in the Great Park. At half-past three o'clock, the regiment formed in double line, and about half an hour afterwards, the royal cortege was seen proceeding towards the spot. The QUEEN, accompanied by the Duke of CUMBERLAND, was in a phaeton, drawn by four beautiful bays, and followed by two other open carriages, containing part of the Royal suite. At this instant the band commenced playing *God save the King*. Counts ORLOFF and WORONZOW wore a full Russian uniform and a profusion of orders, and were accommodated with two beautiful white chargers from his Majesty's stud. Prince GEORGE of Cambridge, in his usual uniform, rode his favourite charger. The silver kettle-drums which the King presented to the regiment, were used on the occasion, and were carried on a beautiful cream-coloured horse, which had also been presented by his Majesty. The regiment performed various field movements, and concluded by advancing in parade order, the band again playing the National Anthem.

The young Prince GEORGE of Cambridge is becoming a most interesting youth; we had the pleasure of accompanying his royal highness a few days ago, in a stag hunt at Salt-hill, when he really surprised us by his intrepidity and excellent riding. In the course of the hunt, the stag sprang through the open cottage window of a poor woman who was engaged

in the necessary process of the oblation of her apparel, plunged into the washing-tub, and after bounding about the room, quitted the cottage again, as unceremoniously as he entered it, leaving the poor old washerwoman in a fit. He seemed quite a domestic animal, for he afterwards sought refuge in a brewhouse, whence he was turned out, and the huntsman and hounds coming up at the time, the run, which had been a good one, was terminated in the presence of the young Prince.

The PRINCESS VICTORIA is rapidly regaining the best of health and spirits. We understand, that a continental tour has been resolved upon by the Princess and her royal mother.

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

"Eye Fashion's Walks—shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

"THE COURT.—Office of the Queen's Vice Chamberlain, St. James's.—Notice is hereby given, that Her Majesty will hold Drawing-Rooms at St. James's Palace on the 3d, 17th, and 28th of May."

From the above notification it will be seen that the Queen's Drawing-rooms are about to be resumed. Ladies of Fashion will thus be again enabled to participate in courtly splendours; and now let us direct the attention of those fair and noble individuals to the expressed wishes of our Queen upon the subject of British manufactures, and urge all of them who intend imparting the dignity of their presence to the splendours of the Court of ADELAIDE, to discard entirely the produce of foreign countries, and the workmanship of foreign people. We repeat what we have often declared, that the Queen's wishes are in accordance with the feelings of the country. She has learned to despise the gaudy and meretricious style of dress which impudent foreigners have introduced into this country; and she bestows the influence of her royal sanction and support upon the chaste workmanship of British dress-makers, who are, alone, capable of fashioning the costume of BRITISH ladies.

Their Majesties are expected to give a grand ball in the course of the present month.

THE ST. JAMES'S BAZAAR.—This extraordinary establishment was opened to the public on the 23d ult., when many individuals, attracted by the singularity of the show, attended to gaze upon the display of articles nicely laid out to tempt the beholder to purchase. It is well known that Mr. CROCKFORD, the *ci-devant* fishmonger, and celebrated proprietor of a club in St. James's-street, erected this immense building. We understand that it has cost him about twenty-five thousand pounds; but as he has let it at an annual rent of four thousand, he seems likely to derive immense advantages from his speculation. But the trial is yet to be made, and, in our opinion, the chances are against the speculators. For, although many idlers about town—loungers, who have nothing more to do in the course of the day's twelve hours than to saunter through the streets and exhibitions of the metropolis—may resort to the bazaar as one source of putting away time, such visitors will not enable the proprietors to stand their ground. And, moreover, people of rank and distinction are unwilling to promenade in heated rooms, amidst masses of people of all descriptions, for the purpose of making purchases, when they can procure every thing that they desire at as

cheap, or a cheaper rate, at the shops of their own tradespeople. Thus, we think, the Bazaar will fall; and we confess to having no desire to see it live; for, even abating our antipathy, arising from its inconsistency, we declare against the propriety of the thing in a moral point of view. What heart is there beating within the human breast, that will not feel for the embarrassment of the respectable females, who are ranged like cattle along the *show*, stared at and ogled by the dissipated idlers that infest such places, and who seem to fancy female ruin "as feathers in their caps of vanity."

We confess that we do not quite understand this speculation—this *Bazaar*, as it is called; we are not aware whether it is confined entirely to trade, or whether any portions of the establishment are set apart for other purposes. We all know that Mr. Crockford is a *sporting* gentleman, that he is connected with all the *dashing* young fellows about town, and that the other establishment over which he holds mastery, is their principal resort. Will the present building have any club-rooms, or betting-rooms, or any thing else of the kind? Prudent people have long been aware of the convenience of bazaars for assignments; thus, in a moral point of view, they are exceptionable.

As for the New Bazaar in St. James's-street, we think it likely to become a very unprofitable speculation, and expect, in the course of a few months, to behold it converted into another club-house, for the convenience of Mr. Crockford's subscribers.

THE DISHONOURED CHEQUE.—Fashionable circles have been not a little amused during the last week or two, by the extraordinary refusal of payment of a £5,000 cheque drawn by a nobleman, who has since become an object of painful and peculiar interest. We learn that it was after a *trio déjeuner* that the parties proceeded to the banking-house, when the cheque was presented by the noble drawer himself, the "affectionate couple" for whom the amount was intended, remaining in the carriage. But the clerks at the banking-house, having been previously made acquainted with the mental aberration of the noble lord, refused to discharge the cheque, and the parties were compelled to retire, minus the cash. His lordship has since been removed to a place of retirement in the country.

LORD SHREWSBURY.—We are happy to learn that this distinguished nobleman has at length been confirmed in all his Irish honours. His lordship is now as Earl of WATERFORD, Premier Earl of Ireland, and also Hereditary Lord High Steward of that Kingdom. Whenever the sovereign visits that portion of his dominions, the Earl of SHREWSBURY will now be entitled to discharge in the royal household the same high functions, which the Lord High Steward of England performs on occasions of ceremony.

GREIVIOUS DISAPPOINTMENT.—The earnest endeavours of a lady of high rank to bring about the union of one of her fair daughters, with a dashing man of *ton*, has frequently been noticed of late; for the exertions of the lady were too plainly evinced to escape the eye of scandal. As a natural consequence it soon came to the ears of the gentleman himself, who, at length, rather *cavalierly* broke off the connection, and left the unfortunate object of his affections in despair, and her lady-mother—

"To breakfast with what appetite she may."

ROYAL PALACES.—We have it in our power to enlighten our readers upon the subject of the expences that have been incurred in upholding two of the Royal Palaces, Kensington, and Hampton Court. It appears that the former cost the

public in 1828, 2,412*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*; in 1829, 4,638*l.* 8*s.*; in 1830, 6,203*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.*; and in 1831, 3,921*l.* 15*s.*; Hampton Court in 1828, cost 4,430*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*; in 1829, 5,964*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*; in 1830, 4,144*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*; and in 1831, 3,994*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.*!!

THE INFLUENCE OF A LADY.—It is generally believed in high life, that a certain "Great Captain" allows a lady to open all his letters. Thus, the publicity of certain state secrets has been accounted for. We shall not comment upon a subject of such extreme delicacy;—our readers are aware of the persons to whom the paragraph alludes.

DREADFUL REDUCTION IN THE SIZE OF BONNETS!—The mutability of Fashion is really very droll;—but a few months ago, all England, as well as the continent, resounded with outcries against the immense sized bonnets, which not only disfigured the pretty faces of the *très charmantes* in the promenades, but, nun-like, secluded their beauties from the gaze of *adorateurs*, by whom the sight of a pretty face is esteemed the utmost luxury of life. And now the exclamation is that they are much *too small*! It seems that the fair fashioners of beauty envelopments, have proceeded from one to the opposite extreme, and as they once hid a pretty face, they have now determined upon not allowing a single grace to pass unnoticed, for they surmount the human form divine with a little tiny piece of silk as small almost, and quite as droll, as the platter fashioned caps of the scholars of Christ's Hospital! Really we ought to have a little more regard for consistency, and not in our search for novelty descend to such ludicrous monstrosities. France has for a long time held supremacy in matters of taste and fashion, but we believe if some English *artistes* were to dispute the precedence, and boldly set up in rivalry, their superior taste in adapting novelties to personal beauty, would soon be acknowledged, and the French and their ridiculous trumpery be consigned to their proper obscurity. Even the French people themselves exclaim against the monstrous "*novelties*!" and say that these *bite* of bonnets, just introduced, give a pretty face the most ridiculous appearance imaginable. This bonnet is something between the gipsy and the cottage, if we may speak of *shape* in reference to that which "*shape hath none*," and is so small that it scarcely covers the head. The highest ambition of a Parisian *belle* appears to consist in her ability to say that no one has been seen in a smaller bonnet than her own. Every woman looks as if she had a baby's bonnet stuck at random over her forehead. There is a very fury for small bonnets—from the *cuisinière* to the Duchess—all ranks, figures, and degrees, invest themselves with the *chapeau de rigueur*!! As to the immense bonnets which were formerly the fashion in London, and in Paris, the very sight of one would now create a sensation only to be equalled by the cholera morbus!! Such is the latest freak of the Parisians; but oh, ye powers of taste! forbid that English ladies should disfigure their lovely countenances by the adoption of such monstrous pigmies!!!

THE WOMAN PLANT; AN EXOTIC.—A change to coldness and distance, in one with whom we have been in habits of friendly intercourse, to whom the mind has insensibly become accustomed, on whom it has formed a sort of dependence, to whom the heart has at last leaned in kindly, though scarcely conscious, confidence, and opened with habitual communicativeness and sympathy,—a change from all this to reserve and avoidance, is a change in which the soul shivers.

NEW QUADRILLES.—The inhabitants of Guyana have a national dance which they call "*Marri Marri*." A lady of

rank has suggested the title as one that would become very popular if adopted for a new set of Quadrilles, to be introduced at Almacks during the ensuing season.

ALMACKS.—This delightful resort of fashion will be reopened upon the second of May, when a brilliant company of the *élite* of high life are expected to assemble. It may not be amiss to suggest the propriety of some extra arrangements on the *outside* of the establishment, for it has often been a subject of complaint that people of distinction cannot pass from their carriages to the entrance door-way without being annoyed by the rude expressions of a mob of vulgar people, who are accustomed to assemble upon such occasions. We ourselves, beheld upon the night of an entertainment of these rooms, a week or two ago, some of the lowest description of persons assembled upon the footpath, breathing tobacco fumes and otherwise annoying those that were passing into the house. This subject claims particular attention, and we hope to have no future occasion for alluding to it.

ROYAL SPORTING.—The poor ex-king of France passes a great deal of his time in the enjoyments of the field; many anecdotes are in circulation respecting his adventures, one of which reports that while enjoying a ramble among Salisbury Craigs, accompanied by one or two friends, he was recognized by some boys, who naturally imagined the royal individual was desirous of shooting game. There being, however, apparently nothing to fire at, the boys shewed much anxiety in looking out for game, by eagerly fixing their eyes upon the rugged cliffs, as if determined to spy out a wing for the royal sport. At length, one of the urchins, his eye-balls glancing fire, and his heart bounding for a shot, cried out exultingly—“*Eh! King! King!—There—there’s a spar-row!*”

UNPLEASANT AFFAIR.—A few nights ago a curious transaction occurred at a house in Dover Street, from which a fair lady was ejected by force of arms. We cannot state the particulars, but the subject has occasioned much conversation in certain circles.

SPLENDID EQUIPAGE.—Every body has noticed the magnificent equipage of a lady residing at the verge of the “West;” and it is equally notorious that the said lady emulates Mr. G. D. in the brevity, and economy of her domestic arrangements. But our readers will be greatly surprised, when we assure them that the two tall footmen in fine liveries, that are accustomed to stand behind the lady’s carriage, are not more expensive to her than would be one ordinary man! for an inquisitive gentleman having observed a wisp of straw peeping through a crevice in one of the off-footman’s silken stockings, he proceeded to a farther examination, and discovered that the said footman *was stuffed!*

ISAURE.—Lady DACRE’s new play of *Isaure* was read a few evenings ago to a select party assembled at Mr. Sotheby’s in Grosvenor Street. The company were highly delighted with this specimen of her ladyship’s dramatic talent, which we hear, will shortly be performed at the *Hoo*.

A REAL LADY.—Lady Augusta Hawke appeared a few days ago in that most reputable place, the Insolvent Debtors’ Court! Her ladyship applied for her discharge, but the application was refused.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—The delightful Madame Stöckhausen was advertised to sing at her concert, a week or two ago, the popular ballad of “*The Little Swiss Boy*,” instead of which, the lady presented her husband with one. The concert was accordingly postponed.

VACCAI’S OPERA.—It has been represented to us that the new opera of *Guiliietta é Romeo*, lately produced by Monck Mason, was hurried out with only one full rehearsal, and that on the very day of performance. We do not think that the opera would have been successful even with the best arrangement, but certainly if the above report be true, Signor Vaccai has cause of complaint.

POLITICAL LADIES.—Lady JERSEY has lately rendered herself very conspicuous by the part which she has taken in political affairs, and her constant appearance in the House of Lords during the debates upon the ministerial measure of Reform. Her ladyship sat every night in a box parted off from the gallery, among a party of ladies, who seemed equally interested in the proceedings, and sat out the tedious debates with exemplary patience, frequently criticising the speakers in half audible whispers. Lady GLENGALL appeared among the most enthusiastic of the female politicians. Really, this interference in affairs of state is much to be regretted; we have learned to associate so much domestic feeling with our ideas of the female character, that we dislike to see them emerge from the retirement of private life, and interfere in public business, for the which they cannot possibly be capacitated. With the highest respect for these noble ladies, we cannot avoid applying to them the language of a contemporary, and reminding them of the advice which a great horse-master of antiquity, Hector, “the mighty tamer of the Trojan steed,” gave his wife, when she attempted to interfere in affairs of state:—

“No more; but hasten to thy task *at home*
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.”

Almacks should be the sphere of those noble ladies’ exertions, and their politics the politics of *ton*.

MISS ZOUCH AND HER RELATIONS.—Miss Zouch, whom our readers may recollect refused marrying a gentleman of large fortune, even at the altar, has become so reduced in circumstances, as to be necessitated to apply for parochial relief. One part of her application is exceedingly droll;—she requests that they will find her a partner, with a little capital, to open a shop in the parish, where she would have “some chance” on account of *her relations* being long established householders, &c. viz. the Earls of LONSDALE and WESTMORELAND, and other persons of distinction!! We believe that this lady, a few months ago, opened a school in the neighbourhood of Bond-street, and placed an announcement in her window, that “pupils were educated in the most genteel manner, *by a near relation of the Earl of Lonsdale!*”

LORD AND LADY HARRINGTON.—This happy couple are at present sojourning at Elvaston, where his lordship is effecting great improvements in the gardens, park, and pleasure grounds; besides many domestic alterations and additions to his family mansion.

LORD DUDLEY.—Among the many singular stories respecting the mental aberration of Earl DUDLEY, we learn, that while he was one of the cabinet ministers, he opened an important box of despatches in the open street! A strong wind was up at the time, and the papers were scattered in all directions. About a month ago, a dinner-party was invited by the noble earl; the company arrived, and at nine o’clock dinner was not served; at length his lordship was discovered alone in his dressing-room, when it was observed to him that the ladies were impatient for their dinner. “My dear fellow,” rejoined the noble earl, “what can I do?—Lord and

Lady LONDONDERRY have not arrived." The gentleman immediately took his hat and proceeded to Holderness House. "It must be a mistake," said the porter, "for my lord and lady dine at Rose Bank!" The gentleman returned to Lord DUDLEY, and communicated the result of his inquiry. His lordship was at first surprised, but after a moment's thought, he exclaimed, "True—true—I intended to have asked them, but forgot it!"

SEPARATION.—The widow of an eminent divine (of whose literary remains she became the editor) has lately been separated from her second husband.

LORD MULGRAVE.—His lordship has just published a new novel, called *The Contrast*. It is a very trashy affair, and not worth the trouble of perusing. His lordship is going out as governor of Jamaica. Captain EDEN has the command of the vessel. A wag observed, that it is well for his lordship to take an *Eden* with him, as he, most assuredly, does not go to one.

TATTLE.—A certain statesman, lately, narrowly escaped being shot by a jealous husband.—The notorious *Romeo Coates* is displaying his buffoonery in Paris.—The FORESTER family are the brilliant stars of Melton.—Fashionable *diners-out* are much aggrieved at the discontinuance of the entertainments in Park-lane.—CARADORI is the leading star at the great theatre *La Fenice*, at Venice. PACINI's *Ivanhoe* has been produced for her.—VELLUTI has become manager of the opera at Trieste.—Mr. ALEXANDER BARING is one of the largest land-owners in the United States, and in Mexico.—The Marquis of HERTFORD has lately invested 200,000*l.* in the Russian Funds.—Count ORLOFF, upon his arrival in England, was taken by a showman for the *giant* whom he expected from abroad.—Mrs. WOOD has been endeavouring to procure the Strand theatre.—Dramatic entertainments are to be revived at Vauxhall.

ANTICIPATORY GLANCE AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy will not be opened for some weeks to come; but as we are enabled to lay before our readers a glance at the pictures which will be submitted to their inspection, we trust to win additional favours from them, in thus evincing our persevering endeavours to procure the earliest accounts of the novelties of the day.

The portraits in this exhibition will be found equal in point of merit to those of any previous season. Sir W. BEECHY has a portrait of *The King*, painted in his best style; but the hand of the veteran artist seems trembling, and his portraits have lately become inferior. Mrs. W. CARPENTER has excelled herself, and some of her pictures are most brilliant specimens of talent; one in particular, a *Portrait of Master Mather*, is the very perfection of the art. WILKIE has a portrait of *The King*, but we never liked WILKIE's portraits. PICKERSGILL presents us with portraits of *Lady Coote and Child*, *Lord Hill*, and *Mrs. Macleod*. PHILLIPS has some fine heads, among which that of *Professor Sedgwick* is very masterly. Sir M. A. SHEE has just finished his portrait of *Chantrey*, which, of course, will be found in the best situation. We shall speak of it fully when the exhibition opens. HART has a fine historical picture, and JONES a very agreeable representation of the *Opening of London Bridge*. CLARKSON STANFIELD has sent a picture of the same subject, but essentially different in its details. It is *all Stanfield*

—nothing more. A fine picture by PARIS will be found among the fancy subjects, "*A Lady attending a Wounded Knight*," which is expected to become exceedingly popular. ROCHARD has contributed, among other beautiful miniatures, one of the *Lady Anstruther*. CHANTRY, WESTMACOTT, ROSSI, &c., have sent in some fine pieces of sculpture; but as our space this month is too confined for farther details, and as we do not know how far we are justified in thus prematurely disclosing the "secrets of the prison-house," we reserve our critical opinion of the exhibition until the period of its opening.

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

The cholera does not appear to strike that terror into the minds of the Parisians that its ravages would lead us to expect. It is regarded as a proof of cowardice not to visit the Theatres, and particularly the *Opera Comique* and the Italian Opera. One of the most immoral pieces that ever was exhibited (*Dir ans de la vie d'une Femme*) is decidedly the fashion: it proceeds from the manufactory of Scribe and Co., and far surpasses even the most revolting of that writer's former productions.

Scarlet hats have taken place of those of oiled silk, lately worn by the Republicans: they have gone out of fashion, because the police invariably knocked down all who were seen in them. *Query*,—will the wearers of the scarlet *chapeaux* have better luck?

The cholera has caused a considerable augmentation in the price of drugs, flannels, and other things used as preservatives. One shop, something in the style of Flint's, has been filled every day since the malady broke out, with persons purchasing flannel, worsted stockings, &c. Some persons expressed to the proprietor their surprise at his not having augmented his prices. He answered, that it would be too bad to speculate in a pestilence.

Within these few weeks there seems to be a perfect passion for antique furniture, which is sometimes mingled ridiculously enough in the same apartment with that of a modern date.—In high society we frequently find saloons close to each other, one of which is furnished in the style of the present day, and another in that of Henry the IV.

We may cite as one of the most original pieces of modern furniture, the *paravents à pochades*; they are screens covered with plain paper, and destined to receive all the lithographies, caricatures, portraits, &c. &c. that the visitors chuse to affix to them. This singular union of different objects forms sometimes a very curious assemblage. It is in fact a gigantic album which is very often a source of conversation. We have seen some on which were found indications of manners, fashions, politics, criticism, follies, and even of the fine arts.

Guerre aux Dames.—The *Juste-milieu* always dreaming about plots, has just rendered itself superlatively ridiculous, by attacking Madame Lepy, an honest mercer in the Rue Saint Honoré. One morning just after the good woman had opened her shop, she was surprised to see it surrounded by soldiers. "Where," said their valiant commander, "where is Madame Lepy?" "Here, at your service, Monsieur," replied the simpering dame, with her very best curtsy. "Give us up this moment your seditious pocket-handkerchief."—"But, gentlemen."—"We shall seize also your treasonable snuff-box, who knows what you may have concealed in it."—"Only have the goodness to inform me!"—"Hand

over those rebellious ribbons."—"At least let me know!"—"What Carlist *écus* too! Here's treason with a vengeance! let us put a stop to the progress of rebellion by pocketing them this very moment. . . ." But surely, gentlemen, you will tell me if. . . ." "Now come along Madame Lepy, you are our prisoner." And poor Madame Lepy, whose pocket handkerchief, snuff-box, ribbons, crown pieces, and person all stood convicted of not loving the paternal government of Louis Philippe was marched off to prison accordingly. But is Madame Lepy the only victim! Oh, no, the list is pretty long. Among others the Comtesse de Battene is incarcerated for having quenched the thirst of some of the unfortunate starving Swiss. So much for the gallantry of the *Juste-milieu*.

A NEW WAY TO GET A SUBSCRIPTION.—A few days ago in a Coffee-house, two gentlemen claimed at the same time a bowl of punch which a waiter had just brought in. One of the two was a dashing officer, the other a plain looking, middle aged man. Words ran high, a challenge was given, and, the next morning the gentlemen met. The seconds wished to arrange the affair, and talked about it while they measured the ground. The officer during the time they were doing so, whistled and sung, his antagonist remained silent, and apparently indifferent to what was going on; but when the seconds proposed to accommodate the affair, he replied that it was too late. However just as the fatal word was about to be given, the plain looking man said he thought it right to come to an explanation. At the word explanation, the officer drew up his head, and looked more fiercer than ever. "Look at that bird" said the plain looking man, and pointing to a linnet on the wing, he fired as he spoke, and the linnet fell. The officer began to tremble. "Monsieur," said his antagonist very calmly, "you may choose either to stand my fire, or to present a hundred louis to the subscription for the Poles. Choose which you will, but don't forget that you are something bigger than a linnet." As you may easily suppose the Polish committee received the money directly. The officer has been remarkably placid and polite in company ever since.

MUSIC.

FOURTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—APRIL 9.

MOSCHELLES commenced the entertainments with his own *Grand Sinfonia in C*. It is well known that this description of music is the most ambitious to which a composer can aspire. Upon such, a musician may found a reputation, or he may lose one already gained; and, without underrating the abilities of Mr. MOSCHELLES, we must say that his performance is rather calculated for the latter than the former: not that he has failed in evidencing his perfect mastery of the science, but he has produced a work that can never become popular, and can only be estimated by those whose studies have enabled them to comprehend the intricacies and elaborate mysteries of the science. The opening of the *Sinfonia in C*, is very masterly; the simple adagio, and its harmonious flow, with the succeeding quick movement, and the introduction of the trumpet in semi-breves, are alike striking and effective. But here our admiration must end; the remainder is tedious and common-place. HAYDN's *Sinfonia in B.*, which commenced the second part, is remarkably simple and beautiful, and its effect contrasted strongly against that produced by the performance of Mr. MOSCHELLES.

Madame STOCKHAUSEN delighted us with her "*Dove sono*," we have repeatedly heard her deliver this exquisite piece of

music, but never, we think, with finer effect. Madame PUZZI sang "*Deh per questo*" from *Le Clemenza de Tito*, but her harsh and reedy voice ill assorted with the beautiful music of Mozart. BRAHAM gave *David's Lament*; but the less we say of this affair the better. The instrumental department of this concert was very good: we particularly admired the performances of Mr. ELIASON, and Mr. GRATTAN COOKE.

SOCIETY ARMONICA.—The third concert of this society commenced with BEETHOVEN's *Symphony in B. flat*, a very tedious, though clever, composition, and, upon this occasion, respectably performed. CHATTERTON's fantasia on the harp pleased us much, and we can speak in terms of commendation of Signor SAGRINI's performance upon the guitar. PHILLIPS and Madame STOCKHAUSEN were the principal vocalists: the latter was most admirable in the charming aria "*Ah compir*," with the violin obligato by MORI. Miss WAGSTAFF is a meritorious young lady, but she is sadly deficient in animation. We wish the instrumental performers would bear in mind, when accompanying a vocalist, that they are but secondary agents. It is very foolish ambition to rival the singer when they should be subordinate. We lose the song in the noise of its accompaniment.

SIXTH ANCIENT CONCERT.—Conductor, the Earl of DERBY.—We cannot much commend this concert in a general view, although some of the music was very tastefully selected. WEBBE's glee was charmingly sustained by Mrs. KNYVETT, and Messrs. TERRAIL, VAUGHAN, ELLIOT, and SALE. We were delighted with the bold and masterly execution of Mr. PHILLIPS in the favourite "*Nesce al bosco*," but Mrs. H. R. BISHOP did not at all please us in the duet of "*A Compir*;" neither did we admire the cold and heavy intonation of Mr. CRAMER. BRAHAM was in splendid voice, and gave *O Liberty!* with the finest effect. The second act commenced with a portion of JOMELLI's *mass in D*, the "*Sanctus*," "*Agnus Dei*," and "*Dona nobis*," the latter, which is replete with brilliant melody, were beautifully sustained; the pure and unaffected harmony of the sweet voice of Mrs. KNYVETT, and the fine manly intonation of Mr. TERRAIL, who took the solo parts, imparting to them all the power and beauty of which they are susceptible. "*What though I trace*," by HANDEL, (borrowed, however, from BACH), was sweetly delivered by Mrs. KNYVETT. The *Sinfonias* were creditable and cleverly performed; we cannot speak of them in higher commendation. DRAGONETTI was the best instrumental performer; and in some of the passages of the symphonies, excited the most enthusiastic applause.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"I will make a brief of it in my note book?"

SHAKESPEARE.

"*Soft as yon silver ray*." *Canzoner* by BARHAM LIVIUS. Words by Mrs. RADCLIFFE.—Mr. Livius has here demonstrated that he cannot compose a piece of music worthy of being heard without the boundaries of his own studio.

"*The hour is come*." *Duet* by T. TURNBULL.—A very pretty composition; the opening, however, strikes us as not being perfectly original. The conclusion is very spirited.

"*Oh breathe no more that simple air*." *Ballad* by T. J. BOARDMAN.—We think that this little ballad, simple as it

may be, will become popular. Its very simplicity is delightful. There is an unpleasant abruptness, however, in the change of the dominant bass at the conclusion. It might be altered advantageously.

Introduction et Variations Brillantes sur un Theme favori pour le Piano-forte. Par HEINRICH MARSCHNER.—We admire this specimen of Marschner's talents, it is bold and brilliant. The introduction is in G minor, and the theme an allegretto, 2 B flat. Every admirer of *Der Vampyr* will be delighted with this production.

"*My Light of Life.*" *Ballad. Poetry by BYRON. Composed by JOHN LODGE.* The beautiful lines of Byron set to some pleasing and rather original music. We bestow much praise upon the composer for the talent which he has displayed.

"*The Better Land.*" *Ballad. Words by Mrs. HEMANS. Music by PHILIP KNAPTON.*—An easy, but a very pretty air; the melody is an andantino in E flat 6-8, very gracefully developed.

"*Songs of the Seasons.*" *Music by the Author of "Musical Illustrations of Waverley."*—We are much pleased with this little series of songs, they are evidently the productions of a highly cultivated mind, and are replete with grace and melody. No. 2. (Summer) "*Come, come away,*" for a soprano, is a sweet composition. The music shifts occasionally from eight to six quavers in a bar, which the authoress has accomplished very successfully. 3. "*'Tis a dull sight,*" is pleasing and plaintive. 4. "*True hearts the time is cheery,*" is a merry winter song, executed in a rather novel style, but which we think particularly effective. We have left No. 1. "*Rose, open thy leaves,*" for our last notice, because we mean to quote the poetry as very applicable to the present period of the year, and as we are certain that we shall pleasure our readers in so doing.

SPRING.

Rose, rose! open thy leaves,
Spring is whispering love to thee;
Rose, rose! open thy leaves,
Near is the nightingale on the tree.
Rose, rose! open thy leaves,
And fill with sweet breath the ripening eves.
Lily, lily! awake, awake!
The fairy wanteth her flowery boat:
Lily, lily! awake, awake!
And set thy sweet laden bark afloat:
Lily, lily! awake, awake!
And cover with leaves the sleeping lake.
Flowers, come forth, come forth, 'tis Spring!
Stars of the woods, the hills and dells!
Fair valley-lilies, come forth, and ring
From your green turrets your silvery bells.
Flowers, come forth, 'tis Spring!

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Yes; love! Deceive thyself no longer! False
To say 'tis pity. * * * Respect
Engender'd by a hollow world's disdain;
'Tis none of these!—'Tis Love—and if not love,

Why their idolatry! Aye that's the name
To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion,
That ever woman's heart was borne away by."

The Hunchback, by SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A purer, or more correct idea of woman's love has never been developed, than that embodied in the drama whence the above lines are extracted: It is the "idolatry" of passion which consecrates the nuptial union,—which sets aside all obstacles, and baffling all power, leads the objects in whom it has been inspired to the highest aim of their desires.

The first that we inscribe upon our page, is the union of the lovely and accomplished LOUISA, only daughter of the Hon. Capt. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE, R. N. with the equally estimable SAMUEL HAY, brother of the Earl of ERROL; which was celebrated on the 2nd. ult. at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Again, the happiest feelings are excited, and the best wishes breathed, for the fair niece of the Duke of Rutland, ELINOR CAROLINE NORMAN, who has bestowed her hand upon the Rev. G. STRATTON, Rector of Somersall Herbert, Derbyshire. And also for the Honourable JANE EDWARDS, youngest daughter of Lord KENSINGTON, who, upon the 16th ult. became the wife of Sir E. C. DERING, Bart. of Surrenden Dering, Kent. We also notice the union of W. OWSLEY, Esq. son of the Rev. J. OWSLEY, of Blaston, with Miss FARBER, daughter of the worthy rector of Ashley, Northamptonshire. This young couple, each of whom is 19 years of age, we imagined made a *stolen* match, inasmuch as they were united at the long celebrated altar of *Gretna*.

We have also just received the pleasing intelligence of the marriage of the gallant Lieut. GEORGE BURN, 14th regiment Madras native infantry, to VIOLETTE, youngest daughter of the late Col. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, of Ballochyle, Argyleshire, which was solemnized lately, at the new church, Neilgherry Hills, or, as they are more familiarly termed, the Blue Mountains of Coimbatore.—Another matrimonial union celebrated by English fashionables abroad, claims our attention; that of H. TORRENS, Esq. son of the late Sir H. TORRENS, with ELIZA MARY, daughter of the late Sir WALTER, and sister to the present Sir THOMAS ROBERTS, Bart. which was celebrated at the house of Sir CHARLES D'OYLEY, at Putna.

We now mention the decease of the Right Hon. Lady ANNE MARIA JESSOP, last surviving daughter of JOHN, ninth Earl of STRATHMORE, who expired at Streatham Castle, Durham, in the 62nd. year of her age.

The trumpet of the destroyer has also been swelled, by the death of the Hon. Mr. J. GREY, who expired at Torquay, Devonshire, after attaining the good old age of 87.

Again the dull bell is tolling, and the notes of sorrow that resound through the halls of the mansion of Sir HENRY BLACKMAN, tell that that venerated individual is dead. He expired suddenly. The relatives of the Noble Lord DINOMEN, are also plunged in grief, by the loss of the amiable and accomplished daughter of his Lordship, the Hon. CAROLINE ANNE HUGHES, who died upon the 19th ult. at Brighton, and passed from a vale of tears to meet the reward of her good deeds in the Heaven above the skies.

The only "Projected Marriages" in High Life that are talked of in the *salons* of fashion, are those of Lady FLEMING's daughter, Miss HERVEY, with the Marquis of AYLESBURY;—and Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. DONKIN with the fair Lady ANNA MARIA ELLIOTT, sister of the Earl of Minto.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The principal novelty of the month has been DONIZETTI's Opera of *Olivo e Pasquale*, in which a profusion of old established airs are found transferred from the opera of ROSSINI to the new production. What little originality there is in the music, is of a very inferior quality, the recitative being the best portion of the whole. We do not meet with a single cavatina until the close of the opera. The plot, which is very meagre bears some resemblance to that of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, but it is not by any means so interesting. *Olivo* (MARIANI) has determined that his daughter *Isabella*, (DE MERIC) shall marry a merchant, *Le Brosse* (CURIONI), who very ludicrously dresses the character in the costume of an officer of the *Lancers*! The lady, however, has fixed her affections upon *Camillo*, (ARNAUD) whose suit is assisted by her good-natured uncle *Pasquale* (V. GALLI). *Monsieur Le Brosse*, being apprised of this, very generously enters into a plot to induce the father to consent to the nuptials of the lovers, which is at length accomplished, and all parties are made happy, and the curtain drops, much to the satisfaction of Signor ARNAUD, we imagine, a bashful man, who seemed quite uncomfortable during the evening, and sang very badly, in consequence. Madame DE MERIC did not rise above her accustomed insipidity, and therefore we have no particular mention to make of her performance; she was correct and credible, nothing more. The other characters were but indifferently sustained; the composer has done little for the performers, and the performers upon this occasion had not the ability to do much for him.

Giuletta e Romeo, by VACEAI, has been produced, for the purpose of introducing Madame GRANDOLFE in *Romeo*. But the opera and the *debutante* were in character with the other novelties of the season, and we shall charitably, therefore, refrain from observation.

The new ballet of *L'Anneau Magique* is too long, and unconnected. Since the production of *Massaniello*, we look for something like a plot in a perfect three-act ballet, and in *L'Anneau Magique* there is nothing of the kind. The scenery is very handsome, and the display at the conclusion has a good effect. The music by Count Gallenberg is not above mediocrity. On the second performance numberless accidents occurred. One female dancer slipped through the prompter's trap-door, which was unfastened—M. ALBERT was suddenly taken ill—Mad. LE COMPTE tore a hole in her spangled dress, and put her foot in it—the *Dragons* would not draw the chariot—the *Fairy* got into a passion—and, altogether, the ballet halted most lamentably.

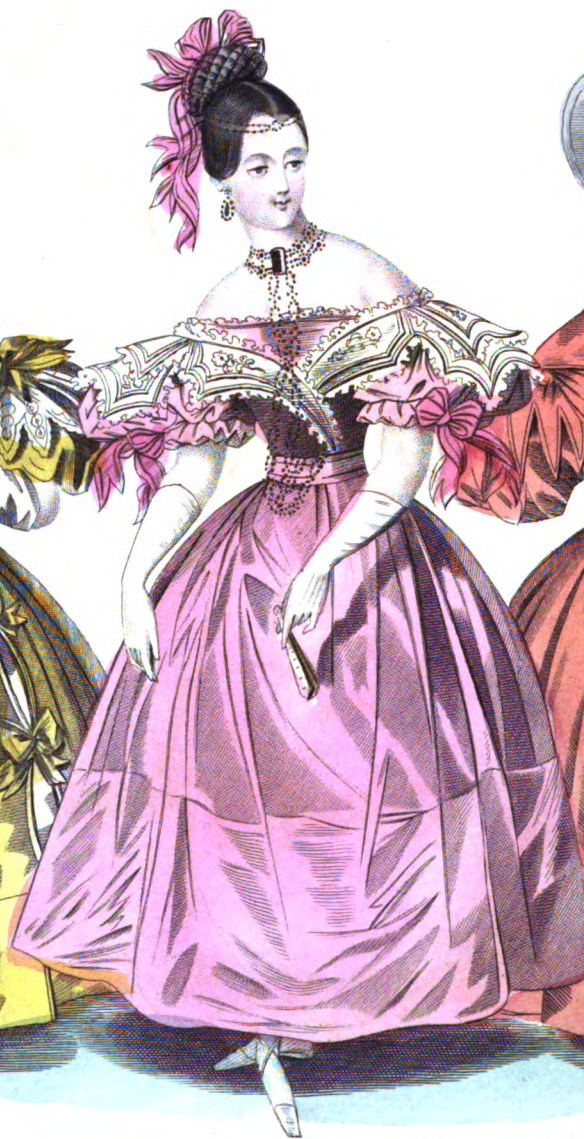
DRURY-LANE.—The only novelty at this theatre during the month, with the exception of the Easter piece, has been a successful drama called *The Compact*, which the fine acting of FARREN, WALLACK, and COOPER, renders one of the most interesting pieces that have been produced for a length of time. FARREN, as the meek and gentle *Archbishop of Grenada*, plays with uncommon truth and purity: his manner of bestowing his benediction upon the bandit,—and, also, of his pleading to the King for the bandit's life, are nature itself. WALLACK's *Juan Ravagos*, is superior in all the qualities that constitute a fine dramatic performance, to his *Massaroni*; and Mr. COOPER, as the *Corregidor, Don Manuel*, or the suspected murderer *Mariano Mueros*, for they are one and the same person, plays with more fidelity

and natural effect than ever he has done before. H. WALLACK, in the character of a barefaced impostor, is remarkably good, and HARLEY would be droll in the *Alcalde*, if Mr. PLANCHE had imparted the least spice of wit to the words which he has put into his mouth. As it is, Mr. HARLEY fritters and fidgets about very laboriously, but without exciting a smile. Mr. ROSS is the tailor of players, the very ninth part of a man, with the nineteenth part of a voice, and who makes mirth, therefore, every time he opens his lips. Mrs. HUMBY, as an innocent country maid, is remarkably good, and her "better than that," to the *King*, we consider inimitable.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. KNOWLES's play of *The Hunchback*.—The patent theatres having proceeded to their utmost declension, appear to be rising again most rapidly; the ink is scarcely dry wherewith we penned our eulogiums of FANNY KEMBLE's tragedy, and now we are called upon to sit in judgment upon Mr. KNOWLES's *Hunchback*, which we pronounce to be the most powerful dramatic work of modern times; and one which may stand in rivalry with some of the vaulted works of the dramatists of old. There is a spirit pervading the whole of the poetry of this fine play, perfectly original and exquisite: every scene is replete with beauties, and it is but justice to the actors engaged in the performance, to say, that they seem to have arisen from a long sleep, with increased energies, and refreshed spirits, for they certainly acquit themselves with the most characteristic truth and effect. FANNY KEMBLE has never done any thing equal to her performance of *Julia*, which we indeed consider superior to her previously really fine assumption, *Juliet*, and refer our readers to Covent Garden Theatre on the nights that the *Hunchback* is performed for a justification of our remarks. Mr. KNOWLES himself sustains the principal character; he displays considerable ability as an actor, but is not likely to attain any great eminence in the profession. CHARLES KEMBLE in *Sir Thomas Clifford* is very fine. We wish that we could imagine him to be a young man. We also wished, upon the present occasion, that we could forget that FANNY KEMBLE was his daughter. The remainder of the characters are well played, and the drama has met with the most gratifying success.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.—The company of French Players have opened the *Haymarket Theatre* for a subscription of twenty nights. We have attended several of their performances, but have met with nothing worthy of particular notice. LAPORTE is the principal male actor, and Mlle.'s OLIVIER and St. ANGE the leading actresses. M. ARNAL has also appeared, in various pieces, but his talents are scarcely above mediocrity. "*Les Femmes Romantiques*" is the most interesting piece that has yet been brought forward. LAPORTE enacts *Le Chevalier*, with the utmost drollery and St. ANGE and OLIVIER play with considerable spirit and effect. Madame BAUDIN's old maid is irresistible.

The ADELPHI has terminated its season, having previously produced a trifle by Lord F. LEVESON GOWER, called "*His Highness*," which was condemned upon its first representation, in despite of the exertions of Mr. YATES.—The STRAND THEATRE is prospering under the management of Mr. RAYNER, but if that gentleman is desirous of upholding his charming little establishment, he must procure a more creditable company of players. Mrs. WAYLETT is a great attraction, but the town will not go to see Mrs. WAYLETT merely. Some of the male players are very sad fellows indeed.





Newest Fashions for Nov. 1892. W. & C. 1892.



Newest Fashions for May 1832. Evening Dresses. Digitized by Google

NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1832.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magasin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of canary-coloured *gros de Tours*, a low *corsage* dressed à la *Ninon* before and behind. Short full sleeves surmounted by jockeys of blond lace, they are ornamented with knots of gauze ribbons to correspond upon the shoulders. The skirt is open on one side, but is attached at regular distances by knots of gauze ribbon, so as to display a little of the white *gros de Naples* under dress. The head dress is of crape, corresponding in colour with the robe, it is arranged in front in the *béret* stile, but has an opening at the back, through which the knot of hair protrudes. It is ornamented with *chess d'or*. Jewellery gold and rubies.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

It is composed of rose coloured *chaly*, *corsage* low and plain, partially covered with blond lace arranged in pelerine. Double *bouffant* sleeves ornamented with bands and knots of ribbon to correspond. The hair is parted on the forehead, arranged in a coronet knot on the crown of the head, and adorned with a knot of ribbons, the long ends of which float over the neck. *Panere* of jet.

MORNING DRESS.

A high dress composed of onyx coloured *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* is made up to the throat, it turns over at the top in the shawl stile, and is draped very full in the bosom, but plain behind. Amadis sleeves with large jockeys, cut in very deep *dents*. The *chemisette* is trimmed round the top, with a double *ruche* of quilled *tulle*. The bonnet is of *moire ecru*, it is trimmed under the brim with *coques* of rose-coloured gauze ribbon. An ornament resembling a head of wild endive formed of ends of ribbon decorates the crown.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the second evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A side view of FIG. 3.

FIG. 3.—An evening head-dress of hair arranged on the right side of the forehead in a full cluster of curls, and in bows upon the right. It is disposed in bows of moderate height behind, and ornamented with a sprig of roses placed on one side, and a bandeau of gold chain.

FIG. 7.—A back view of the first evening dress.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

A lilac crape dress over satin to correspond. The *corsage* is cut low, and trimmed round the top in a perfectly novel manner with green gauze ribbon. *Gigot* sleeves. *Ceinture à la Grecque*, edged with a narrow rouleau of green satin. A row of green satin ornaments falls over the hem, and a green gauze ribbon arranged in *coques* of a new form issues from

each of them. The head-dress is a *chapeau à la Bonaparte* of lilac crape, trimmed with *azur* and bands of green gauze ribbon. The jewellery should be dead gold.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

It is composed of rose-coloured *gros d'orient*. A low *corsage* made to sit close to the shape, and bordered with blond lace, which stands up round the bust. Amadis sleeves. The skirt is embroidered in deep red and dark brown, in an Egyptian pattern. The head dress is a crape *béret* to correspond in colour, it is trimmed with white ostrich feathers, which fall in different directions. Fancy jewellery. Yellow crape scarf.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of emerald green *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* is made plain, and up to the throat. Amadis sleeves with jockeys forming three points. Two rows of fancy silk ornaments decorated the front of the dress, and one of these ornaments is attached to each point of the jockey. A trimming of black blond lace forms a heart upon the body of the dress, and descends *en tunique* down the points, and round the skirt. The bonnet is of white *moire* and trimmed with white gauze ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first evening dress hat.

FIG. 2.—A bonnet of *moire ecru*, it is the darkest shade of the colour. The crown which is of a new form is trimmed round the top with puffs of gauze ribbon to correspond; a twisted rouleau encircles the bottom of it, and the ends passing under the brim form strings.

FIG. 3.—A back view of number four.

FIG. 4.—A pink gauze turban, the front is formed of longitudinal puffs, and is very large. The caul is disposed in folds which sit close to the head. A blond lace scarf thrown over the caul, descends *en brides* on each side.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.—COSTUME DE BAL PARE.

A white crape dress over white *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* cut low and square is trimmed *en mantille* with a double fall of blond lace. *Soufflet* sleeve, the divisions of which are formed by a rose between each. The skirt is ornamented down the front by bouquets consisting of a single full blown rose with buds and foliage; the bouquets are of different sizes and progressively larger from the top to the bottom. The hair is curled at the sides of the face and arranged in high bows on the summit of the head, they are encircled by a bandeau of gold and cameos, in which a single long white ostrich feather is placed on the left side; jewellery of massive gold.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

It is composed of rose-coloured *mousseline sylphide*, *corsage croisée*, and *bêret* sleeves, ornamented with *nœuds de gaze*. Rose-coloured crape hat trimmed with roses and gauze ribbon to correspond. Fancy jewellery.

-THIRD EVENING DRESS—SOCIAL BALL COSTUME.

A white gauze dress, a Grecian *corsage* ornamented with knots of gauze ribbon on the bust and shoulders, it is green edged with light olive. Single *bouffant* sleeves. *Ceinture* terminating behind in a small bow, from whence four ends float over the hem, which is embroidered in floize silk in spots, to correspond with the ribbon. Grecian *coiffure* ornamented with sprigs of myrtle. Fancy jewellery.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, &c.

FIG. 1.—A front view of a blond lace *bonnet à la reine*, ornamented with knots and ends of emerald green ribbon.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the first evening dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of FIG. 4.

FIG. 4.—A front view of a *chapeau capote*, composed of lilac crape, trimmed with gauze ribbon, and sprigs of exotics to correspond, intermingled with blond lace draperies.

FIG. 5.—A back view of the *bonnet à la reine*.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESS.

It is composed of white *gauze de Turin*; the *corsage* is in crossed drapery, and double *bêret* sleeves, ornamented in front of the arm with round knots of gauze ribbon, gold colour, edged with crimson; *Ceinture en tablier* descending on each side, and terminating on the hem in bows and ends. The hair is combed entirely off the forehead, and braided in a coronet on the summit of the head. It is ornamented with knots of ribbon to correspond with the dress.

MORNING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress, a plain *corsage* and full sleeves which descend to the elbow, where they are drawn close to the arm, and terminate in a ruffle. The outer dress is an open *redingote* of violet *gros de Naples*, with a satin pelerine to correspond. The dress is bordered with black blond lace set on plain. The *fichu* is also of black blond. *Bonnet à la Paysanne* of embroidered *tulle*, without any trimming.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

It is composed of faun-coloured *gros de Naples*, *corsage* of an entirely new form, with Amadis sleeves. Cottage bonnet of violet coloured *moire*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and one long white ostrich feather drooping back over the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of FIG. 3.

FIG. 3.—A front view of a white gauze dress trimmed with blond lace, and a head-dress composed of blond lace, arranged in a tiara in front, and disposed in the lappet style behind.

FIG. 4.—A *pelisse* of rose-coloured *moire*, with a *capoti* *bbi* of white *moire*, trimmed with gauze to correspond, and a sprig of jessamine.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING DRESS.

It is composed of rose-coloured *moire*, *corsage à revers*, made very low round the bust; the *revers* is cut round the edge in *dents* of a new form. Long sleeves of white *gaze de soie*. Head-dress of rose-coloured crape, arranged in the turban style in front, but open behind to display the hair ornamented with a gold comb. The plumage of a bird of paradise is placed on the left side, and a light pearl ornament in the centre. Jewellery, gold and rubies.

MORNING DRESS.

It is composed of *violette de Parme gros de Naples*. The *corsage* made quite high, is draped on the bosom, and ornamented with a double lappel of the same material, which traverses the front of the skirt, and goes round the border in the tunic style. The hat is of *moire*, to correspond, lined with gold-coloured *moire*, and trimmed with gauze ribbons.

RIDING DRESS.

A dark cinnamon-coloured cloth habit. The *corsage* is very little open upon the bust, and slightly pointed in front. Small dark-brown beaver hat, ornamented with a white ostrich feather. Habit shirt frilled round the collar, and gold-coloured *Gros de Naples* cravat.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A bonnet of rose-coloured *moire*, with a Milan crown, and a round brim, knots of ribbon to correspond, placed at regular distances encircle the bottom of the crown.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the morning dress.

FIG. 4.—A back view of a cinnamon-coloured crape bonnet, an oval crown decorated with blond lace draperies, a round brim finished by a curtain veil of blond lace.

FIG. 5.—A back view of the riding dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1832.

Our SOVEREIGN MISTRESS has by this month's ORDINANCES created a complete revolution in one part of the toilette; we allude to hats and bonnets, which she has been pleased, by a stroke of her magic wand, to reduce to less than a moderate size. The enchantress has made less change than might be expected in other respects, and that change is such as must prove advantageous to beauty and beneficial to trade. She has wreathed the lovely tresses of her fair votaries with flowers, or decorated them with ribbon. The same light and elegant style of trimming ornaments their gauze, and even in some instances their silken robes. Never, perhaps, did the costumes of summer present more simple elegance, more graceful novelty, than those for which we are this month indebted to the skill and taste of Mrs. Bell.

HATS AND BONNETS.—*Moire*, crape, rice straw, and *pagne* are the materials in favour for hats and bonnets. Both have the brims reduced almost to the smallest possible dimensions. Bonnets are still of the *capote* form, several of those composed of *moire* are lined with crape, and ornamented with a sprig of lilac placed on one side. Those of lilac *moire* lined with white crape, and ornamented with a sprig of white lilac are very pretty. Snow balls of a small size are also employed for trimming bonnets. The most elegant of the crape *capotes* are those of rose or straw colour trimmed on one side with a knot of white gauze ribbon, edged with blond lace; the ends of the knot fall low upon the brim. Morning bonnets are





generally worn over a cap, trimmed with a blond *niche*, much narrower than those worn in the winter. The most part of the half dress bonnets have the brides dressed with blond lace. Hats composed of *pagne* are always either grey, or the new colour called *ecru*, they are lined with cherry colour, and rose of different shades, and are trimmed with gauze ribbon to correspond. A single flower of the colour of the ribbon, is inserted in a knot on one side, and drops from it upon the brim. Several new straw hats are of the *capote* form, the brims are short, and sit close to the ears. The *baculet* is of ribbon to correspond with the trimming. The brim is lined with coloured crapes, cherry is frequently employed. Gauze ribbons are frequently figured in colours.

NEW MATERIALS.—*Gros de Naples* of different kinds, and *gros d'été* are the materials in request for pelisses; they are also in favour for morning dresses. *Chaly* is fashionable in morning, dinner, and evening dress; there is a perfect rage for that material. Plain *chaly* particularly lilac and *écru* are extremely pretty for *negligé*. Those that are flowered have the grounds either green, straw-colour, marsh mallows, or different shades of very light brown. The colours of the *bouquets* are extremely vivid, and very varied. There are also *chaly*s with broad stripes, one white, the other coloured, both shaded with small and delicate patterns. The new andress muslins are of white grounds, with small wood-coloured patterns, or brown or black grounds strewed with *bouquets* of roses or other flowers in vivid colours. We see also some covered with branches of foliage, intermingled.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Pelisses are very much in favour, they are closed in front, and ornamented on each side with rouleaus in a very light and simple stile. A good many are worn with pelerines of the same material; they are of a large size and with square ends. There is no alteration either in the shape or size of sleeves. Several high dresses are made with the *corsages en guimpes*, those that are of striped patterns have the material placed in such a manner as to form *chevrons* on the bust before and behind. Several of the new scarfs are of *mousseline de laine*, with very well covered patterns, upon amaranth, brown, or green grounds. The most elegant carriage scarfs are of white *mousseline de laine*, embroidered in coloured silk.

MORNING DRESS.—*Gros de Naples*, *cachemirienne*, and *chaly* are the materials most in favour at this moment, but the printed muslins above cited will probably be worn before the end of the month. Morning dresses are invariably made high, some are partially open, and draped across the bust, others plain. Almost all have a pelerine of the same material. Some few are round, but the greater number have long ends that cross before under the *ceinture*; they descend very low upon the shoulder, and there form three or four points, which form a finish to the sleeve. Dresses of light materials have a double pelerine, and a square collar which falls over, and makes a third row: it is in this manner that the few printed muslins that have already appeared are made.

HALF-DRESS.—*Chaly* of the new patterns, and *gros de Naples à lignes* are most fashionable. The *redingote* form, very open in the bosom, is preferred; the dress must also be partially open in front, in order to shew a richly embroidered muslin petticoat. The *fichu* should be of clear cambric, small plaited, with a falling collar, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The under dress should have the sleeves finished with narrow ruffles, also edged with narrow lace, they fall over the hand.

HEAD-DRESSES IN HALF-DRESS.—Hats of the *chapeau bibi* form are very much in favour, they are of *moire*, or crape, and are trimmed with blond lace, gauze ribbons and flowers. The most fashionable of the latter are the mimosa, the flowers of the alve, and parias; the latter are most in request. Turbans are also in favour; they are frequently worn without any ornament. Caps of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with gauze ribbons, arranged in a very novel manner, are also fashionable.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—*Moire* continues, and is likely to continue fashionable during the summer, particularly that which has coloured lines upon a white ground; they are of a middling breadth, lilac and white, green and white, wood colour and white, and *Mousseline Sylphidi*, with *moire* patterns, is a light and very elegant material, which promises to become very fashionable. Evening dresses are ornamented with ribbons and flowers, which are more frequently disposed upon the front of the dress than round the border; we still, however, see some ornamented in the latter style. There is great variety in *corsages*, some are plain, others are in crossed drapery, and a good many arranged *à la Sevigné*, but all are cut low. Sleeves have not altered in their form or size, but are worn something longer.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—Head-dresses of hair are most fashionable. The hair is parted, or disposed in bends upon the forehead, that is to say, either in soft braids or platted bands. If curls are worn they must be much lighter than those worn last year. Ribbons and flowers are the ornaments generally employed. Fashionable colours are *écru*, wood colour, green, dust colour, various shades of grey, brown, rose, and some fancy colours.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The materials of both are the same, rice straw, Italian straw, and *moire*. Hats of rice straw are the most elegant and *recherché* in *negligé*; they are ornamented with all kinds of spring flowers; but those trimmed with bouquets of the Iris or springs of Persian lilac, are considered most *distingué*. Hats are now universally made with round and very small brims; we must, however, except those of Italian straw, which are always cut larger than the others, but are ornamented in the same manner, with flowers and ribbons. Some of the most elegant which have just been made by Herbault for Longchamps, have the brim rounded in front, but cut square as it approaches the ear. A rosette of very broad white gauze ribbon bordered with a very narrow stripe of pale violet-coloured satin, was placed on the left of the crown. A large white ornament of the pelerine form issued from the centre of the crown, and fell back over it: it was concealed at bottom by the extremity of a *nœud en cravate* placed a little to the right; the *baculet* was of ribbon, as were also the long brides placed on the outside. One of the favourite colours for *moire* hats is *écru*, it is a kind of fawn colour; hats composed of it are always lined with cheney colour, rose, or blue. Bonnets have not altered in shape, but they are made very small. Some of those composed of *moire* are trimmed with a curtain veil of blond lace, which also forms the *baculet*. Although bonnets are now generally trimmed with spring flowers, a good many *élégantes* adopt a single long ostrich feather of the same colour as the hat, and with the barbes very thick and curled; it is attached at the bottom

of the crown in the middle, by a rosette of ribbon also to correspond, and falls back over the crown.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—The *Gros de Naples à petits carreaux*, are very much in favour for the promenade; the prettiest are those that have the squares of light rose-colour, or lilac on a white ground *moire* is also in favour, as are likewise plain *Chaly* and plain *Gros de Naples*. The coldness of the weather has prevented the appearance of the new muslins, but it is expected next month they will be very much worn; the patterns are smaller and more delicate than those of last season.

Dresses of *Gros de Naples* are mostly of the *redingote* kind; they have a double pelerine with a very broad hem, which descends very low. The hem at the bottom of the dress is not above half the breadth of those worn last year. One of the most elegant dresses that has appeared at Longchamps, is a *redingote* composed of white *moire Chindé bleu*; it had no other trimming than a broad hem all round. The fronts met, but without crossing, and displayed a little of a muslin underdress, trimmed round the bottom with very deep vandykes, which were edged with a narrow lace sewed in full.

Dresses that are made *en robe* have mostly plain high bodies with very large *pelerines à Paris*; the round of the pelerine falls before and behind as low as the waist, and the ends descend to the knees.

OPERA DRESS.—Silks are very much in favour, particularly *moire* and *Gros d'orient*. There are also a good many dresses of the *foulard*, and a still greater number of *Chaly*. Dresses are usually cut low round the bust. A good many are trimmed *en mantille* with blond, but the most novel have a trimming of *tulle* disposed in large round plaits. Several dresses have *gigot* sleeves of the same material without jockeys. We must observe, however, that transparent sleeves are quite as much, or, indeed, rather more, worn; they are always surmounted by jockeys of the material of the dress. Silk and *Chaly* dresses have rarely any trimming, but if there is any, it must be either composed of ribbon or else a light embroidery.

OPERA HEAD-DRESSES.—Turbans of plain or lama gauze are very fashionable. Their form is quite original; in fact they are nothing more than a kind of *auriole* arranged on the head by the hair-dresser, and opens behind in such a manner as to suffer the comb and the knots of hair to protrude. Some are ornamented with *aigrettes* or *esprits*, mounted in the same manner as the membranes of birds of paradise.

Dress-caps are also in request; they are mostly ornamented with flowers, which are for the most part roses of different kinds. Some have the curl entirely composed of a net-work of black satin ribbon, the front is trimmed with black blond lace, and they are ornamented with roses and rose-coloured ribbons: although this fashion appears rather wintry, it is likely to continue till the weather becomes very hot, being adopted by several very elegant women, particularly by fair beauties.

There are also a great many head-dresses of hair: the majority are full dress *coiffures*, ornamented either with diamonds and feathers, or pearls and flowers; the former were most numerous.

Coiffures à la Greque are coming again into favour, though not by any means so much so as those just described. Some have no ornament whatever, others have one or two rows of beads which encircle the forehead *en bandeau*, and are arranged as a net-work upon the knot of hair behind, or else twine round it in a spiral direction.

BALL DRESS.—The only novelties worth citing in evening costume are ball dresses: the materials for them are organdy, gauze, and crape. The first is always painted round the border; one of the prettiest that we have seen was strewn with *fleurs de Grenade*, rather thickly over the hem. Grecian *corsage*, and *beuffant sleeves*, trimmed with knots of ribbon to correspond. We should observe, that when a dress of this kind is worn, flowers always ornament the *coiffure*, and they must correspond with those of the dress. Some gauze dresses are trimmed with three *bouquets* placed as high as the knees: they are formed of the tips of rose-coloured *marabout* feathers, and of sprigs of white hyacinths. Another new style of trimming consists of three gauze ribbons, which are attached to one side of the *ceinture*, traverse diagonally the front of the skirt, and terminate at different distances from the top to the bottom of the hem, under a large *rose tremière*, which is attached to the end of each ribbon. The sleeves, whether of the *lèret* or the *beuffant* form, are ornamented with a rose placed in the centre of each; it forms a head to a tuft of gauze ribbons, which hang very low over the sleeves.

BALL HEAD-DRESSES.—Besides the *coiffures en cheveux*, which we have already described in speaking of Opera dress, that is to say, those ornamented with pearls and flowers, we must observe, that a good many are decorated with ribbons only, and that when ribbons are employed, they must always correspond with those that trim the dress.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mittens have become an indispensable accessory to home dress: they are made in black *gros de Naples*, embroidered in coloured silk, in knitted silk, and in *peau de Suede*, embroidered in black silk. Plain stockings of Scotch thread, of extreme fineness, are likely to be more in fashion this summer than those with open clocks. The prettiest *sacs à ouvrage* are of open work straw, lined with *gros de Naples*. Smelling bottles, containing camphor and other preservatives against the cholera, are universally adopted. They are of various forms, but always of an expensive kind, and form elegant trinkets.

"DEAR SIR,

Philadelphia, Dec. 2, 1832.

"As you are about leaving this place for your native country, I feel it my duty to express to you my opinion, founded upon experience, of your BALM OF COLUMBIA, as a restorative and preventive. From the experience I have had in my person of your BALM, it is certainly entitled to the confidence of those who have had the misfortune of losing their hair: with me it is evidently performing a restoration of hair, and has most unequivocally arrested that which was rapidly falling off. At the time I first applied to you for your lotion, you must remember well, that from the forehead to the crown, my head was destitute of its natural protective covering, and now there is a flattering prospect of a growth of hair of a healthy firm texture. My hair began to fall off about fifteen years ago, and left the top of my head bare, perhaps eight or more years since. Although I do not attach that importance to appearances which some do, who are younger in life; still the prospect before me is calculated to excite satisfaction.

"I have recently conversed with a professional gentleman, who exultingly exhibited his head thickly covered with strong hair, which he informed me was produced by your BALM OF COLUMBIA: other cases might be adduced, but they are rather foreign to my present purpose, as I wish to confine myself to what has taken place in my own person.

"It would be quite unnecessary to enter into an enquiry as to the peculiar nature of your BALM, or its mode of operation: I am, however, disposed to think its action is specific, as other stimuli have been employed for the same purpose, without producing the same result.

"In conclusion, I candidly consider your BALM OF COLUMBIA, as a very valuable discovery, for which I sincerely hope your talents and integrity will meet with their merited reward.—As this communication is a voluntary act on my part, without any solicitation on yours, it may not be unacceptable to you.

"With the best wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity,

"I remain, Yours, &c.

"To Mr. John Oldridge.

"JOHN D. THOMAS, M. D."

ORIGINAL LITERATURE

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

LXXXVIII.---English Earls.

DUKE OF GORDON, AND EARL OF HUNTLY.

" ——— Why, what a noble ancestry
The noble duke can boast!"—MASSINGER.
" All that 's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest:
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall,
The flowers that drop in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging!"—MOORE.

We have now the pleasure of devoting our pages to the history of a noble family, whose genealogy is traced even beyond the period from which the annals of Europe can be relied upon with any degree of certainty. Indeed, so ancient is the ducal House of GORDON, that its origin is involved in mystery; and speculation, therefore, supplying the place of certainty, in the argument, we are led to accept the most probable opinion; which is, that the *First of the Gordons* came into England with WILLIAM of NORMANDY, the base-born tyrant, falsely styled *The Conqueror*, who, with his horde of ruffians massacred our simple and unoffending Saxon ancestors, and by fraud and violence established himself and his followers in this kingdom. Some historians aver that the GORDONS originally came from Greece to Gaul, and thence into Scotland, upwards of a thousand years ago; while others will have it that they came from Spain and Flanders. Be this, however, as it may, there is a tradition in Scotland, that the first GORDON who crossed the Tweed was a valiant knight, an especial favourite of King MALCOLM CANMORE, who having killed a wild boar that infested the borders, obtained, as a reward, the grant of some lands in Berwickshire, which he called GORDON, after his own family name. This GORDON is said to have settled upon the lands thus acquired, and to have assumed the *boar's head* for his armorial bearing, in commemoration of the exploit. Passing over this tradition, however, we come to a period from which we can distinctly trace the lineage of the *House of Gordon*, that is, in the reign of DAVID THE SECOND, *King of Scotland*, in the twenty-eighth year of which (1357—8), a Charter, bearing date the 20th March, was granted to

SIR JOHN DE GORDON, *Knight*, confirming the grant of lands at Strathbogie, conferred by King Robert, upon his
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grandfather, Sir Adam de Gordon. From this Sir John, we pass on through an uninterrupted line, to

Alexander Seton, *Lord of Gordon and Huntly*, who on the 29th January, 1449, was elevated to the *Earldom of Huntly*, with limitation to his heirs male. The next honorary distinction, was bestowed upon

George, sixth *Earl of Huntly*, who, upon the 7th April, was created *Baron of Badenoch, Lochaber, Strathaven, Achindown, Ballmore, Garthie, and Kincardine; Viscount Inverness, Earl of Enzie, and MARQUESS OF HUNTLY*. He was succeeded in 1636, by his eldest son, whom he had by HENRIETTA, eldest daughter of ESME, *Duke of Lennox*.

George, the second Marquis. This unfortunate nobleman devoted his life and fortunes to his master King Charles the First, and in the disastrous civil wars that desolated the kingdom, remained unalterably attached to the misguided and illfated monarch. For this he was deemed a traitor, and on the 30th March, 1649, suffered the penalty of the crime, and was beheaded. His son Lewis, (whose mother was the daughter of Archibald, Earl of Argyll,) succeeded him in the marquissate; but the family property had been confiscated, and the young nobleman possessed little more than his titles, until the Restoration, when he regained possession of all the estates that belonged to his late father. This Lewis was united to Isabel, daughter of Sir James Grant, and dying in 1653, was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, fourth Marquis, who on the first of November 1684, was created *Duke of Gordon*. His lady was Elizabeth, second daughter of Henry Duke of Norfolk, who in 1697, retired to a Convent in Flanders. Subsequently, in the year 1711, she excited a great deal of public attention, by sending to the Dean and Faculty of Advocates, a silver medal, with the head of the Pretender, &c. The Dean having presented the medal to the Faculty at their next meeting, a strong debate ensued respecting the propriety of admitting such a gift into their repository, which ended in a resolution in the affirmative, and a vote of thanks to the Duchess. In consequence of this resolve, two advocates were appointed to wait upon her grace, when they, after thanking her for the present, expressed their hopes that she would soon have an opportunity of complimenting the Faculty with a second medal on the Restoration. We pass over the two succeeding inheritors of the honours of the *House of Gordon*, and arrive at

Alexander, the fourth Duke, upon whom was conferred the Knighthood of the Thistle, and who also, upon the 12th of February 1784, received additional honours, by becoming associated among the *Peers of Great Britain*, by the style and title of *BARON GORDON of Huntly*. He was married in 1767 to JANE, daughter of Sir WILLIAM MAXWELL, Bart, of Monteith, by whom he had issue

1. GEORGE, the present Duke; born in February 1770.
2. Alexander; who died in 1808.
3. Charlotte, who was united in September 1789 to Charles Duke of Richmond.
4. Madeline; her first husband was Sir Robert Sinclair,

K

Bart., after whose decease she was married to *Charles Palmer, Esq.*, of Luckley Park.

5. *Susan*, afterwards *Duchess of Manchester*.

6. *Louisa*, Marchioness of Cornwallis.

7. *Georgiana*, the present Duchess of Bedford; a connection which may be considered as the noblest in this noble list.

His grace died upon the 17th June, 1827, and was succeeded by the above-mentioned,

GEORGE, who then became *fifth Duke of GORDON*, and whose other titles are as follow: *Marquis and Earl of HUNTLEY, Earl of Enzil, Viscount Inverness, Baron Gordon, of Strathbogie, Lord of Badenoch, Lochaber, Strathaven, Achindown, Balmore, Garthie, and Kincardine*, in the PEERAGE OF SCOTLAND. *Earl of Norwich* (by his descent from Lady Elizabeth Howard, heiress of Henry Earl of Norwich) and *Baron Gordon, of Huntly*, in the county of Gloucester; *Baron Beauchamp, of Bletsloe, and Baron Turvey*, in the county of Bedford, in the PEERAGE OF ENGLAND; and G. C. B. His Grace is the premier Marquis, and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, Hereditary Governor of Inverness Castle, a General Officer in the Army, and Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot. He was married on the 11th of December, 1813, to ELIZABETH, daughter of ALEXANDER BRODIE, Esq., of Arm Hall, but has no issue. His Grace is now in his sixty-second year.

We have thus brought down the genealogy of this illustrious House to the present period, and it will be seen that the remarks with which we set out, have been justified by the noble records which we have produced as illustrative of the HOUSE OF GORDON. Our limits prevent us from enlarging upon the subject, and we must now briefly advert to the family *Arms*, which are, quarterly, first *az*, three Boars' heads, erased; or, for Gordon; second *or*, three Lions' heads erased *gu* for Badenoch; third *or*, three crescents, within a double tressure flory, counter flory; *gu*. for Seton; fourth *az*. three cinque foils, *ar*, for Fraser. *Crest*, out of a ducal coronet *or*, a stag's head guardant, ppr. *Supporters*, two greyhounds *ar*, collared *gu*; charged with three buckles, *or*.

The Motto is "*Animo non Astutid.*"

The Duke of GORDON has two very magnificent seats, one of which is denominated Huntly Castle, in Aberdeenshire; the other is in Banffshire, and is called Gordon Castle.

THE MAY BRIDAL:

A TALE.

"O, Love! who bewailest

The frailty of all things here,

Why choose you the frailest,

For your cradle, your home, and your bier?"

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"The lily hangs its heavy head, waving to the gale. Why dost thou awake me? it seems to say; the time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves! Tomorrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty; his eyes will search the field, but ah, they will search in vain.—OSSIAN.

Mary was the pride of the village:—there was not a lip that did not speak in her praise, and all the peasant girls loved her, while they envied her young attractions. Mary had just attained her eighteenth year, and had emerged from a state of girlhood, in all the radiance of female beauty;

simple and unsophisticated, happy within her own heart, and guileless as the dove that made its nest upon the window-seat, where it had often been fed by the kind girl. Mary was not without admirers, but she seemed insensible to love, and was wont to ridicule the idea of ever becoming a slave to such a passion. She loved her father, and loved to attend her flowers; she loved to attend the village merry makings, and, possibly, to hear the murmured exclamations of delight which her loveliness excited, for all women love the honied cup of flattery, wise or simple, all delight in admiration, and we can scarcely deny to them that gratification, for it is not merely harmless, but it assumes the character of a virtue, when we reflect upon the conscious dignity of the human character which it constitutes. Such was all of Mary's love, and she knew no higher joy than to sit upon her father's knee, or at the side of his old arm chair upon a winter's night, and to hear him deliver precepts of virtue, for those were words that in the midst of all her gaiety, sunk deep into her heart, and while that heart acknowledged the truth, called up tears of pleasure into her eyes, and the pearls of innocence would tremble for a moment upon her eye-lid, and then fall heavily upon the old man's hand, in silent testimony of the power of his paternal eloquence. Thus passed the life of Mary; it may have been somewhat of prudery that kept lovers from addressing her, and somewhat of affectation in her indifference; but be that as it may, Mary had no lover, notwithstanding her beauty and her virtue; and if her indifference was assumed, the assumption was very natural, for she was never thoughtful nor sad; never frowned at the idea of her friends marrying, but always happiest of the happy at such celebrations. Mary was ever the foremost among them; no one but her was consulted upon the dress and decorations, the make and distribution of cake, and the other little incidentals of those hours of happiness, which come like sunbeams across the paths of human life, frequently too brief, and speedily blotted out by sadness and tears. When I first saw Mary, she was engaged upon one of those interesting occasions:—It was towards the conclusion of a fine April, and a young friend of her's was to be united to the object of her affections upon the ensuing first of May. Mary was very happy; a perfect contrast to the melancholy girl upon the eve of wedded life, and who bent beneath the weight of conflicting hopes and fears, which the nearer she approached the eventful day, seemed to become more powerful. But Mary was supremely happy, her merry blue eyes revelled in the excitement of the moment, and firstly encouraging her young friend by praises of her lover, and then laughing at her fears, endeavoured to raise her spirits to the same level as her own. Then Mary was in her glory, among the white ribbons and white dresses, and favours and gloves, and invitations, all of which she undertook the management of, and at length May-day came, and Mary was happier than ever; crowds of friends came to add by their presence to the hilarity of the festival, and humble as the scene was, it was most gratifying—more splendid than any pomp and studied pageantry,—for here were displayed the characteristics of nature, before whose shrine the triumphs of art must ever be prostrated.

Well, the marriage took place, Mary was the bridesmaid of course; I saw her stand at the altar, and much as I had admired the expression of her happy looking countenance in scenes of gorgeous excitement, the pious dignity of her features upon this occasion, was calculated to inspire still higher emotions. The day was fine, and the bridal party kept up

their amusements with all the spirit and sociality of village festivals. On the next morning at day-break I was compelled to leave the village, having parted from all my friends, on the previous night; the happy couple, and the good-hearted merry Mary received no small share of my good wishes.

It was upwards of six months after this event, when I was enabled to visit that part of the country again; and as I passed over the beautiful scenery of hill and dale, river and verdure, that had charmed me with its brilliancy upon my previous tour, but which now laid bare in stern and sterile grandeur beneath the hoar frost of a severe winter, I pictured to myself the pleasures of the little family circle that I was about to enter,—the gay and lovely Mary cheering the dull hours of the dreary season by her domestic virtues, and my admiration of that charming girl increased as I considered the value of such a being in rustic life, at a period when family society must seek enjoyment entirely from themselves. But, alas! I had merely seen the bright side of the picture of human life,—and now I was to behold her whom I had deemed happy and innocent and good, a victim to shame and sorrow.

"I had seen upon earth as a passer by,
But the outward show of mortality;
I then went over the earth again,
And I heard the voice of sorrow and pain;
I watched the young, and thorns shadow'd their bloom,
The gay—but their inward heart was gloom!"

I arrived at the cottage of Mary's father, and the old man received me kindly—the same warm hand pressed mine in all the devotion and warm-heartedness of genuine friendship; but he was changed, his eyes were tearful, a pale and melancholy sorrow had blanched his cheek, and he looked sad and very unhappy; and when I inquired for Mary, he clasped my hands with violence, and unable to articulate, he turned away to the window to hide his tears.

The happiness of this family then had only been a dream; the bright and cheerful cup of gladness of which they drank, had only made the after-draught more bitter. I will not dwell upon the sorrowful explanation that ensued, nor attempt to embody the scene when the good-hearted old man recovered sufficient composure to narrate the circumstance of Mary's sorrow; but omitting the many tearful pauses that occurred, briefly give the details, as far as I can, in the parent's words:—

"You recollect," said he, "the bridal of May-day, you were present, when young men and maidens came from all the surrounding villages to be at the merry-making, and poor Mary was the happiest of them all. Ah, sir, that happiness was upon the eve of destruction, for after that day Mary became an altered girl: she was thoughtful and reserved, and frequently would lay down her work, and resting her face upon her hand, look upon the bright fields, and gaze thereon, and sigh so deeply that I would take her hand and inquire of her affliction; but then she laughed, and seemed to recover her accustomed spirits, and sing to me for a moment, and then relapse into the same thoughtful mood. In a week or two afterwards, I found, what I already suspected, that Mary had a lover; yes, sir, Mary, who ever ridiculed such an idea, was enamoured of a thriving, industrious, young man, who managed his mother's farm at the village of ———, and who had offered his addresses to Mary at the May bridal. I saw no objection to their intercourse, for I knew James Hammond to be a well-disposed young man, and, indeed, I rather re-

joiced to find that I should see my dear child the wife of one who had the world's goodwill. Thus much I assured Mary, and she was grateful, and then three or four months passed away, and it was arranged that James should go up to London in order to procure the necessary articles for housekeeping, and immediately upon his return for the marriage to take place. But, ah! James Hammond went to London—he has never returned!

"He became linked with a band of villains upon his arrival: they seduced him from the paths of honour, and now he lurks about your abandoned town one of its most vicious characters. But alas, alas! that is not all:—it was not enough that Mary should be forsaken,—but then, oh, horror! I discovered that she had been his victim!—that my poor child had been seduced by the deceitful villain from the paths of honour; and now her heart is breaking."

Such is a brief recapitulation of the story of Mary, as delivered to me by the old man, whose tears almost choked his utterance. And Mary was the victim of her faithless lover. For some weeks after his departure she continued to receive from him the most gratifying tidings; but then he spoke of the allurements of the town which had drawn him into their vortex: and after that his letters were less frequent and less kind; his style and tone changed, and then he never wrote at all. Mary's spirits gradually gave way as the faithlessness of Hammond began to be evident, and at length the better tidings were conveyed to her father of the young man's vicious courses. It is needless to recount the scene which ensued, and during which the discovery was made, that in a moment of bewilderment the honour of Mary had been sacrificed, and that now she had become degraded to the depths of ignominy and shame. The old man did not upbraid his child,—he saw that her heart was riven; and high as had been the excitement of her previous life, so deep was her own despondency; but he was indignant at the outrage, and he went to London after the betrayer; he saw him in the midst of his orgies, and he was laughed at by his drunken companions. The old man caught the hand of Hammond, and called upon him, as he valued the repose of two families, to return to his home and honour; his intreaty was despised: he fell upon his knees, and energetically besought the seducer of his child to restore the peace which he had broken, and as he valued the favour, and dreaded the vengeance of heaven, to restore her to honour, happiness, and her own regard; but shouts of laughter were the only replies; when the old man, infuriated thereby, started up, and rushing upon Hammond, seized him by the throat, and in a state of frenzy, grasped him so tightly that the youth screamed for assistance. So tight, however, was the hold of the father, that the united efforts of the scoundrels were ineffectual to procure their companion's release, until the effort of nature was exhausted, and the old man relaxing his grasp, fell fainting at their feet. But depravity had steeled the heart of the villager against compassion, and he suffered the old man to be thrown into the street by his dissolute companions.

Weak and ill, the agonized father returned to his humble home and his broken-hearted child; but the sorrow of Mary had assumed another and a sterner aspect—an aspect that plainly told her reason was affected; and Mary wept no more, but, assuming a severe degree of composure, seemed within herself living only, and dead to all external things: the voice of friendship or of consolation was no longer sweet to her, and she would walk among the unweeded garden in which she

was wont to experience great delight, and gaze upon the drooping flowers without the least expression of regret. The only evidence of her possessing the least sense of her condition, was her studious avoidance of passing beyond the limits of her own chamber and the annexed garden, and her determination of seeing no one except the immediate members of her family.

Such was the state of poor Mary when I returned to the village; no one knew the extent of her sorrow,—no one knew of her shame. Every one pitied her, and the faithless Hammond was execrated. But still his crime had not been meditated; he never meant to desert his victim, and would have indignantly repelled the slander had any one ventured to suspect him of such perfidy: but the society into which he was thrown upon his arrival in the metropolis, the allurements which there offered themselves unmanned him, and James Hammond, an honourable and good young man, became the slave of every vice.

Upon my return from my little tour, I proposed staying for some weeks with the villager, and following up my intention after I had passed over my intended route, I returned to the habitation of my afflicted friend. At this period the spring was just dawning; the sun had warmed the trees and flowers into life, and all animated nature wore looks of cheerfulness; but the lily of the vale was alone drooping and desponding, and every one foresaw that she would ere long be pillowed upon the cold earth, a tenant of the tomb. Mary's strength was daily declining, and it was the opinion of her attendants that she was now beyond the reach of medicine; that she awaited only the warm zephyrs of May to bear her broken spirit from a world of tears, to a better sphere among the angels and the spirits of the good above the skies. The old man beheld his dying child with silent but expressive agony,—she grew weaker and weaker, and a paly rose-tint began to spread itself over her delicate cheek,—the lustre was returning to her soft blue eyes, and nature was throwing over her all her original charms, as is usual in such cases, when the drooping flower rises again into its pristine loveliness, for a moment, and then the stem is snapped, and all that is lovely and beloved is in the succeeding moment pillowed in the arms of death. Such was Mary; every body knew that she was dying, and Mary herself seemed aware of her approaching fate, for she would often speak of it with composure, and although she never alluded even in the remotest manner to the cause thereof, she evidently rejoiced in the approaching event, as it was a safe retreat from dishonour—a refuge from disgrace.

But where shall the wicked rest? Under what cover will the heart of the criminal take refuge? Can the false dream of dissipation still the voice of the monitor of man's heart, or stifle the burnings of conscience, that even in the midst of enjoyment will rise up to embitter the bright cup, and poison the chalice even when it seems most bright! There is no friendship in guilt,—no happiness; and the vision of the peasant's felicity soon passed away, and he awakened to a sense of his debasement upon the eve of plunging into a crime from which he could never have retreated. He paused ere he committed it,—reason came to his assistance—but he had passed the Rubicon of shame, and retreat branded as he was, presented fearful aspects. He retired to his chamber—but dreams of terror haunted his guilty pillow,—his brain burned, and ghastly images seemed to rise up before him. Unable to bear with his reflections he arose from his bed, and paced

his chamber, but remorse was crying aloud within his soul, and the dissipated Hammond, unable to bear the throbbing, threw himself violently upon the ground, screaming in the agony of despair.

It was one warm April evening, one of those charming evenings of spring which frequently occur, resembling the brightest of summer time, and heralding the approach of that glorious season of the year; the sky was unclouded, and the sun cast his last rays over hill and plain ere he progressed in his course to radiate other portions of this goodly earth.—Mary was reposing in peaceful slumber upon the breast of her parent, her lamp of life ready to go out, when a rattling noise was heard at the outer gate, as if occasioned by some person anxious to gain admittance. The noise awakened Mary, but she was too weak to upraise herself from her father's bosom, and she could only glance her dying eyes towards the door, as she made enquiry respecting the unusual noise. In a moment, voices were heard disputing upon the outside of the chamber, and one above the rest seemed determined upon forcing an entrance. Alarmed, the old man hastily demanded the occasion of the tumult, but at the instant the door was forced violently open, and a man with wild and haggard aspects, and his habiliments covered with dust, rushed into the room, and fell exhausted at the feet of the old man and his child. Mary knew him—she shrieked in dismay, and clung closely to her father's neck; but Hammond caught her hand, and in tones of frantic desperation called for "Mercy and forgiveness!" The father snatched away his child's hand from the contaminating touch, and Hammond, first casting an unhappy look towards those whom he had injured, clasped his hands fervently, and upraising his eyes, tremblingly ejaculated, "God of Heaven, teach me what I should do."

The prayer of the penitent was sincere,—and it was not breathed in vain. Let us draw a veil over the affecting scene, and leave the repentant one at the feet of the almost broken hearted Mary.

May came, and the lustre of Mary's eyes, and the rose hue of her delicate cheeks returned and remained there, and Mary passed over the perilous time, and, contrary to all expectations, she lived; but she was weak and feeble;—her state was dangerous, but still she lived. The voice of a penitent breathed balm upon her heart, and her health was accelerated by the deep devotion of her lover: the summer and the winter passed, and Mary recovered her strength,—April returned again, and Mary was asked at church,—May-day came, and Mary was the wife of Hammond.

Sweet are the uses of affliction.—Great as their sorrow, bitter as their agony—so precious was the after-happiness of the wedded pair.

B.

LA BOUDOIR.

"TRIFLES, LIGHT AS AIR."

"From grave to gay—from lively to severe."

Club Wisdom.—The newly established "Garrick Club" is supposed to be the most *sagacious* affair of the kind, as the conductors have just engaged a celebrated *chef de cuisine* of the name of *Solomon*. "I am glad of it," says a wag, "for there is now some chance of the Club, it having the *Wisdom of Solomon*."

A Slight Mistake.—Our city friend Sir Charles F—, had a serious fall a few days ago, and upon his re-appearance

in public, Sir Peter L.—accosted him, and enquired whereabouts he had been hurt; “Was it near the *vertebra*?”—“No—no,” rejoined the simple baronet, “it was near the *Monument*.”

Certain Cure.—Upon a wall in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, some juvenile wag has scrawled with chalk, “*A certain cure for Cholera.—Hang the Board of Health.*”

Oh fie! “What month is that,” said Sir Roger Gresley, at a fashionable party a few evenings ago, “in which the ladies talk the least? D’ye give it up?”—*February*.

Prudes and Coquettes.—They have often the same end in view, although they take different ways to arrive at it; that is, *conquest*. Man is the game they aim at; but while the *coquette* is openly firing at him as he flies from her, the *prude* proceeds more slyly, to entangle him in her nets in the dark.

Making a Flame.

“Regardless of the bitter pangs I feel,
My Julia's breast is armed with harden'd steel;
Her heart!—her heart I'm sure's a flint,
Without one spark of pity in't.”

A swain, forsaken, thus gave passion vent,
But Damon cries, “Ah, why this discontent?
If true your words, all things for you conspire,
For *flint* and *steel* most surely will strike *fire*.”

Wet and Dry.—When Lord — arrived at Gretna with the fair Miss —, his lordship said to the postillion, who had driven through a heavy shower of rain, “You are very wet, boy.” But the lad, touching his hat, and glancing at his lordship in a significant manner, replied, “No my lord, I am *very dry*.”

A Hint to Ladies.—When gentlemen build houses, it is usual for them either to give up convenience for prospect, or prospect for convenience. Does not the same reasoning hold good in the choice of a husband? If a lady sets her heart upon a fine appearance, she accepts the hand of a fool:—when she is enamoured of mind the outward appearance is but of secondary consideration.

Rare Wines.—That eccentric genius, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, being asked what wines he liked best, looked in the querist's face significantly, and replied, “*Those of other people*.”

Deep Grief.—One of the particular favourites of a popular actress dying, the news spread far and wide. A gentleman who went to condole with her upon the great loss which she had sustained, discovered the lovely Madame in her boudoir, sitting at her piano, and revelling in the cadences of her last new song. “Bless my soul!” cried the intruder, “I thought to have found you in the deepest grief.” “Ah!” cried she, with a serious look, and in a very pitiful tone, “*You should have seen me yesterday*.”

Royal Wit.—When the congregated sovereigns, after Napoleon's downfall, came to the determination that Denmark should not have a slice in the cake of crowns and provinces, they put off his Danish majesty with empty expressions of respect and friendship. The king, of course, was chagrined, and when at the leave-taking, the Emperor Alexander observed to him, that he carried all *hearts* away with him. “I do not know how that may be,” quickly rejoined the king, “but this I know, I do not carry away one single *soul*.”

Singular Echo.—What are Lord Londonderry's quarrels with Lady Vane Tempest?—Echo—*vain tempest*.

Conjugal Felicity.—Lord Lyndhurst is an admirable grammarian; but he, nevertheless, has been heard to lament

his want of prudence upon a certain occasion, when instead of *declining*, he *conjugated*.

A sequiter.—A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have “shed *torrents* of tears.” “Poor thing,” replied a punster, “she must have had a *cataract* in her eye.”

Woman. (From the French.)

He laid him down to sleep, and from his side,

A woman in her magic beauty rose;

Dazzled and charmed, he called that beauty—*bride*,

And his first *sleep* became his *last repose*.

Love.—That which passes to a *woman's* heart through her ears, and from her heart through her eyes, has a very different process with regard to *man*, inasmuch as it passes to *his* heart through his eyes, and *from* his heart through his lips.—It is called *love*.

Rather Equivocal.—The jewels of a very lovely actress have frequently been the subject of speculation in the theatrical circles, some of the lady's admirers declaring them to be real and of great value. One evening, during a discussion upon the subject, a gentleman who was referred to, sagely replied, “I had rather say nothing about it, for it is plain, that either the *diamonds*, or the *lady*, must be good for nothing.”

Bad News for the Ladies.—We regret to hear that Colonel Sibthorpe denies that he has any intention of shaving away his moustachios.

Quite Sufficient.—A young babbling dandy who has lately made himself very conspicuous in a certain assembly, was boasting the other evening at a fashionable party, of the impression which his orations made upon the House, and at length enquired of a gentleman whether he heard his *last speech*? “No,” replied the latter drily, “*I wish I had*.”

A Tory Con.—“Why is Lord K—,” asked Lady Lyndhurst, “like a very obnoxious insect?” Because he is a *near whig*, (an earwig.)

Who is that Peer, who is always fishing? Lord *Angle-sea*.

What confectioner sells the best *whipped syllabubs*.—*Birch*.

The Formidable R.—Mr. Croker finds it very difficult to pronounce the letter R. When he was speaking of the *borough of Aldborough*, in the House of Commons, he ludicrously described it as the *Bow-wow of Aldbow-wow*.

Comparison.—In Donizetti's opera of *Olive & Pasquale*, there is scarcely any tolerable music until the end, when *Isabella* has a string of *Arias*. A wag compares them to the feats of Munchausen's horn, after it had been hung up near the fire.

To a Popular Syren.

The apostates of old, as it stands on record,

Were lost when from duty they strayed;

But you seem more cherish'd, since turn'd from your Lord,
An Idol of Wood you have made.

Characteristic.—A would-be orator in a great assembly attempting a speech, could get no farther than the words, “*Man is an animal* —.” A gentleman arose and rejoined, “I move that the speech be printed, with a *portrait* of the noble lord prefixed.”

Lord Ellenborough's Ringlets.—We understand that Madame Vestris has prevailed upon his lordship to lend her his inestimable ringlets for her next performance of *Giovanni*.

Yorkshire Fun.—The Theatre at York is always open during the assizes, and it is very common to hear the Tykes

say, "Eh, lad, ther'll be fun next week; t' pla'ctors is cumming, and t'men's to be hung all at t'syame time!"

Pleasant Travelling.—There is a gentleman residing in the metropolis, who is as huge, though not as witty, as Falstaff. It is his custom when he travels to book two places, and thus secure half of the inside of the coach to himself. He sent his servant a few days ago to book him for Liverpool. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence:—"I've booked you sir; there weren't two *inside* places left, and so I booked you *one in*, and *one out*."

The Princess of Japan.—It is said that this brilliant lady refused Horace C——, in consequence of his refusal to quit his club. "Well," said a wit, who heard of it, "the lady was in the right; the man ought to have consented,—all the ancients give examples." "Name one," rejoined another. "Why," said the first, "*Hercules* gave up his club when he went a wooing."

Economy.—Mr. George Dawson denies the authorship of "How to live well upon fifty pounds per year;" although that honourable gentleman assures us that he can procure the best mutton at five pence halfpenny per pound.

What is life?—Sir W. Temple thus beautifully defines it. When all is done human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet, until it falls asleep, and the care is over.

Cons.—What painter would be a favourite at sea after a very long and very dangerous voyage?—*Land-seer*.

Why was Lord Chesterfield when he was galloping through Hyde Park, on his road to the residence of the charming Miss Forester, like Lord Nugent when he was walking down St. James's Street to attend the Queen's Drawing Room? Because he was going to *Court*.

What peer is that, who ought to take the leading character in Meyerbeer's opera of Robert le Diable? Lord *Man-devil*.

Sir Charles Again.—Our city friend declares that the throwing up of the war-ministry by M. de Brouckere, in consequence of the Chamber of Deputies not allowing him more than one horse, shows that the Belgian government is about to be conducted under very bad *horse-pieces* (auspices.)

THE FORSAKEN.

A SONG.

You carved my name,
On the old beech tree,
To call back thy lover
In mem'ry to thee:
And as firm on the bark,
Whence it never would start,
I thought—ah, delusion!
'Twas wrote on thy heart.

I roam'd abroad,
O'er the billowy sea;
And my heart's fondest dreamings,
Were ever of thee:
I dwelt on the vision,
'Twas bliss thus to dwell.—
I return'd, and, at sorrow!
Then perish'd the spell.

Another one's hand—
Thou false one—clasp'd thine;
Disdained was the hand,
And the heart too of mine:
The name still remains
On the old beechen tree,
But, ah! 'tis *forgotten*—
Forsaken by thee!

A SEA-SIDE INCIDENT.

"Call up the spirit of the ocean! Bid
Him raise the storm.—The waves begin to heave,
To curl, to foam: the white surges run far
Upon the dark'ning waters, and mighty
Sounds of strife are heard. Wrapt in the midnight
Of the clouds sits Terror, meditating
Woe. Her doubtful form appears and fades
Like the shadow of Death, when he mingles
With the gloom of the sepulchre, and broods
In lonely silence. Her spirits are abroad!
They do her bidding! Hark to that shriek!
The echoes of the shore have heard."—ANON.

"Poor souls! they perished."—SHAKESPEARE.

During a short sojourn in the town of Sunderland I took up my abode in the house of one of those captains who constantly trade from thence to London with coals. These coasting voyages are performed several times in the course of a year, and it was the frequent boast of my worthy landlord that, during five and thirty years, he had never once missed accompanying his vessel.

George Phillips was a hale, hearty man of sixty, whose weather-beaten countenance seemed to evince a long acquaintance with the toils and perils of the ocean. In each furrow of his hard features you might fancy a tale of dangers, but the lively light of his grey eye, and the good-humoured expression of his countenance, shewed his spirit unbroken by hardships, and his temper unsoured by difficulties, while the breadth and sinew of his frame argued his bodily powers augmented rather than decreased by his boisterous life. He was a man whose nautical experience and skill were greatly lauded by all who were capable of judging on the subject, and, in all affairs relating to pilotage or coast navigation, his opinions were received with as much deference as was the oracle at Delphos in olden time. This universal deference to his judgment had imparted a decision, and indeed obstinacy to his character, which was displayed in other matters equally as much as in technical detail, and when he had once formed a resolution, no argument or persuasion could induce him to swerve from it. As it unfortunately happened, however, that even in the most common concerns of life, (in fact in every thing that did not relate to nautical affairs and the routine of his business) our hoary son of Neptune was as ignorant as a mere child, and this dogged pertinacity was frequently the means of leading him into error, and of exciting a laugh at his expense. Still Phillips was a most estimable character. His conduct to his wife, whom he had espoused for pure love in early life, was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, and two hardy sons she had presented him with bore witness to the uniform kindness they had received at the hands of their respected sire, from that happy period of childhood when, with anxious expectation, they had looked forward to

his return from London as the brightest moment of their existence, and had

"Climbed his knees the envied kiss to share,"

to the present time, when, in the full vigour of youth and strength, they in their turn became the support of their beloved parent, and, as he declined in the vale of years, exerted themselves to alleviate the toil of his profession, and render his hours of leisure and domestic relaxation yet more happy by their filial attentions.

Such was my worthy Host, and, despite of his invincible ignorance, I cannot but think that, blessed as he was by an amiable wife, and dutiful and affectionate sons, he was a happy man: nay, his very ignorance itself helped to fill up the measure of his felicity, for he had no practical, and but little theoretical knowledge of the wickedness of the world, and had escaped uncontaminated by its vices. But alas! for the mutability of human enjoyment!

I was one afternoon sitting in my little apartment, revelling in a favourite author, when my attention was arrested by a loud laugh which proceeded from the parlour of old Phillips. As I felt somewhat fatigued by reading, I thought I would beguile an hour in the society of the worthy folks below, so, taking a cigar out of my case, I marched down to ask for a light, (for thou knowest, most polite reader, that I was obliged to have some little excuse to avoid compromising my dignity!)

I found Mrs. Phillips and her sons enjoying a hearty and uproarious laugh apparently at the expense of the old gentleman, who was sitting in his huge wooden arm chair, smoking his pipe with an air of the most imperturbable gravity, and ever and anon laying heavy exactions on a goblet of grog which was placed before him.

"Heyday," said I, on entering; "you all seem amused."

"Why, yes, sir," replied the eldest of the sons, "Feyther be joking."

"Joking," repeated I, "egad I don't think he looks much like it either."

"Oh! that be his way, sir: he sets us all a laughing, but the deil a bit will he move a muscle."

"Well," said I, "I should like to hear this excellent joke, and perhaps I may enjoy it too."

"Lawk sir," interrupted the mother; "only to think on it!—Why here's my auld man who has been five-and-thirty years a captain, and never yet missed going with the collier has all at once taken a freak into his pate that he won't go this turn. God knows I should be glad enow if he'd stay at hame althegither now in his auld age; but then for him to say that he'll miss ganging ance, when for sae many years he'd as soon hae chapped off a finger as stay awa out o' th' brig when she gangs, why lawk it seems impossible like."

"Why really, I think, after five-and-thirty years' hard service, he has acquired a right to make a holiday now and then, or he never will," observed I.

"It is not that I'm inclined to be idle," said old Phillips, puffing out a huge volume of clear blue smoke.

"You are ill, perhaps."

"Never was better in my life, sir, thank God."

"The weather," continued I, advancing to the casement "appears, as far as I am a judge, favourable; and the wind is fair."

"I should never wish to put my craft out in a finer breeze or calmer weather," replied the old seaman, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and calmly refilling it.

"All this," observed one of the sons, "makes us more sure that feyther's a joking."

"I tell you, boy, I'm serious," responded the old man.

"Though, for many a lang year, and a rough ane, I hae never missed, or wished to miss, a twin, yet somehow or another, I feel determined not to go this time. I canna account for it, and I canna give a reason why, but go I won't, so that ends the matter."

"And I'm sure," said his wife, "I'm heartily glad on't, and only wish ye'd never gang mair, as ye say our George can do almost as well."

"Aye, aye," replied Phillips, "but George ha'n't weathered sae many storms as his auld father, and perhaps never may."

The poor old man little thought on the prophetic spirit contained in his few last words.

It was now finally settled, that as the cargo was shipped, and all things ready, George should for this time assume the command of the "Bonny Bess," while his brother John served in his usual capacity of mate.

The weather was beautiful, and a brisk evening gale imparted a delicious coolness to the atmosphere after the burning rays of a July sun. The two young men were in the highest spirits, as, shaking their parents heartily by the hand, they let themselves down the moor point, and sprang into the boat waiting to convey them to the brig which was lying at anchor in the offing.

"There they go," exclaimed the old man, "and, though I say it, two as gallant lads as any in the county of Durham; aye, or in the town of Sunderland either."

The sails were set, the anchor weighed, and the vessel bore swiftly onward under the influence of the breeze, whilst Phillips and myself stood silently watching her progress till she became a speck on the horizon. We then returned home, and I shut myself up in my apartment, where I read for a time, and then retired early to rest.

I had slept soundly for some hours, when I was awakened by a hoarse sullen roar, for which I could not at first assign a cause; but when, presently afterwards, the whole apartment was illuminated for the space of several seconds, with such brilliancy that I could discern the minutest article, I was convinced that it was a violent thunder-storm. The electric light was succeeded by the most pitchy darkness, and a profound silence, which was soon broken by one of the most tremendous peals I can remember ever to have heard. The wind, which had during the evening been calm and steady, now blew with terrific violence in unequal gusts, and as far as I could remark, from the diametrically opposite quarter to that which I had observed some hours before. The bonny Bess and her crew now struck upon my thoughts.

"Heaven preserve them," ejaculated I, hastily arising.

The awful and quick succeeding flashes afforded me amply sufficient light to attire myself, and I descended into the little parlour where I found Mrs. Phillips partly dressed, pacing about the room in an agony of grief and fear. I offered such words of consolation as suggested themselves in the hurry of the moment, and then enquired after her husband.

"He is gone down to the beach," replied she, breaking out into hysterical sobs—"gone to seek for our boys; but they are lost, lost for ever. The sea has swallowed up both my boys,—my only children. Oh! that I should live to see this day."

"The storm is indeed tremendous," said I, considerably affected by the agony of mind she displayed, "but put your

trust in Providence—at once in the Omnipotence and mercy of God, and hope for the best.”

Oh! they are driven back upon the bar and are lost for ever,” exclaimed she, clasping her hands wildly together, “My husband too, has gone down to the beach. He will do some rash thing, and I shall be widowed and childless in the same unhappy hour.”

“Be patient for a while, my good dame,” said I, “I will immediately go down to the shore, and keep a watchful eye upon your husband.”

She caught at my proposal with eagerness, and as two female friends came in to assist her, I hastened down to the sea side, where a scene burst upon my sight which defies the power of language to supply words of power sufficient to express its gloomy horror.

Imagine the effect produced by hundreds of persons moving quickly about the margin of the ocean, waving lighted torches in their hands, which threw a flickering and imperfect light through a portion of the Egyptian darkness which prevailed in the intervals between the electric glare, and faintly shewed the enraged sea boiling and roaring with its utmost fury. Then came the blood-streaked lightning, casting its red glare upon the whole surface of the ocean, and realizing in our minds the fabled Phlegethon: the fiery billows rose mountains high, and seemed to mingle with the huge and threatening masses of clouds which overhung it, like some vast demon stretching forth his wings, and glutting over his fallen prey. Some distance out I could plainly perceive a vessel at intervals, when the waves, subsiding for a moment, would, as if in mockery, give us a full view of the wreck they were fast devouring.

I now observed a crowd of persons pressing to a particular part of the beach, and, on hastening to the spot, I found they were endeavouring to launch the life boat for the assistance of the sufferers in the wreck, which, I was told by a young fisherman, was fast jammed in between the rocks, and could not be expected to hold together many minutes. I was proceeding to ask some further questions of the man, when my attention was arrested by the harsh tones of a voice which sounded high, even amid the thunder of the elements.

“Shame on ye all! Are ye turned cowards that ye can see yer fellow creatures swallowed up in a raging sea like this, and not venture to your help!—Are these the canny lads o’Sunderland?”

I pressed through the throng, and beheld old Phillips. He was stripped of all save his trowsers displaying to view his short, but amazingly muscular, form. His hair was dripping with water, and he was urging with voice and action those who were engaged in the arduous task of launching the life boat, and who, he either fancied, or they really were, backward in their exertions.

“Auld as I am, I’ll be the first to man her,” exclaimed he; and was proceeding to put his words into execution, when I caught his arm, and pulled him back.

“For God’s sake, Phillips, consider your wife; and do not unnecessarily expose yourself to danger.”

“Consider my wife!” exclaimed he, with a bitter smile, and shaking me roughly off; “Can I consider anything, when the Bonny Bess is going fast to pieces, and my two boys are there to share her fate.” As he spoke the last words he rushed desperately into the surf.

“For Heaven’s sake,” said I, addressing the crowd, “do not

allow him to go. Think upon his poor wife, and that, in all probability, he will in future be her only support.”

My appeal had the desired effect, and old Phillips was held back by main force. In the meantime the life boat was manned, and launched by the exertions of the stout seamen assembled to render assistance to their unfortunate brethren. Vain, however, were their efforts for the violence of the waves defied the utmost power of the rowers, and they were driven back upon the shore. Three times with desperate courage did they brave the fury of the elements, and three times were they compelled to retire from mere physical exhaustion. Undismayed, however, they were preparing for a fourth attempt, when it was discovered that the boat had sustained so much injury as to render her totally unfit for service; all hope was lost, and the fate of the unfortunate crew seemed decided.

“Hark! what sound was that?” enquired a person in the crowd, as a shrill scream of anguish, gradually subsiding into a wailing cry, was borne upon the storm-blast; and was clearly audible amidst the hoarse roaring of the waves, from the difference of the key.

“It is the evil spirit of the storm,” said another looking fearfully about him.

“To ye’re hames—To ye’re hames, ye men of Sunderland,” exclaimed a tall meager old woman, attired in the gypsy style, elbowing her way through the press. “To ye’re hames all of ye. “It is the cry of the night hag riding o’th’wind—ye can do nae mair for thae poor fated souls in ship, sae gang awa, or ye may cum under the blight and curse o’an awsome spirit.”

The boldest hearts for a moment shrunk under the influence of superstition; all stood in inactivity, and some were already stealing off, when a tall athletic man bursting from the crowd exclaimed, “Foul fall ye a’ for cowards, an ye listen to auld wives tales in sic an hour as this. The vessel has parted, and it is the cry of the drowning mariners that ye hear, and makes yere white livers quake—it is the death-shriek of yere own townsfolk—yere own fathers and brithers.—There! hark! ‘tis there again!” At this moment a terrific blaze of lightning illuminated the surface of the water for nearly a minute. “See,” continued he, “there’s something floating towards land—there! now it’s lost again—by heaven it’s a man—I see it now on the brink of that huge wave—quick lads, fasten a rope round me, for by G—d, Jack Smithson will either bring that man ashore, or stay there to keep him company.”

I surveyed the speaker attentively, as he threw off his jacket and shirt, previous to making his daring attempt, and never remember to have seen a finer or more symmetrical figure. The breadth of his shoulders and chest, might well have formed a model for an Hercules, and the contour of the lower parts of his frame seemed, through his loose seaman’s trowsers, to be in perfect keeping with the massy proportions of the upper.

There was, however, but little time for observation, as the adventurous sailor, passing the end of a rope round his waist, dashed into the surf, and was in a moment lost to sight. Anxiety and suspense were expressed in the countenances of all, as, leaning forward, they eagerly watched for some trace of re-appearance. Soon was he seen buffeting the waves with almost superhuman strength, and straining every nerve to reach a dark speck which was now and then discernible on the foaming waters. But, amid the assembled mass of spec-

tators, no one watched the dangerous progress of this brave fellow with such intense anxiety as old Phillips. I could perceive every muscle in his frame compressed and tightened, as with clenched hands he endeavoured to trace Smithson's terrible career. At length, worked up almost to phrenzy, he strove to release himself from the young men who still held him fast, in order to hinder the commission of any rash act.

"Hands off, ye dogs," exclaimed he, infuriated by resistance, and grasping violently an arm of each, "am I to see my boys perish before my auld eyes, and not do all I can to save them? and Smithson too—brave Smithson, the canniest lad in all Sunderland!"

"Every thing has been done that can be, Mr. Phillips," said I, endeavouring to soothe him, "and you will only heap calamity on calamity, by exposing your life at this juncture."

"Life!" exclaimed he; "what's the life of a rotten old hulk like me, to those of the finest lads all Durham can boast of. Off ye lubbers, I tell ye, and let me go."

With much difficulty I persuaded the old man to rest quiet, and await patiently whatever event it might please Providence to award.

Meanwhile the intrepid Smithson was borne from billow to billow with frightful velocity: at one time he would be completely overwhelmed, then, with the most strenuous exertion, he would again rise above water, at which loud cheers broke from the spectators, who waved their torches and endeavoured to inspire them with their "Huzzas!" At length he proceeded beyond where the light extended, and became lost to view. In the course of a short time afterwards, a shout from another part of the shore drew general attention to the spot. I was foremost in the rush that took place, and arrived in time to behold Smithson extricated from the surf by the assistance of his comrades, bearing the motionless form of a young man in his arms. No sooner had his feet touched the land than he fell forwards completely exhausted. The bystanders now divided their attention between the two. One party took up the gallant Smithson, and conveyed him towards the nearest public house, while another was performing the same office for the apparently lifeless body which he had brought to shore, when they were interrupted by Phillips, who rushing between them caught up the corpse in his arms, exclaiming, "It is he—it is my boy, my George."

I never heard the old man speak after this. He was removed from the remains of his son in a state of stupor, and they were conveyed to an adjacent alehouse where every means were used for resuscitation, but without effect. The soul was in the hands of the Redeemer.

Such is the uncertainty of human life—such is the vanity of human expectations—such is the fallacy of human forethought and human wisdom. Here we are to-day in the enjoyment of life and its benefits, without reflecting on the bountiful source from whence all things are derived, thinking of nothing so little as of the power that bestows blessings and gives us faculties to enjoy those blessings—of nothing less than the time when we shall be summoned to render an account of the manner in which we have used the gifts of Providence. But suddenly the fiat goes forth—the philosopher is surprised in the midst of his air-drawn speculations. The Deist and the Unbeliever are confronted with the Redeemer of mankind, and each, when it is too late, is convinced of the vanity of human wisdom, the shallowness of human penetration, and of the necessity of being prepared.

The humane endeavours of the people were attended with better success in the case of Smithson, who was soon recovered, and I had the satisfaction of seeing this noble fellow able to walk to his own habitation, though the surgeon judged it advisable that he should remain confined for some days to recruit his strength.

I returned home full of melancholy feelings excited by the afflicting scenes of the last few hours, and judging it indelicate to intrude upon the distressed old man and his wife, I sealed up my little arrear of rent, and committing it to the charge of the servant, I packed up my few moveables, and quitted the house nearly as sorrowful and downcast as if I had been an actual sufferer.

In my way to the inn I learned that the bodies of most of the crew of the *Bonny Bess* had been washed ashore, and, amongst them, that of the unfortunate Phillips' younger son. Not a single individual was saved!

When the first excitement of my feeling had in some degree subsided I began to ruminate upon the singular circumstance attending the tragical incident I have endeavoured to relate. How extraordinary, thought I, that the old Captain, who, for five and thirty years had never missed a voyage, should all at once become determined against accompanying his vessel on this ill-starred occasion, without any external or apparent cause. The weather was more than commonly favourable—his health was excellent—and there was no business of a pressing nature to induce him to remain at home—there was no presentiment of danger in his mind, for Mr. Phillips was not of a nature to encourage such a feeling, and moreover he would have been as chary of his sons' safety as of his own; he was also more than ordinarily in good spirits. He could assign no reason for his determination, nor could he describe any particular feeling that prompted him to form such a resolution. However, in spite of raillery and remonstrance, he was firm and decisive to remain on shore during this voyage. He did so, and not many hours afterwards the catastrophe just recorded occurred.

In vain I racked my brains to assign a cause for this extraordinary occurrence.—It seemed beyond the power of human investigation and I could but set it down as one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, the obscurity of which we seek in vain to dispel.

J. W.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Unfortunately for the moral structure of society, an elopement is too generally viewed in the comparatively venial light of a mere juvenile indiscretion, whose severest penalty is paid by the endurance of a chilling reception, or a stormy reproof, followed by the sunshine of a fervid blessing, an affectionate embrace, and a merry laugh. It is well when it calls for no further demonstration of feeling, and when the thoughtless fugitive—the fair and romantic girl, perhaps but just emancipated from the trammels of a boarding-school, or the inexperienced youth, heir to some family of distinction—regain their place in the social circle, upon their return, and calmly settle down into the hallowed relationships of domestic life. Unhappily this is rarely the case; confiding credulity on the one hand, and selfish duplicity on the other, usually form the dexter and sinister supporters of an elopement, while the joy and solace of a widowed mother, or a bereaved father—the idolized flower of some illustrious *parterre*, reared

amidst luxury and indulgence, and cherished in the bosom of parental tenderness, are most commonly, the victims.

So true is the assertion of the poet,

"He jests at scars who *never felt* a wound."

that two-thirds of the community read of these unfortunate occurrences without comment or reflection; scandal and curiosity alone seem gratified in the perusal. The melancholy train of consequences involved in the rash proceeding, seldom glances on the mind from the newspaper report, of an event which has, perhaps, filled a family with despair and confusion, and chased smiles and happiness from the deserted hearth. An air of pleasantry is injudiciously assumed in the narration; and if the flight has been intercepted by the promptitude of the father, dashing forward at all hazards, to rescue the darling of his bosom, from the artifices of an impostor, the sympathy of the reader is tacitly demanded for the disappointment of the lovers, which all beardless boys, and novel-reading girls of fifteen most sensibly deplore. The young dwell with a delight of their own creation upon the picture; they fancy an escape from the cold austerity of captious relations, and money-blinded guardians, to the enjoyment of liberty and "*eternal love*;" they take part with the weak and censurable being who has, perhaps, by an exercise of artifice at which she would, under other circumstances, have shuddered, closed the eyes of doating watchfulness, and lulled a lonely and idolizing parent into confidence, while arranging the reprobated and unfeminine step of throwing herself on the honour of an individual, whose addresses are unhallowed by that sanction, without which no marriage can be blessed. Her cold ingratitude is overlooked while her deliberate cunning is merely considered as "*an ingenious stratagem to avoid discovery*." The strength of her affection is eulogized as worthy of imitation, and the broken-down gamester, or profligate sharper, beheld through the flattering hues of youthful inexperience, is converted into a knight of chivalry—a hero of romance. Midnight and moonlight are called in to invest the scene with appropriate effect; the fashionable square, or sequestered shrubbery, the stillness, the shade—the closed shutters of the house, the taper placed as a signal at the attic window, the chaise and fleet horses within reach, the hawk-eyed postillion, the traveller's cap and military cloak of the adventurer, the hurried gait, the impatient glance, the profound silence, and, finally, the cautious unclosing of the door or gate by the specious waiting-maid, the appearance of the timid fugitive, the rapturous recognition, and the headlong flight:—all these are depicted in the most illusive tints, while the vacant chamber, the abandoned home, and the heart-wrung parent claim not a single thought. Yet low melancholy is the fate that almost universally awaits upon the misguided dupe of credulity. Discarded by her connexions, disgraced by her ill-judged proceeding, deceived by the very being for whom she fled from the home of her childhood, she awakens to a sense of her error when its consequences are not to be avoided. The needy and unprincipled adventurer, foiled in his expectations of a brilliant settlement, throws down the mask of sophistry with which he disguised his ulterior views; and selfish indifference, callous brutality, scornful tyranny, total neglect, and at length absolute desertion, succeed the winning tenderness, the warm raptures, the sweet tones, the soft jealousies and alarms, and the exquisite reconciliations of other scenes. These, like phantoms of the past, are conjured up to the unhappy girl only to be bitterly contrasted with the present; while memory

reverts to the roof she has abandoned, to the duties she has forsworn, to the mother she has bowed down into the dust, and to the father she has betrayed. Remorse and sorrow prey equally upon her repose; her thoughts are agony, and her dreams are mockeries of her woe. The characters of grief display themselves upon her mien: the shade of pining care falls upon her brow, her eye loses its star-like lustre, her cheek becomes pale and wan, her lip shrunken and colourless, and her form prematurely bent and wasted. If the grave does not speedily close over her, and hide her, for ever, in its narrow chamber, she lives to linger through a blighted existence, doomed to sordid penury, to menial drudgery, and an abject dependence upon the precarious means, and equivocal protection of a callous, hollow-hearted, and disappointed adventurer.

We will close these brief and unvarnished reflections by a fragment illustrative of the fatal consequences which have, occasionally, occurred.

"Towards nightfall, a post-chaise, furiously dashing down the street, stopped at the hotel; and, in a few seconds, Ellingham appeared, ushering in a lady, muffled in an opera cloak, and leaning upon the arm of an officer in regimentals. When the landlord withdrew with an order for refreshments, the fair stranger threw aside the folds of her disguise—for such it might be termed since it served the purpose of concealment—and it then became evident that the affair was an *elopement*. The fugitive who, nearly overcome with terror and agitation, seemed scarcely sixteen, was arrayed in a ball dress of white gauze, with a superb necklace of pearls gleaming round her throat, and bracelets of gold upon her wrists: long fair hair, falling in large and shining ringlets upon her neck, a complexion of dazzling brightness, dark blue eyes beaming through their tears, with a starry radiance, a grecian nose, and a sweet and roseate mouth, joined with a figure of extreme delicacy, rendered, in a high degree, an object of attraction and interest. Her companion was a fine looking young man, with a marked physiognomy and a somewhat sinister expression which impaired the effect of features unquestionably handsome. He appeared, nevertheless, all tenderness, deference and solicitude, and by a thousand little assiduities, mingled with the fondest assurances of affection, he endeavoured to soothe the apprehensions of his mistress. In some measure he succeeded, and calling her "*his own Augusta*," he playfully directed her attention to the harp which he placed before her. With a face smiling through her tears, and a look of exquisite and innocent fondness, she took the painted chaplet, suspended from the frame, and gazing upon the mimic blossoms, she exclaimed, '*Frederick, they are beautiful, but they are worthless—they have no fragrance*;' throwing them on the carpet, she drew the instrument towards her, and seemed about to play. At this moment an impetuous thundering at the door, was succeeded by a clamour of voices on the stairs—its effect was electrical. '*Hide me! hide me!*' exclaimed the young lady, '*we are pursued! It is my father!*' While drawing his sword, the officer swore that he would die in her defence. '*My daughter! my daughter! give me back my daughter! my Augusta!*' In an instant the door was burst open, and the speaker, accompanied by two gentlemen, rushed into the apartment, followed by Ellingham and his daughter. His first impulse was to fly towards his child, whom the officer sustained in a fainting condition upon one arm, while with the other he parried the advance of the parent. Coward! hypocrite! villain! give me back the idol of my heart."

Nothing could restrain the impetuosity of the distracted man, and with the nerve of a lion, he tore her from the arms of her deceiver, but in the act, received the blade of the military ruffian in his side. With a deep cry of agony he sank upon the floor, and, like a fallen lily, his erring child lay upon his bosom with her fair tresses dabbled in his blood * * All passed with the rapidity of lightning, and the scene that ensued was one of frightful confusion; tears, groans, menaces and imprecations mingled strangely together; but effectual measures were immediately taken, and the proper authorities arrived before the homicide could wrest himself from the iron grasp of his detainers. * *

"Justice was appealed to in her high places; but, as too commonly occurs, from some parchment oversight, the criminal escaped, to triumph in the murder of a parent and the distraction of a child. Retribution, however, waited upon his footsteps, and, expelled the regiment which he had disgraced, he fell in a duel, by the hands of a companion in iniquity, whose rage he had provoked.

"On the trial it appeared that the unfortunate father was a widower and gentleman of property in Bedfordshire; convivial, credulous, and easy, he, unhappily for himself, from a casual meeting on the race-course at Doncaster, strenuously insisted upon Captain Saville's accompanying him home, and finally invited him to his estate. In company with her father, the Captain first saw Miss Middleton at the seminary, where she was placed for the completion of her studies, and attracted by the wealth of the heiress, as well as fascinated by her graces, the ruined gamester beheld in her the means of retrieving that fortune which he had dissipated at the gambling house. His plans were laid with all the address necessary to avoid detection from the experienced eye, and to lure the cloistered heart of a girl, who, wholly unacquainted with the world and society, held intimacy only with beings of her own age and simplicity, and gave up her innocent affections to the bees, the flowers, and butterflies, the sunny slopes and green avenues by which she was surrounded. The impression was made. The fine figure of Captain Saville, his showy uniform and glittering accoutrements, his gallantry, laughing spirits and apparent devotedness to herself, sensibly affected the bosom of the *school girl*. Birds and blossoms were neglected for sweeter musings, and the tasks that formerly, engaged her, became annoying and wearisome. At length a billet-doux, filled with raptures and metaphors, was artfully conveyed to the young romancer by a mercenary attendant at the establishment, the sibylline aid of a well-fed fortune-teller was clandestinely called in, and the whole machinery set in motion. It succeeded; and yielding an implicit belief to the alleged existence of obstacles which rendered an elopement imperative, the beguiled heiress seized the first opportunity of placing herself under the protection of the Captain. The recess ball was chosen for the flight; the dove was entangled in the snare; but, fortunately, the absence of Miss Middleton was almost immediately perceived, and a servant who had seen her hurrying through the shrubbery, supported by a gentleman, gave the alarm. Pursuit was instantaneous; the fugitives were, happily, traced from place to place, and the agonised father cursing the reprehensible credulity that had induced him to introduce to his child a man with whose character he was unacquainted, arrived but in time to rescue her with his life, from the unprincipled and designing fortune-hunter." * * *

REFLECTIONS

ON A ROSE IN FULL BLOOM, DURING A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

Mark that sweet rose, which rears its graceful head
'Mid snow, 'mid frost, and howling winds around;
When all its kindred flow'rs have drooped,—are dead,—
Their withered leaves lie buried in yon mound.

Perhaps 'tis not so blooming, nor so bright
As the first offsprings of the vernal May,
But sure 'tis far more grateful to my sight,
In all its loneliness—to me more gay.

Just on its heart, I trace a dewy tear,
Trembling and glitt'ring in the sunny ray
Like virgin smiles, restrained to virgin tear,
And fancy paints, that it would fain look gay.

Its infant buds surround the parent flower
With modest looks, though young in beauty's pride;
They brave the storm, they bar the pelting show'r,
And glow the fresher, though severely tried.

May, then, no hand, with idle, selfish aim,
Pluck thy sweet buds, till they perfume the air
No reptile, envious of thy vernal fame,
Despoil thy beauty, 'cause that thou art fair.

Pride of my garden, race and lovely tree,
To bear such storms as if calm nature smiled,
Bloom on, these lines I dedicate to thee,
Dwell in my heart, for thou art Sorrow's child.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We are enemies to monopoly in every shape, and consequently to the monopolies of picture exhibitions. We upheld the *Society of British Artists* upon its institution, because it seemed to strike a death-blow at that abominable system of patronage which was found to be predominant in the other exhibitions of the day; and now we almost suspect the Society of the very fault which it was instituted to combat and destroy. All the members of the managing committee are artists: this should not be. No artist is competent to sit in judgment upon the performance of a contemporary, a rival perhaps, as to its fitness for a public exhibition. We cannot enlarge upon this subject, and will, therefore, at once proceed to the pictures, the first of which that meets our eye is

1. *Cardinal Weld*, RAMSAY, which hangs directly over the entrance door, and appears to be the very best portrait in the rooms: there is a rich tone in the picture, a purity of colouring that evinces the master.

24, a little farther on, is a *Portrait of Lady Poland*—the artist's name we forbear mentioning. It is one of the most miserable dabs that we ever had the illfortune of gazing upon. The features are coarse and hard, the drawing vulgar, and the colouring very gaudy. And so pass we on to

27. *A Philosopher; a study for a large picture*. H. WYATT.—If Mr. WYATT acquits himself as well in his projected composition as he has upon the present occasion, we may expect a brilliant picture. His study is very chaste and effective.

36. *The Poacher's Confederate*. C. HANCOCK.—We were quite delighted with this charming little cabinet picture: the dog is superbly pencilled, and the hare also is a perfect specimen of art. We have seen a lithographic print of this picture, in which a great deal of the spirit of the original is preserved.

39. *Mountain Pass*. W. WATE.—A bright and brilliant landscape, rich in tone, and very highly finished.

45.—*The Widow*. E. PRENTIS.—A sweet little gem. If all widows were as lovely in their sadness as the one Mr. PRENTIS has here pencilled, we should almost be tempted to adopt the sentiments of the hero of Dibdin's song, and in our selfishness, wish for the ability to marry them all!

48. *View of the Holmwood*. WHICHELO.—A bold and masterly landscape, with some of the finest pencilled trees in the exhibition. There are a few other fine landscapes in the rooms, but which our limits will not allow us to particularize; we can, therefore, merely note down as having excited our high admiration, 52, *Menagio*, HOFLAND; 58, *Scene in Wales*, SHAYER; 131, *Burnham Beeches*, ALLEN, &c.

73. *Flower Girl*. FAULKNER.—This is one of those very pretty pictures that have obtained a large share of public patronage, and of which there are a great number in the present exhibition. Mr. KNIGHT, an artist of considerable ability in another branch of his art, is perpetually aiming at such prettinesses; but he has never produced a single picture worthy of being placed by the side of those of WOOD, or Mrs. CARPENTER, or even Miss CORBEAUX. His female heads are deplorably ugly, and we cannot but lament his misguided partiality, when we find him able to produce such a spirited picture as 145—*Scotch Drink*.

80. *Portraits of Lord Trentham and Lady Caroline Gower*.

130. *Sons of B. Goad, Esq.* HURLSTONE.—Mr. HURLSTONE has evidently a very high opinion of his own abilities: he seems to think that the constrained and affected faces of his children, the dirty-white frocks, and the bright blue sashes, all very harmonious and beautiful. But, alas! we must tell him that he is sadly mistaken;—there is nothing masterly in either of the compositions under review, and from which we turn away, to enjoy a pictorial treat in the contemplation of

294. *Portraits of Mrs Selwyn and Child*. Mrs. W. CARPENTER.—One of the sweetest pictures in the rooms, and which will most assuredly delight our fair subscribers. If ever we become possessed of

“One fair wife, and fairer child,”

We will certainly endeavour to lay the pencil of Mrs. Carpenter under contribution.

156. *The Grecian Choirs at the Temple of Apollo*. LINTON.—Mr. Linton has here produced his masterpiece. The classical grandeur of the scene described by Plutarch, is faithfully embodied; and the ensemble perfectly sublime.

181. *A Mother and Child rescued from the Waves*. H. DAWE. A very simple, but a very powerful and expressive picture, and which detained us for some time gazing in admiration. The muscular figure of the intrepid seaman, the exhausted form of the mother, and the innocent expression of her darling one, clinging to her breast, constitute a beautiful picture, and one which cannot be regarded without the highest admiration of the painter's skill. We have been assured that upwards of thirty thousand impressions of an engraving from this picture have found purchasers.

190. *The Sweets of Stolen Fruit*. FARRIER.—Sweets, indeed! Marry, the boy seems rather to think them bitters.

He is a finely pencilled lad, and the old man is also a choice figure. We recommend the little picture as well worthy of attention.

224. *The Coronation Procession*. Painted for his Majesty. R. B. DAVIS.—A more inferior daub was never displayed upon the walls of this exhibition. There is neither harmony, purity, nor finish in the picture; the figures are cold and heavy, like so many blocks of wood coloured up to please little children. Only look at the King's carriage, and behold how the “human face divine,” in the persons of their Majesties, is libelled. But this picture, they tell us, has been painted for the King's collection! Mercy upon us, and the King's patience, if he has any knowledge of the Fine Arts. We agree with an hebdomadal contemporary, who says, “that it seems our artists consider any thing will do for kings!”

253. *Autumn*. INSKIP.—A very sly, cunning girl, indeed, finely pencilled, in the best style of Gainsborough. There are various clever pictures in the Exhibition by this artist, but there is a great sameness in them, which he should by all means study to avoid.

244. *Elizabeth and the Exile*. Miss A. BEAUMONT.—We are always happy in having it in our power to commend the productions of a female pencil, and we do not recollect ever bestowing our approbation upon a more deserving subject than the one before us. The figure of the heroine is very beautiful and characteristic; we gazed upon it until we were quite enraptured.

251. *Hesitation*. KIDD.—A choice *morceau* by this clever artist.

332. *An Eastern Girl*. FANNY CORBEAUX.—We are glad to perceive a great deal of improvement in Miss Corbeaux's colouring; her “Eastern Girl” is the most natural thing that has emanated from her pencil.

344. *The Rose of Tully-Veolan*. HOWELL.—A remarkably pretty picture, but which we could scarcely catch a glance of, by reason of a bevy of fair creatures having congregated admiringly around it. A greater compliment than any we could offer to the artist.

365. *A Scottish Bridal*. HILL.—A bad imitation of the style of Wilkie.

369. *Autumnal Pastime*. DERBY.—A captivating little picture; the two little gleaners are remarkably pretty.

382. *Nymph and Cupid*. NOBLE.—A noble picture, but the colouring requires chastening.

403. *Execution of Charles the First*. T. L. SMITH. A splendidly-painted historical picture, and deserving of our highest commendation.

In the *Water-Colour Room*, there are some fine specimens of talent, which we recommend to our readers' attention. There are many clever specimens of talent in the *sculpture-room*, but none among them are of sufficient importance to claim the attention of the amateur. There is little pleasure in looking upon clay designs, and there are few others in this exhibition. The beautiful marble groupes in the *British Institution*, although few in number, sufficiently gratify the spectator, and afford a striking contrast to those in the gallery under review. Upon the whole, this exhibition is equal to any of its predecessors, but that is not saying much; we expect improvement, and unless improvement is effected, continued patronage cannot reasonably be looked for. We now close our remarks upon the EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, for 1832.

PRINTED BY MR. BELL, 3, CLEVELAND ROW, ST. JAMES'S.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

From an Original Picture in the Possession of a Lady of Distinction
Published by J. Bell, 3 Cleveland Row, St. James's July 1. 1832.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 100.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1832.

VOL. IX.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A PORTRAIT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
PLATE THE SECOND.—MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—MORNING DRESSES AND MILLINERY.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—MORNING DRESSES AND MILLINERY.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—WEDDING AND EVENING DRESSES.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

With the present number of "*The World of Fashion*" we present our numerous and distinguished readers with a splendidly engraved Portrait of *Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester*, being the third of a Series of Portraits of the ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND, in the course of publication in this magazine. It is presumed that the engraving now submitted to our subscribers, will not be considered inferior to those fine illustrations, the Portraits of the *Princess Victoria*, and the *Princess Augusta*, which have already been published in this series, and which have been honoured with the approval and encomiums of persons of the highest taste and distinction. And we also trust, that in thus presenting those superior engravings, in addition to our usual embellishments, we have fully redeemed our pledge of rendering "*THE WORLD OF FASHION*," the most elegant, as well as the cheapest, and the best Ladies' Magazine; and, as such, worthy of a permanent estimation in the drawing room, and the boudoir.

Of the amiable and unassuming character of the royal lady whose portrait is our present embellishment, little need be said. In the retirement of life, her royal highness enjoys its purest gratifications, endeared to her illustrious family, and to a large circle of friends,

"There all the sprightly powers of wit,

In blithe assemblage play;
There every social virtue sheds,
Its intellectual ray.

But as the suns refulgent light,
Heav'n's wide expanse refines,
With sovereign lustre through the soul,
Celestial sweetness shines."

LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

— All pomp and pageantry,
The blaze of diamonds, and the feathered crown,
VOL. IX.

Or coronet, that tops young beauty's brow,
With gold and gems, and costly jewelled robes;
All these become the halls of regal state,
Where Princes sit supreme.

Drawing Rooms and Levees, have not been the only scenes wherein THEIR MAJESTIES have appeared during the month of June, as will appear from the following diary of interesting and important events. On the 5th ult. being the Anniversary of the birth of his royal highness the Duke of CUMBERLAND, a grand dinner was given by the Duke and Duchess, at Kew, to THEIR MAJESTIES and a large party of the nobility, gentry and foreign ministers. On the ensuing day, the KING arrived in town for the purpose of holding his accustomed *Levee*. He was received by Sir ANDREW BARNARD, who was in waiting: and at two o'clock he held a Court, when Lord PALMERSTON received the investiture of the Grand Cross of the Bath. Prince ADELBERT of Prussia afterwards had an audience, when his majesty was graciously pleased to invest his highness with the insignia of the Guelphic order. His MAJESTY then held his *Levee*, which was very numerously attended, and at its conclusion, his MAJESTY immediately proceeded to his carriage, which was in waiting, and returned to Windsor Castle.

On Sunday the 10th, two regiments of guards, then on duty in the quadrangle of the Castle, were inspected by his Majesty, who afterwards proceeded to St. George's Chapel, attended by many noble personages who had been present at the inspection; when Divine Service was performed by Mr. Gore, and the Dean of Windsor. Earl HOWE arrived in the course of the day upon a visit. In the afternoon, the royal party drove to Virginia Water, and afterwards drank tea in the Waterloo Gallery, the bands of the regiments, in full uniform, being stationed at each extremity, and playing various pieces of music during the repast. The royal party then proceeded to the grand drawing room, where the remainder of the evening was passed; the Queen's band being stationed in the music room adjoining.

On Tuesday the 12th, about eleven o'clock, their Majesties accompanied by their visitors and suite, left the Castle to

witness the festival of the *Eton Montem*. This was one of the most animated celebrations that had been witnessed for many years. By eight o'clock in the morning, the gaities had commenced, by merry parties proceeding towards the scene of festival; soon after nine, the boys began to muster in the quadrangle of the college, and before ten, the streets were thronged with gay equipages, bearing their relatives and friends, anxious to be present at the ceremonies. A guard of honour was drawn up in the yard, and two military bands were stationed at either end. At twelve o'clock THEIR MAJESTIES, accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and attended by Lord and Lady Howe, &c. arrived in three carriages. The procession, after parading before THEIR MAJESTIES, proceeded in military order, with banners flying, accompanied by the bands of the Life Guards and Scotch Fusiliers, to Salt hill. The order of the procession, was well preserved throughout, and about two o'clock, they reached the principal seat of action, Salt-hill, where the usual waving of the flag took place in the presence of THEIR MAJESTIES, who seemed highly delighted with the scene.

Wednesday 12th. London was again honoured by the arrival of HIS MAJESTY, who came to town for the purpose of holding his *Levee*, which was again numerously attended. Baron FALCK, the Netherlands Ambassador, and Prince TALLEYRAND, were introduced to his Majesty, by Lord PALMERSTONE, preparatory to their temporary absence from this country. HIS MAJESTY was pleased to compliment the Prince upon his healthy appearance, and to express his royal acknowledgment of the honourable and gentlemanly manner in which the Prince had fulfilled the duties of Ambassador from the French Court. HIS MAJESTY seemed in the enjoyment of the best health, but in very low spirits. The QUEEN arrived in the course of the afternoon; and, in the evening, THEIR MAJESTIES were sumptuously entertained at a dinner party, given at Gloucester House, by the royal owners thereof, the Duke and Duchess.

Thursday 13th. The Queen's Drawing Room was held, but which, either from the heat of the weather, or some other cause, had a very languid appearance. The Duchess of KENT came, as usual, in state, attended by Lady CHARLOTTE ST. MAUR, and Sir JOHN CONROY, and escorted by a party of the Life Guards. His royal highness the Duke of GLOUCESTER, also proceeded to the Drawing Room in state. The whole of the arrangements were of the usual able nature; the gentlemen pensioners lined the Presence Chamber and Picture Gallery, while the Grand Chamber was attended by the Yeoman Guard. Two Life Guardsmen were stationed upon the Grand Staircase. THEIR MAJESTIES entered the State Rooms about two o'clock, and the receptions then commenced.

The QUEEN was splendidly attired, her dress being of elegantly embroidered silver, over white satin, the body handsomely trimmed with blonde and diamonds; a rich white satin train, brocaded in silver, with a superb silver border. Head-dress, feathers, and diadem of diamonds, with necklace and ear-rings to correspond.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT, wore an elegant silver lama dress over white satin, the body handsomely trimmed with blonde and diamonds; the train of beautiful pink terry velvet, lined with white satin and richly bordered with silver. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

We were much gratified by the appearance of a great portion of the dresses, which were made of *British Manu-*

factures, and evidently from their superior delicacy, and the purity of taste displayed therein, were made by *British Dress-Makers*. We trust that our noble countrywomen are now perfectly convinced of the utter incapacity of *foreigners* to fashion robes suited to their surpassing beauty. In the evening, a splendid dinner party was entertained by THEIR MAJESTIES, in the Banqueting Room.

On the ensuing day, the KING took a ride as far as Richmond, and was much gratified by the scenery adjacent to that resplendant village. HER MAJESTY left town for Windsor in the morning, but returned to St. James's in the evening, for the purpose of holding a *Grand Ball*, which was numerously and brilliantly attended. Pleasure and Happiness seemed to be the presiding deities of the festival; and the young and lovely tripped "on the light fantastic toe," with the most admirable hilarity. The whole Suite of state rooms were thrown open upon the occasion. In the course of the evening, the KING was desirous of the introduction of the popular Polish Mazurka, which was immediately danced; the principal partners being Prince ADELBERT, and Miss CAMPBELL.

THE COURT AT ASCOT.—VIOLENT ATTACK UPON THE KING.—There has not, perhaps, been a greater assemblage of fashionable people for many years past, at any popular festivity, than that which constituted the circle surrounding their Majesties upon the race-grounds at Ascot; and we regret that the splendour and happiness of that week was sullied and destroyed by the misguided fury of a lunatic, who, actuated by an imaginary sense of wrong, threw a destructive missile at his Majesty, which had almost proved fatal in its effect. The arrangements made at Ascot for the reception of the Royal party were similar to those of previous years, and we cannot but compliment the Earl of LITCHFIELD upon the admirable order and regularity with which they were conducted. Shortly before one o'clock on Tuesday, the Royal procession was seen advancing up the course, the Earl of LITCHFIELD leading the cavalcade. Then followed the principal object of attention, an open landau, containing THEIR MAJESTIES, who were attended by the Duchess of RICHMOND, and Lady BROWNLOW. Six other Royal carriages followed. As soon as the appearance was made known to the vast assemblage, a simultaneous burst of welcome was borne upon the wind, to the Royal ears as the cavalcade proceeded to its destination. THEIR MAJESTIES looked in good health, but there was a saddened expression upon the QUEEN's countenance, not at all in accordance with the spirit of hilarity that pervaded the scene. On reaching the Grand Stand, their Majesties alighted, and in a few minutes appeared at the window, when they were enthusiastically cheered by the assembled multitude. The racing then commenced, and both the KING and QUEEN appeared delighted by the animated contest between *Ida* and *Brother to Interpreter*, for the opening match of fifty sovereigns (won by the former) and at its conclusion they were engaged in conversation upon the subject, when a fellow, in the garb of a sailor, with a wooden leg of the most rude construction, and of the very lowest and most ruffianly grade, suddenly flung a flint-stone directly at the KING, which, unfortunately, hit his Majesty upon the forehead, just above the rim of his hat, which providentially happened to be on at the time. The KING, either stunned, or astonished at the strange and treasonous occurrence, fell back two or three paces, and exclaimed "My God—I am hit!" At the same instant another stone was thrown by the same ruffianly hand, which, however, merely struck

the window frame, and then fell to the ground. The villain was instantly seized by a gallant naval officer who witnessed the transaction, Captain Smith, and the assistance of the police being obtained, he was taken before the sitting magistrates. He said his name was Denis Collins, and that he was a discharged Greenwich pensioner, excited to the treasonous action by the supposed indifference of his Majesty to a petition which he had forwarded to him. He is supposed to be insane, from the effect of a wound upon his head, from a fall.

Immediately that the blow was struck, Lord F. Fitzclarence, taking the King by the hand, led him to a chair, inquiring if he were injured. His Majesty soon taking off his hat, and placing his hand on the spot where the blow had fallen, declared with a smile that he was unhurt. The first surprise being over, his Majesty received the congratulations of the Queen and those by whom he was surrounded, while the Countess of Errol, his daughter, burst into an agony of tears, and could with difficulty be persuaded that there was no further danger to be apprehended.

His MAJESTY soon afterwards appeared at the window of the stand, when he was enthusiastically cheered by the people. At six o'clock, the Royal party proceeded to Windsor Castle. Their MAJESTIES did not attend the race course on the ensuing day. In the evening, Lord GREY, in the House of Lords, and Lord ALTHORPE, in the Commons, moved an Address to the King, "expressing horror and indignation at the late atrocious and treasonable attempt upon his Majesty, and their heartfelt congratulations that his Majesty escaped from it without injury," which was carried unanimously.

On Thursday, that being the grand race day, their MAJESTIES again honoured the sports with their presence, and a more numerous congregation of wealth and beauty than that then upon the ground, we never witnessed. The ranges of carriages extended seven deep, and various other vehicles were interspersed profusely upon the scene. The Royal party arrived at one o'clock; and both their Majesties appeared in the best possible health and spirits, and were evidently delighted with their enthusiastic reception. The QUEEN, indeed, seemed affected even to tears. The morning was very fine, and the gay looks of the beautiful women, and their apparel shining in the sunbeams, all contributed to the hilarity of the day; but suddenly the sky became overcast, a smart shower drove all the fair creatures into their carriages; and the thick and heavy clouds that rolled along the sky continually discharging rain, and that in profusion, completely destroyed the pleasures. Those that could not regain their carriages, took shelter in the tents, &c., but the rain still poured down, and silks and satins were spoiled, while the feathers and flowers all bore evidence of the destructive nature of the element. The scene, thus shorn of all its attractions, became barren and dreary, and the racecourse off very languidly. During the afternoon, a gypsy woman appeared before the Royal Stand, and besought alms. The KING threw a sovereign towards her; but the mob, mistaking his Majesty's intention, scrambled for its possession. The KING, however, immediately sent five pounds to the poor woman, by one of his attendants. The Royal Party returned to Windsor Castle at seven o'clock.

On Monday the 25th, his Majesty was splendidly entertained by the Duke of Somerset, at Wimbledon Park: on the following day, a Review was held in Hyde Park, which His Majesty attended, and on Wednesday 27th, the presentation of the Address from Parliament was made with great splendour.

It will thus be seen, that the month of June has been an

important one in the life of their Majesties; and we are convinced that every one of our readers will rejoice with us at the providential escape of the KING from the attack that was made upon his Majesty at Ascot.

ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

"Eye Fashion's walks—shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

"Come hither, Andrew—tell me what the world says."

CONGRÈVE.

THE SEASON.—The London season, *par excellence*, is progressing in a very animated, and indeed brilliant manner; the parties of *ton* are not confined to in-door amusements, but *déjeuners*, water-parties, &c. have already commenced, and many others are announced, which, from the character that has been obtained by their noble hosts, are expected to possess the most eminent attractions. Last year, the out-of-door festivities of fashionable circles were particularly imposing. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE's, at *Chiswick*, the Duchess of ST. ALBANS' at *Holly Lodge*; Lady LONDON-DERRY's, at her *bijou*, *Rose Bank*; the Duchess of BEDFORD's, at *Campden Hill*, all partook of that high and important character, which the entertainments of the leaders of our host have gained. We like to see the great and beautiful thus emerging as it were from a veil, and stepping forward upon the parterre of actual life, throwing aside the curtain of domesticity, and coming with all their varied and rare attractions before the face of Nature herself, openly asserting and evidencing their right to the high consideration of their fellow-beings. It is joyous, it is happy, to behold the creatures of life and light, the children of grace and beauty, giving their attractions to the face and airs of heaven, and gambolling like elfin sprites among the fairy fascinations of art-improved Nature, realizing thereby more than the Arcadian dreams of poetry. How gratefully does the imagination dwell upon these resplendent scenes, and how are our thoughts carried back, as a contemporary observes, to some of the festivities that have transpired on some of the loveliest spots of Richmond, Harrow, Kilburn, Hampstead, Highgate, Wanstead, Charlton, Putney, Roehampton, Fulham, &c. &c. with their close-avenue lawns—their American clumps and shrubberies—their Swiss cottages and Dutch fairs—their conservatories and fountains—and, above all, the shrubberies inlaid with lilacs, laburnums and gueldres-rees—enamelled with the iris in its court suit of regal purple velvet, the golden globe-flower, pinks and gilly-flowers, and an endless variety of blossoms, rivalling the many-hued splendours of the animated tulip-bed glowing beside them. A parterre of waving plumes—pink, lilac, and blue—relieved by many a green parasol of gauzy veils and gossamer robes, seems to brighten a landscape worthy the pencil of BOUCHER; and we have RUBENS's *Garden of Love* embodied around us, wanting only a few truant Cupids, and a rod of dove's feathers for their chastisement.

ALMACK'S.—The splendid festivities at Almack's have gone off with the utmost spirit; some of the most eminent of the stars of fashion have there been the admired during the month, and the Ladies RUSSELL, KENNEDY, JENKINSON, LASCELLES, M. PRIMROSE; the charming Miss ANSON, and those beautiful women, the Misses DRUMMOND, BAGOT,

MONTAGUE, SEYMOUR, HOPE, BRANDLING, STANHOPE, WILLOUGHBY, &c. have appeared in more than usual attractions. One evening we were witnesses of a most unfortunate occurrence, and which must have been particularly unpleasant at the time to the parties concerned. Little T—, one of the most enthusiastic of our dandy gallopaders, as he was gliding along the smooth boards, and displaying his accustomed agility, lost his balance, and not only measured his length upon the ground, but absolutely dragged his fair partner after him! On the same evening, another incident of this nature occurred; a lady then being the stumbling party, Miss —, whose wild and fairy looking tresses, floating upon ether, as she glides through the fantastic mazes of the dance, has been always admired. One of the most animated quadrilles that we have seen for some time, was danced on Wednesday 13th, by the following distinguished individuals:

Lord Sandwich	- - -	Miss Maynard
Marquis of Abercorn	- - -	Miss Willoughby
Lord Selkirk	- - -	Lady H. Primrose
Lord Marcus Hill	- - -	Lady Russell
Lord Thomas Cecil	- - -	Lady M. Paget
Lord Charles Wellesey	- - -	Lady A. Pelham
Count Danniskiohl	- - -	Lady L. Craven
Prince Paul Lieven	- - -	Lady F. Russell.

A STANHOPE.—The street, or the stable, has hitherto been considered the fitting place for the display of a *Stanhope*; but things are altered quite, and we find one publicly exhibiting in a box at a theatre! Play-goers see strange things, and among those we were delighted one evening with the object alluded to, making very extravagant and ludicrous gestures to some congenial spirit in an opposite box, at Mrs. Waylett's establishment! What shall we see next?

QUERY.—Would not a certain dashing ensign of the Grenadiers be less talked of, if he were to "doff the lion's skin" occasionally. By never appearing in *plain clothes*, and always admiring his adored person as he parades the streets, he will obtain some sort of notoriety without doubt.

THE DUDLEY TITLES.—In consequence of the distressing malady wherewith Lord DUDLEY is afflicted, the subject of his lordship's titles, and of their probable destination, has been much talked of in fashionable circles: the following particulars have been submitted to us as perfectly *authentic*—The titles of EARL OF DUDLEY, of *Dudley Castle*, county Stafford, and Viscount EDNAM, of *Ednam*, county Roxburgh, granted to the present Earl in 1827, will become extinct on his Lordship's decease without *issue male*. The title of Viscount DUDLEY and WARD, of *Dudley*, granted in 1763 to the Earl's grandfather, JOHN, sixth Baron WARD, will also expire, in failure of *issue male* of the present Peer. The title of Baron WARD, of Birmingham, county Warwick, granted in 1664 to the Earl's ancestor, HUMBLE WARD, who had married FRANCES SUTTON, Baroness DUDLEY in her own right, will devolve to the Reverend HUMBLE WARD, cousin and heir male to his Lordship.

PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.—Really some attention ought to be paid to *Presentations*. In the published lists we have discovered names of gentlemen *Tailors*, and equally worthy *Apothecaries*, &c.!!

NEW ROYAL ROUTE.—The King has determined upon travelling to and from Windsor by a new route, in consequence of the disloyal behaviour of the people of Hounslow and Brentford. A range of stables is, in consequence, now building upon Sunbury Common, across which his Majesty

will in future pass, and through Hampton, &c., occasionally diversifying the progress, by proceeding over Kingston Bridge, and through Surrey. We are much pleased at the importance the charming little village of Sunbury will thus obtain; it being one of the most interesting and picturesque spots upon the banks of the Thames, and where we have, personally, passed some of our happiest hours. There is a beautiful road by the side of the river, adorned with elegant mansions (Derby House, Wyndham House, the residence and conservatory of — Collinridge, Esq.) which, with the adjacent scenery, constitute one of the most charming spots that the contemplative and reflecting can dwell upon.

ROYAL JESTING.—At one of the King's banquets, his Majesty desired the band of the Life Guards that were in attendance, to play the national air, "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!*" when one of the Princesses stepped up to the leader, and, jestingly, desired him to play it as a *jig*. The command of her Royal Highness was immediately obeyed, and the patriotic tune, accordingly, cut up into a jig! His Majesty gazed upon the band in amazement:—"What are you about?" exclaimed he: "Stop—stop—that is a very excellent tune, but it is a shame to play it in that manner!" The joke was explained to his Majesty, and, of course, the utmost humour prevailed.

BAZAAR IN THE REGENT'S PARK.—The Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear had a splendid Ladies' Bazaar and Fête Champetre in aid of its funds in Mr. Jenkins's Grounds on the 12th 13th and 14th of June, at which the assemblage of distinguished and fashionable personages was greater than we ever remember to have witnessed on any occasion of a like nature. Although this must doubtless be attributed in a great measure to the influence of the illustrious individuals by whom this excellent charity is patronized, yet we are also willing to consider it not a little owing to the sympathy which has been so generally felt in the humane and benevolent objects of the Institution. In a few words these objects are—to afford relief to *all* who apply labouring under diseases of the Ear, and also for the cure of the Deaf and Dumb. With the latter, the purpose of the present Bazaar, more particularly connects itself, which is, to endeavour to raise a sum, sufficient to enable the Governors to enlarge the building of the Dispensary, that they may have accommodation *in-doors* for deaf and dumb infants, and where they may daily receive all those benefits from professional care and skill, which can seldom be more than partially effective, except when under the immediate eye of the medical adviser. And that such a charity should have such supporters, we do not wonder. We must briefly mention some of the attractions of the Bazaar. There were the Ordnance Tent and Marquees, with their magnificent flags, the bands of the Blues, Life and Grenadier Guards, the Singers from the German Opera, Mr Fischer, the Bohemian Vocalist, Calkin's Pandean, and Weippert's Quadrille Bands, &c. &c. The stalls of some of the Ladies were particularly attractive, and we are not invidious when we say, that those of the Duchess of Buccleuch, Countesses of Essex and MEXBOROUGH, Lady Caroline Dundas, and Lady Grey, were of the most tasteful and beautiful description. So that when we look at the distinguished patronage of the institution, the benevolence of its views, the delightful situation of the Grounds, and the musical and other *agréments*, we see what it was that rendered this positively the most fashionable and popular Charity Bazaar, held this season, and well it deserved to be so.

It is said that *Kew Palace* has been appointed as a residence by their Majesties.

THE DEVONSHIRE FETE.—On the night of this splendid entertainment, considerable difficulty was experienced by the distinguished guests in obtaining their carriages. One nobleman and his lady, proceeding towards Bond-street on foot, were watched by a thief, who availing himself of an opportunity, snatched at a diamond necklace worn by her ladyship, worth six hundred guineas, which he succeeded in obtaining, and then made his escape in the crowd.

BARRY CORNWALL'S POETRY.—This distinguished lyricist has published a volume of poetry, replete with feeling and beauty. Some of the sweetest possible gems are interspersed throughout, from which we are tempted to make the following extract for the interest of our readers.

CONSTANCY.

"I would I were the bold March wind,
The merry, boisterous, bold March wind,
Who in the violet's tender eyes
Casts a kiss, and forward flies.
Yet, no! No slight to thee!
O Constancy! O Constancy!

I would I were the soft west wind,
The wandering, sighing, soft west wind,
Who fondles round the hyacinth bells,
Then takes wing—as story tells.
Yet, no! No slight to thee!
O Constancy! O Constancy!

No: rather will I be the breeze
That blows straight on in Indian seas;
Or scents, which, in the rose's heart,
Live and love, and ne'er depart.
Love, Love, for ay to thee!
O Constancy! O Constancy!"

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

During the last two years our dramatists and romance writers emulate each other in presenting to the public the most horrible and disgusting pictures of vice. One would be almost tempted to say that they had invented new crimes; at least it is certain, that they have presented crime under forms till now unknown. They have besides a strong propensity to the horrible. A new work has just appeared of this last kind, the title is *Le Mutité*, which is said to contain scenes at once the most touching and terrific.

Poor Paris! the star of thy destiny seems indeed to be an evil one. After nearly two years of perpetual tumult, disturbance, and distress, heightened latterly by the horrors of a pestilence, which swept away forty thousand of thy inhabitants, just at the moment when peace and security appeared to dawn upon thee, new horrors overwhelm thee! this is not a fancy picture. About a fortnight before the funeral of General Lamarque, the cholera had almost entirely ceased, the weather became fine, trade was reviving, the Parisians appeared to be fast resuming their old habits of gaiety, the promenades of the Tuileries, and of the *Bois de Boulogne* presented a brilliant assemblage of company. The theatres began to fill; the Opera in particular, shone forth with all its former splendour. Now all is silence, gloom, and desolation. We question whether even in the reign of terror, Paris presented such a *triste* spectacle as it affords at present.

A frightful suicide has just taken place in Paris; a young lady of dazzling beauty, and very elegantly dressed, entered one of the cabinets in the *Champs Elysées*. In an instant afterwards, the report of a pistol was heard, the promenaders ran to the cabinet, and a horrible spectacle presented itself to their eyes; the unfortunate woman had fired in her mouth, and the ball passed through the back of her head, causing instant death, but without disfiguring her. Before consummating this act of despair, she had hung upon a peg in the cabinet, her reticule, and her shawl. On searching the former a will was found in it, which proved that she was in possession of an easy fortune. She assigned no motive for the commission of suicide.

A savage of the tribe of the Charruas, from the Rio de la Plata, has been recently brought by a French vessel to Toulon, and from thence to Paris, where he has been presented to the minister of Marine. This young cannibal, now in his twentieth year, speaks a little Spanish, by the help of which he has contrived to inform the crew of the vessel, that he has already killed and eaten ten white men. He was at last taken prisoner at Monte Video, and seems to feel more regret for the opportunity he has lost of eating Europeans, than for his liberty. He very gravely assured a young sailor of a fresh and healthy appearance, that he would be delicate eating.

An actor, who was lately hissed at one of the Minor Theatres, said loud enough to be heard, as he was going off the stage, darting at the same time a furious look at the audience, "Pigs, that you are!" The pit was instantly up in arms, there was a general explosion, and the actor, though repeatedly summoned to apologize to the public, could not be found: in fact he had actually ran away. The next night he had to perform, and it was impossible for him to appear before he had begged pardon, which he did in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I have called you pigs, it is very true; I owe you an apology, and I am very sorry for it."

In France, or at least in Paris, a clock was formerly an heirloom: now there is no piece of furniture, the fashion of which changes so often. Last year the most fashionable were of gilt bronze, with subjects either classic or fanciful. These are now considered quite Gothic. A square stand, surmounted with a vase, with an urn, or very often with a simple handle only, is considered proper for a small apartment. We shall describe one of the plainest sort, but of an uncommon kind, which is calculated for a library or an office. It is of black marble, the hours are marked in dead plated bronze in relief, and upon the stand, which is a long square, is placed a *Venus accroupie*, also in dead plated bronze.

A pretty little piece of furniture, with a most appropriate name, is destined for an antichamber. In an opening, something similar to a letter-box at the post-office, you can put letters as you receive them. Underneath is a kind of drawer, containing paper, and every other necessary for writing.

MUSIC.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

The musical doings of the month have been few, and these not very important in their character; the whole of the public attention being engrossed upon the French and German operas at the King's Theatre. There have been a few concerts, KJALLMARK'S, ELIASON'S, &c., in the former of which, Miss TUNSTALL supplied the place of Miss INVARIABLE,

absent from indisposition : in the latter, the whole of the musical talents appeared. NOURBIT, TAMBURINI, HAJTZINGER, PELLEGRINI, Mad. SCHROEDER DEVRIENT, Mad. SCHNEIDER, &c. These admirable vocalists executed some of the favourite pieces of the best masters, with all the powers for which they are celebrated, and were deservedly applauded; while ELIASON himself, Mrs. ANDERSON, FIELD, &c. performed in the instrumental music, with the most admirable and finished effect.

TWELFTH ANCIENT CONCERT.—This was the last of the series, and a very dull and miserable affair it was; nothing but old music, poor singers, and these in bad voice. The *Dead March in Saul*, was the liveliest affair of the whole! *Alexis* the greatest novelty! These, with some Psalms, Concertos, &c., constituted the entertainment, which was under the direction of the *Archbishop of York*. Really, such a tasteless selection does not induce much estimation of the Ancient Concerts; and for the concluding performance, too, when the public opinion should be excited in favour of the next series, it cannot but be regretted. KNYVETT's glee, "*There is a bloom*," and a chorus from HAYDN's *Judah*, "*Father we adore thee*," were the only commendable things in the concert, which, as they were remarkably well-performed, were received with great approbation.

In the absence of any other musical novelties, we may advert to the publication of MOZART's "*Masses*," arranged for voices, with piano-forte or organ accompaniment by V. NOVELLO, and recommend them to the attention of our readers. Cathedral music has been sadly neglected of late years; and it requires some clever man to introduce it to public attention in a popular form. This, we think, has been accomplished by the musician whose work we have just looked over, and which, we think, is calculated not only to render the works of MOZART more familiar than they really are, but also to make this description of music popular. That the progress of the Fine Arts was suspended by the Reformation, is well known, and to that circumstance has been ascribed their present apparent decline. We rejoice in Protestantism as being a step forward in the advancement of mankind; but we cannot help regretting that the Fine Arts should have sunk with the religious errors which it destroyed. Such remnants of music, painting, and sculpture, as were not classed amongst the pomps and vanities of the world, the new church retained; but even these remnants are served up and administered with much carelessness, notwithstanding ample and munificent funds are, or ought to be, devoted for their production. Judging from the evidences which our church performances of music afford, we do not believe that these funds are applied to their destined purpose. To hear well-performed sacred music, we must betake ourselves from the Protestant to the Catholic establishment. The voices of our choirs are all out of tune and out of time, and all unharmonized. The choir of the Catholic still retains its musical proprieties. MOZART's *Masses* are arranged fully and scientifically by NOVELLO. The accompaniments, like all MOZART's accompaniments, embody the whole flow of the melody, and are very effective in some cases even without the voice. With the four voices these compositions afford delightful pastime either with the piano-forte or organ, and a knowledge of them is quite requisite towards forming a fair appreciation of the great variety and extent of the genius of their extraordinary artist, and as such, we trust they will obtain popularity.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"I will make a brief of it in my note-book."

Pretty Star of the Night. Words by MONCRIEFF. Music by Mrs. WAYLETT. A charming soul-subduing melody: and which, as sung by the fair composer at the Strand theatre, has enraptured many a heart. There is a want of originality in some of the passages, but this is but a trifling alloy to the general merit of the composition.

Sterne's Maria. By V. NOVELLO. A very tasteful adaptation of an old English air.

You told me once my smile had power. Ballad by T. M. COOMBS. Very mediocre and nonsensical. Mr. C. had better betake himself to other pursuits.

The Chevalier Neukomm's Songs. The Chevalier Neukomm has been much be-puffed, but his talents, although ambitious, have no claim upon any thing beyond respectability. He was a pupil of Haydn, and fancies himself equal to that master. Let him fancy himself so, no one of any musical pretensions can go with him in that opinion. In these songs we have some few fine passages, but there are also an abundance of imitations of Handel and Haydn, which, like all other imitations, are worthless.

Piece de Concert pour le Piano-forte. Par LEOPOLDINE BLAHETKA. We had occasion in our last number to speak in favourable terms of Mlle. Blahetka's performance upon the piano-forte, and here is a production that convinces us that she is a woman of genius. Her *Piece de Concert* is a very skilful and admirable composition.

Scotch Fisherman's Widow. By Mrs. PHILIP MILLAU. The composer of "Alice Gray" has attempted another ballad, but in which she has failed. We regret to say that there is scarcely one redeeming passage in her present production.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE.

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Blashes and Bridals seem here to be."—L. E. L.

Again are we called upon to chronicle the sun-bright celebrations of the merry month of June. With the most perfect of such feelings, we give place in our fashionable tablets, to the honoured names of the Right Hon. Lord CARDROSS, son of the Right Hon. the Earl of BUCHAN, and JANE, the lovely daughter of ARCHIBALD TORRY, Esq., of Gorgie. CHARLOTTE ELIZA, youngest daughter of the late JACOB BOSANQUET, Esq., of Broxbourne-bury, Herts, to the gallant Lieut. CHARLES JOHN BOSANQUET, R.N., son of SAMUEL BOSANQUET, Esq., of Dingestow Court, Monmouthshire.

"Touch them gently, Time!

Let them glide adown thy stream

Gently—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream!"

Other matrimonial events have been solemnized, between EMMA, daughter of the late S. NORMAN, Esq., of Bromley Common, and Captain HENRY BOWDEN, of the Scots Fusiliers.—MARY, eldest daughter of G. ARBUTHNOT, Esq., of Elderslie Lodge, and JOHN A. ARBUTHNOT, Esq., son of the late Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT, Bart.—And at the Chapel of the British Ambassador at Paris, between the lovely ISABELLA ROSA JEPHSON, and THOMAS KELLY, Esq., of Armagh.

A most important union has also just transpired. The Right Hon. Lord MONSON having led to the hymeneal altar, the young and elegant Miss BLACKER. Circumstances connected with the previous engagement of this young nobleman, are already familiar to our readers; and we need not, therefore, enter into any of the particulars. It will suffice to say, that the new-married couple were united at St. James's Church; and at five o'clock in the afternoon, they quitted Carlton Gardens, for the seat of his Lordship, Gattton Park.

Among the projected unions that are talked of in fashionable circles, that between the gallant Captain R. VYNER, and the Hon. Miss MARY ROBINSON, one of Lord GRANTHAM's fair daughters, is most likely to transpire forthwith.

The darker occurrences of the month, and which alike claim our attention, are rendered important by the deaths of some eminent personages; amongst whose names are those of Lord ELDIN, who expired at Edinburgh, in the 75th year of his age; of the celebrated JEREMY BENTHAM; and of the unfortunate Lady MARGARET JEMIMA FERROTT, who once moved in the highest circles, and whose arduous exertions for her family have ever claimed admiration. At Hertford, ANN, the only daughter of the late Right Hon. THOMAS DIMSDALE, who was created a *Baron of the Russian Empire*, and a Privy Counsellor of State, by the *Empress Catherine*.

THE DRAMA.

"Now let us turn to those endazzling halls,
Where mimic tones of sorrow and of shame,
Are mingled with the lighter sound of mirth,
The thrills of minstrelsy and syren song."

THE FRENCH OPERA.—The opera of *Robert le Diable*, as composed by MEYERBEER, has at length been produced under the direction of the master himself, and with a degree of success which may be observed by the panegyrics of the diurnal and hebdomadal press. We will not say that we are surprised at these laudations, because nine-tenths of the critics know nothing of what they write about, and it is quite natural that they should have fallen into the snare which had been cunningly laid for them. Some persons of influence patronized MEYERBEER and his *diable*, and they have been fortunate enough to secure the opinions of the press; thus the opera has been successful; the newspapers teemed with eulogies, and every body, of course, go to see that which is praised in such unmeasured terms. Of all the criticisms that we have met with, the truest is in a publication with which we do not at present happen to be very friendly; but our admiration cannot be restrained by enmity, foes as well as friends receive justice at our hands, and we will say that the criticism alluded to is the most honest that has appeared upon MEYERBEER and his work. *Robert le Diable* is a direct attempt at the style of WEBER; it is not an imitation of that opera, but is the endeavour of a man of talent to produce something equal to it, a startling effect by a similarity of means. Thus while the opera is saved from being considered a direct plagiarism, it still has no pretensions to originality. Our readers are acquainted with its plot from the English versions that have been produced at our theatres, and which, with the due allowances for haste, and the unavoidable incorrectness of some of the music, we have no hesitation in pro-

nouncing equal to the performance which we are now called upon to notice. In one portion, and that no unimportant one, we prefer the English version, we mean the revivification of the nuns, which is here rendered most absurd. The Drury Lane scene was gross, but there was a great deal of characteristic effect imparted to it, while Covent Garden presented a fine and even *classical* display of grandeur, before the recollection of which, the scene at the King's theatre sinks into nothingness. Of the music we have now to speak, and while we prefer it certainly to the *Crociato* of the same composer, we do not think it worthier of higher classification. There are few originalities in the composition, and a very small proportion of pure and liquid melodies; the attempts at grandeur are but the aspirations of an ambitious man, who has frequently overshot his mark, and as frequently fallen very far short of it. There is no overture; the introductory music being a mere symphony to the opening, in C minor, for the purpose, we imagine, of explaining the arrival of the demon, as the curtain rises to a very different movement, and a groupe of knights are discovered in glad merriment. The two first acts proceed languidly, the compositions being nothing beyond the usual frippery of the French school; the concerted piece at the conclusion of the second act is the most inferior music that we have heard from even a modern artist. The third act is of a similar character, redeemed only by a clever composition in B minor, executed by *Bertram* and the *Demons*. The two last acts are of higher merit, but even these are incomparable with the soul-thrilling harmony of the departed WEBER. As a whole, *Robert le Diable* is a creditable and clever opera, but, strictly speaking, a second rate one; its popularity must be short lived, and with the departure of NOURRIT and CINTI DAMOREAU, we expect it will take flight from the metropolis never to return again. Madame CINTI sang very delightfully, and in the cavatina, *Robert, toi que j'aime*, she perfectly electrified the audience. NOURRIT is a good tenor voice, but he is not equal to DONZELLI RUBINI, or any other of the great Italian singers. DAMOREAU and LEVASSEUR gave the duet, *Ah! l'honnête homme*, with richness and spirit. Madame MEXIC also sang in a very able manner. The choruses are worthy of our commendation.

THE GERMAN OPERAS.—BERTHOVEN'S *Fidelio* has been produced, but with nothing like the success that attended the *Freyeschutz*. Madame SCHROEDER DEVRIENT is the principal attraction, and she is really a powerful one: he must be insensitive to harmony who could not enjoy, with rapture, so perfect and exquisite a performance.

THE ENGLISH THEATRES.—And now, having disposed of foreign establishments, let us turn to our national ones. Drury Lane and Covent Garden have respectively closed their performances; the former after a disastrous season, and the latter almost in a similar situation, Mr. KNOWLES'S *Hunchback* alone having been its salvation. "We are very unfortunate," say our managers, shrugging their shoulders, and in a tone of despair, "the drama is in its declension, and not all the exertions of man can keep it back." Really, those individuals who thus deceive themselves, must be mole-blind; how could Captain POLHILL else, for instance, imagine it possible to gain either fame or fortune by the production of such pieces as he introduced to us during the season which has just concluded? We have drawn up a list of these *novelties*, which we now submit to our readers:—

1. *Dominique*, Drama, 2 acts: KENNEY and POOLE.
2. *Hyder Ali, or the Lions of Mysore*, Spectacle.

3. *The Love Charm*, Opera, 2 acts: PLANCHE.
4. *The Bride of Ludgate*, Drama, 2 acts; JERROLD.
5. *Lords and Commons*, Comedy, 5 acts: Mrs. C. GORE.
6. *Harlequin and Little Thumb*, Christmas Pantomime.
7. *My own Lover*, Musical Drama, 3 acts: RODWELL.
8. *The Rent-Day*, Drama, 2 acts: JERROLD.
9. *The Self-Tormentor*, Farce, 2 acts: KENNEY.
10. *The Demon*, Opera, 3 acts: BRAZELY.
11. *The Alchemist*, Opera, 3 acts: BAILY and FITZBALL.
12. *The Compact*, Play, 3 acts: PLANCHE.
13. *The Magic Car*, Easter-piece: REYNOLDS.
14. *The Merchant of London*, Play, 5 acts: SERLE.
15. *The Tyrolese Peasant*, Opera, 2 acts: H. PAYNE.

After all these fine things, the theatre closed for the season, of course it was a disastrous season, but Mr. WALLACK, nevertheless, in delivering the farewell address, expressed "the heartfelt gratitude of the lessee," for the heavy losses which he has experienced we suppose, and his "proud sense"—of the want of patronage, which compelled him to close his doors a month before the usual time! A contemporary has justly observed, that there is something irresistibly comical in thus returning thanks for a bad season, because it had been the custom to do so for a good one! It is something like a school-boy, who having had it forcibly impressed upon him that he is never to receive any thing without saying thank you," has a box on the ear given him by a bigger boy, and says, "thank you for nothing." To our thinking it would have been better, either to have dropped the custom altogether, or to have frankly acknowledged the loss sustained, and put it to the public good feeling to support the house better next season, promising at the same time, that such support should be better deserved.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. MORRIS has commenced his summer season by playing tragedies almost every night. We endured two of these enormities, for the purpose of seeing the shade of Mr. KEAN, (for that once actor is now nothing but the shadow of himself.) *Othello*, and *King Lear*, were the pieces we witnessed, and when we say that we never wish to see them again at the Haymarket theatre, we have probably said enough for our readers. Such acting, such mouthing, such attitudinizing, as were displayed by the divers gentlemen of the company, would have certainly frightened away Mr. KEAN when he was in the hey-day of his glory; but he is now a fallen star, and any company seems to be endured. Does Mr. COOPER forget that he is not playing at Drury Lane? Why will he speak so loud? Miss SMITHSON is an actress of the highest tragic abilities; it was delightful to turn from the rant and bombast of the underlings by whom she was surrounded, to the sweet poetry which was as sweetly delivered by this legitimate daughter of the tragic muse. *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* has been revived, Mr. COOPER playing *Leon*, and Mrs. GLOVER *Elifania*. The comedy should have been entitled, Mr. COOPER and Mrs. GLOVER amusing themselves; for those performers, finding all their companions "dull as the rank weed on Lethe's side," kept up a game throughout the night, while their astonished brethren and sisterhood gazed in superlative wonderment at what was passing: it was really droll to see the rogues. We are unable to mention the names of the gentlemen and ladies, having unfortunately mislaid the play-bill; therefore for the present they must remain unknown to fame, or at least to that fame which is constituted by the admiration of the fashionable world, of which we have the honour to be the oracle.

A farce called *The Boarder* has been produced; the weight of which lies upon the shoulders of WILLIAM FARREN, who endures it without a sigh. Before this notice meets our readers the farce will, in all probability, be no more, we shall not, therefore, say another word about it. *The Wolf and the Lamb* is another novelty, and just such another.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.—The ladies are the attraction after all: female management is the most successful. Mrs. WAYLETT has crowded houses every night, and deservedly, for her actors are clever, her plays are interesting, and there is a degree of comfort, moreover, in her boxes, that we experience in no other theatre in the metropolis. *Midas*, *The Four Sisters*, *Damp Beds*, *The Weathercock*, *Best of Husbands*, and *Giovanni*, are among a few of the agreeable trifles performed during the month. Another novelty of a very humorous character, called *Wooing a Widow*, or *Love under a Lamp Post*, has been successful. Mrs. WAYLETT's singing is the very perfection of melody; nothing can be more pure, exquisite, and ethereal; it is almost above nature, for nothing in nature can be its parallel. Miss CECILIA CRISP is a lively and spirited girl; and Mr. FORESTER, if he were not careless at times, would be an admirable light comedian. MITCHELL is a good comic actor, and the Misses MATTLEY and DIX two very efficient ladies in the establishment. KEELLY is also engaged. With all these attractions, Mrs. WAYLETT's must be a powerful rival to the Haymarket establishment.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Another female manager! Another dramatic luminary has emerged from the ranks, and assumed the command of a theatrical corps! The charming Mrs. FITZWILLIAM having become lessee of that old acquaintance, *Sadler's Wells*. Every body knows Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, and remarks upon her brilliant talents would be therefore superfluous; it is only necessary for us to say, that she has succeeded in raising this almost forsaken place of amusement into all its pristine greatness, and that it now rivals the principal minor theatres in the metropolis. She has engaged a powerful company, among which are BUCKSTONE, Miss FORDE, &c.; her pieces are light and agreeable, and crowded boxes nightly testify the estimation in which the abilities of the manageress, and her new speculation are held. A very interesting drama called *Eugenie*, ou *La Place du Palais* was the opening piece. The burletta of *The Cabinet Secret*, in which Mrs. FITZWILLIAM plays six different characters has become a great favourite. The talent which Mrs. F. throws into her various assumptions, the *Hon. Augustus*, *Philippa Pry*, and the *Charity Boy*, in particular, being of the very highest and most laughable description. The old *Deborah*, too, is a favourite with us; it is worth a struggle for admission to hear her song, "*When I was young, Ah-ha-ha!*"

The LADIES are requested to peruse the following.
Gentlemen, Loughborough, May 21st, 1832.
I have had several testimonials of the good effects of your invaluable BALM OF COLUMBIA; one young Lady in particular, who had a fine head of hair which fell off from small dandrif or scurf, she was recommended to use your BALM, and after using two six shilling bottles her hair was completely restored, and is as thick and healthy as ever, several others both Ladies and Gentlemen have found it equally beneficial, and almost every case where I have seen it tried it has not only stopped the hair from falling off but has restored it again.

To Messrs. C. and A. Oldridge, I am Gentlemen, yours, &c.
1, Wellington street, Strand, London. W. BUSH.
OLDRIDGE'S BALM prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of Certificates of the first respectability are shown by the Proprietors, C. & A. Oldridge, 1, Wellington street, Strand, where the Balm is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders, price 3s. 6d. 6s. and 11s. per bottle.





M. & P. 1839

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NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1832.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress, the *corsage* is half high, it turns out at the top, in the square shawl stile, and is finished round the back with an embroidered trimming, which stands up in the Elizabeth style. A single flounce headed by a row of embroidery terminates the skirt. An open pelisse of blue *gros de Naples*, lined with white, is worn over the muslin dress, but is much shorter; it is trimmed round with a fancy wreath composed of the material of the dress. The hat is of white *moire*, trimmed with blue gauze ribbons, and a blue ostrich feather. The shawl is white *mousselin de Soie*, figured with blue, and with a blue border.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

It is composed of cinnamon brown *Chaly*. A plain high *corsage* and Amadis sleeves, large pelerine with long ends, cut round in *dents*, which imitate a grecian border. The bonnet is a *bibi* of rose-coloured *moire*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond. *Colerette en ruche* of tulle; the *mentonnieres* correspond.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

It is of lavender *gros de Naples*, spotted with the darkest shade of the same colour. A high *corsage*, a full back and drapery fronts. Round pelerine. The bonnet is of sewed Leghorn straw, trimmed with an ostrich feather, and gauze ribbons to correspond. Plain cambric collar, and neck-knot of gauze ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A jaconot muslin morning dress, with a pelerine *schu* of rich embroidery. A rose-coloured bonnet covered with embroidered tulle, and trimmed with gold-coloured ribbon.

FIG. 2.—A white *moire* hat trimmed with green and white gauze ribbons, and an ornament resembling coral roots.

FIG. 3.—A back view of Fig. 2.

FIG. 4.—A front view of Fig. 1.

PLATE THE THIRD.

FIRST MORNING DRESS.

It is composed of printed *Chaly* with a pelerine of embroidered cambric, the bonnet is a *bibi* of the very smallest size, it is of rice straw, lined with rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with rose-coloured gauze ribbon, a white Ostrich feather, and blond net *mentonnieres*.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

It is a lemon-coloured *mousseline de laine*; *corsage à mille plis*, with a small heart pelerine, and Amadis sleeves. Cambric trowsers drawn close round the ankles. Bonnet, a square brimmed *bibi* of lavender *moire*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

Of rose-coloured *gros de Naples* spotted in a darker shade of the same colour. A plain *corsage* with a double heart pelerine, and a falling collar of embroidered muslin. Pantaloon and brodequins to correspond with the dress. The hair is combed off the forehead, and dispersed in a full bow on the summit of the head.

EVENING DRESS.

It is white crape. The *corsage* is low, lightly draped across the bust, and finished at top with straw coloured ribbon and blond lace. *Gigot* sleeves. The front of the skirt is embroidered in detached *bouquets* of straw-coloured *laine de Cachmere*, they are of different sizes; the bust issues from a *rouleau* of ribbons to correspond, which encircles the hem. White crape hat trimmed with straw coloured ribbon, and a *bouquet* of Bengal roses.

FOURTH MORNING DRESS.

It is of printed muslin with a pelerine *à la Donna Maria* of French cambric, it is trimmed fully with narrow Valenciennes lace, and partly with cambric; the first is set on plain, the latter is cut at the edge in a Grecian border, and small plaited. The cap is of blond net, lightly embroidered, and trimmed with emerald green gauze ribbons.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the evening dress bonnet.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the pelerine of the fourth morning dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A printed muslin dress, it is striped in blue and white, and lightly figured. The *corsage* has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, but sits to the shape at the top, and is finished with a pelerine cut square across the bust and shoulders, and pointed round the border. The bonnet is a *bibi* of fawn-coloured *moire*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and worn over a *tulle cornette*.

BRIDAL DRESS.

It is of white *moire*, a low *corsage* draped *à la Seigné*. Long sleeves of *tulle*, surmounted by *mancherons* of blond lace. The border is trimmed with a blond lace flounce, and a bouquet of white roses and orange-flowers placed on one side. The hair is dressed in curls before, and in a knot composed of plaited braids behind; it is ornamented with the bridal veil of English point lace, and a wreath of white roses and orange flowers. Jewellery is gold and pearls.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

An open pelisse of the *peignoir* form, composed of pale lavender *gros de Naples*, figured in a darker shade of the same colour. A falling collar supplies the place of a pelerine, it is edged with blond lace, and a fancy silk trimming. Tuscan bonnet, a helmet crown, and a round brim, it is trimmed with the plumage of a foreign bird, and grass green ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, &c.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the bridal dress.

FIG. 3.—A blond lace cap, the trimming of the front is of a very light description, and sustained by bands of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, and a full bouquet of roses.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS.

It is composed of French cambric, *corsage* nearly but not quite up to the throat, made to sit close to the shape, embroidered round the upper part of the bust, and finished round the shoulders with a double row of trimming, small plaited. Rice straw bonnet, of a perfectly new shape, and trimmed in the most novel manner, with blue fancy flowers and gauze ribbons.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

It is of *chaly*, striped in white and fawn colour, and figured with brown. *Corsage en cœur* of embroidered muslin, made up to the throat, and exactly to fit the shape; it is trimmed with a lace *ruche* round the throat. Fancy straw hat, trimmed under the brim with bands of rose and white striped gauze ribbon, a *tulle ruche*, and a full blown rose and foliage. The crown is decorated in a similar style.

THIRD MORNING DRESS.

Of apple green *gros de Naples*, figured in dark green. Plain *corsage* finished with a double cape and amadis sleeves. The apron is black *moire*, embroidered in a wreath of different coloured roses round the border. Morning cap of English lace, trimmed with apple green gauze ribbons.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

A cambric muslin frock; the *corsage* is *formé en cœur* by a pelerine embroidered in *scollopes* round the edge. Long sleeves of a very novel form. A row of scalloped trimming round the border of the frock corresponds with the pelerine. *Tulle* morning cap, trimmed with a *ruche*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURE AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of Fig. 3.

FIG. 3.—A morning cap composed of *tulle*, the caul is of the capote shape, with a very deep trimming ornamented with knots of gauze ribbon.

FIG. 4.—A bonnet of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and a sprig of white jessamine.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING AND WALKING DRESS.

It is of the new material *mousseline noire*, a three quarter high *corsage* with *gigot* sleeves. The *corsage* is almost entirely concealed by a *pelerine à pans* of jaconot muslin richly embroidered, and bordered with Valenciennes lace. Bonnet of rice straw trimmed with sprigs of heath blossoms, and blue gauze ribbons.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

It is of blue *gros de Naples*, a high *corsage* trimmed round the back and shoulders *en pelerine*, with the same material. *Gigot* sleeves. A *tulle* ruff, quilled very full, stands up round the throat. The apron is of *Cachemire*, with an Indian border. *Tulle* cap, the front is arranged *en papillon*, and trimmed with knots of gauze ribbon to correspond with the dress. The brides are of *tulle*, embroidered to correspond with the front.

EVENING DRESS.

An open dress of India muslin; it is of the *peignoir* form but very low in the neck, and with *mameluke* sleeves; it is edged with Valenciennes lace, and embroidered in a superb lace pattern. The under dress is of rose-coloured *gros de Naples* with *beret* sleeves, and a low *corsage* bordered with blond lace. The hair is dressed in the style of Louis XIV.'s time in rolls of curls at the sides of the face, and turned up in a full bow, the ends of which are disposed in rolls of curls.

HALF LENGTH FIGURE AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the first morning dress.

FIG. 2.—A white crape bonnet pointed in wreaths of fancy flowers, and trimmed with an *aigrette* formed of the tips of ostrich feathers and green gauze ribbons.

FIG. 3.—A bonnet of white *moire* trimmed with wreaths of blue flowers and blue gauze ribbons.

FIG. 4.—A white crape bonnet trimmed with blond lace draperies, and sprigs of exotics.

FIG. 5.—A back view of Fig. 4.







NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1832.

Our Sovereign LADY and MISTRESS has as usual at this season issued her ORDINANCES for an elegantly-simple style of dress; but mindful of the interests of those who live by her Imperial whims, she ordains that that simplicity shall be *recherché*, and varied by accessories as expensive, though not so showy, as those of winter dress. Hail to the gracious Sovereign! May thy whims be ever as now the cause of innocent gratification to some thousands, and the means of a comfortable subsistence to thousands more. But let us hasten to present to our fair readers the modes to which fashion has affixed her imperial signature.

HATS AND BONNETS.—During several summers we have seen nothing to equal the elegant assortment of millinery which Mrs. BELL's rooms present us this month. A description of some of the articles will be their best eulogium. We will begin with a carriage hat, composed of rice straw. The crown is composed of three pieces rounded to the shape of the head, and resembling the caul of a cap, they are joined by pipings of green *Gros de Naples*. A round brim edged with a piping to correspond, and lined with blond lace fluted; the pointed edge of the lace passes the brim, and forms a singularly pretty trimming. An ornament composed of green gauze ribbon disposed in *fichu* points, is placed in front of the crown at the base of a long white ostrich feather, tipped with green, which droops to the right side. This is a very stylish and original hat.

Nothing can be more simply elegant than a blue crape bonnet, the crown rather on one side, and without a curtain behind: the brim plain. A bouquet of white gilliflowers, with a yellow heart, divided into two tufts by a very small sprig of the same flower; the only ribbon employed is that of the *brides*.

A leghorn straw hat, the brim of which is something larger than those of other materials, is trimmed with a bouquet of flowers composed of three sprigs; the *davolet* was of the same material, arranged in large plaits, and the ribbons of straw-coloured gauze. We should observe, that the flowers were the red hortensia lightly veined with white. A singularly elegant carriage bonnet is of hortensia-rose crape, lined with *gros de Naples* to correspond; it is trimmed only with a rosette of the same material placed on one side, and brides of rose-coloured taffetas. The interior of the brim is trimmed next the face with a blond lace *ruche*, which descends in the *cap style* on each side.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR DRESS.—Although white muslin is not generally fashionable, it is nevertheless occasionally adopted in carriage dress by *belles* of distinguished taste. We were particularly struck with the simple elegance of a pelisse, composed of French cambric: it was open in front, and made with a double pelerine; the borders of which, as well as the fronts of the pelisse, were embroidered in cock-comb *dents* festooned. There should not be any envelope worn with a dress of this kind, but a small crape scarf, or a net silk handkerchief is tied in the cravat style round the throat. The *ceinture* should be of broad rich ribbon, the colours of which must correspond with the cravat.

Mrs. BELL has just introduced a summer mantle which promises to supersede shawls, at least all but half transparent ones; it is composed of plain sarcenet lined with a lighted shade of the same colour, or with white; there is no wadding, so that the mantle is excessively light. A square collar is substituted for a pelerine. Nothing can be better calculated for the

spectacle, or for evening parties than this graceful envelope, which is also perfectly appropriate for public promenade or carriage dress.

Lingerie.—We may cite among the novelties of the month some morning caps of the most simply elegant description that we have seen for some time, the caul is cut to the shape of the head, and is sometimes of three pieces and of different forms. A knot of ribbon is placed either on one side, or on the top of the crown. The trimming is composed of three rows of lace, much narrower than that lately worn, which is turned back in different ways; the first row is quilled, the others are disposed in irregular plaits. A new morning *colerette* is composed of two rows of *tulle*, or embroidered muslins attached to a narrow band, and falling over instead of standing up round the throat. We have seen some composed of French cambric cut in festoons at the edge, and small plaited. These last are very neat.

A half dress *canzou* composed of India mualin, is embroidered in a style of unequalled elegance, it is made with ends which cross under the *ceinture*, each of them is adorned with a large bouquet of pinks and ears of corn. A wreath of the same issues on each side, from the bouquet, and meets at the bottom of the waist behind. The back is ornamented with a *gerbe* composed of various sprigs of the same pattern.

French cambric *canzous* are also very much worn in half-dress; they have a plaited trimming of the same material, which is edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. A narrow embroidery serves as a head to this trimming.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF MORNING DRESS. An elegant breakfast dress just made for a lady of high rank, is composed of French cambric, and is of the *peignoir* form. The fronts are ornamented with a column embroidered in feather stitch, which descends from the top of the *corsage*, and enlarges gradually till it reaches the hem. The *pelerine* is also embroidered in a wreath, narrow at the collar, but enlarging in the form of a fan all round.

An elegant morning dress, but of a fanciful description, is composed of dust-coloured cambric, embroidered in white *cachemire* worsted; it is ornamented with three *pelerines* embroidered to correspond. Both the dresses above described, are open in front, and are worn over muslin or cambric petticoats, trimmed at the edge of the hem with Valenciennes lace, set on rather full, the hem is surmounted by two tucks, also edged with lace.

HALF-DRESS.—We have seen some very elegant open dresses of a new material, *mousseline* Thibet; it is composed of silk and wool, is watered and demi-transparent. The *corsages* are half high, with lappels of different kinds; those that are not open on the shoulders, are most in favour. The sleeves are of the *Amadis* form. These dresses are worn over petticoats of white *gros de Naples*.

Another very novel stile of half-dress is composed of plain *gros de Naples*, with a high *corsage*, and the skirt open from the waist, but considerably shorter than the under dress, which must be either of muslin or cambric elegantly embroidered.

HEAD-DRESSES IN HALF-DRESS.—They are principally hats, crape and rice straw are most in favour. An elegant hat composed of the former, is trimmed with lilac gauze ribbons figured with white; they form a knot with long ends, which is placed on one side. A long white ostrich feather frosted with lilac, is attached under the knot, and droops to the opposite side. Some rice straw, and also

some of white or rose-coloured crape, are trimmed with a *bouquet* of small white or red flowers attached to the top of the crown, and drooping over the brim.

EVENING DRESS.—The materials have not altered since last month, but *corsages* are made in a more simple stile; those *en cœur* are less in favour than those lightly draped across the front, and finished with a row of lace standing up round the bosom. Some more dressy ones are made with a row of *dents* round the bust, these are either edged with a row of blond lace, or are lightly embroidered. A mixture of gauze ribbons and embroidery is now very generally adopted for evening dress trimmings. The embroidery consists either of a wreath, or of detached *bouquets* of flowers worked in Cashemire worsteds. If the first are employed, they adorn the front of the skirt; if the latter, it surrounds the border. In the first case the ribbons are disposed in *rouleaux* round the border; in the latter they trim the *corsage* and sleeves, and form a *ceinture* with long floating ends.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES.—*Encore des Chapeaux* of Donna Maria gauze, or what is still more elegant of blond lace; they have low crowns with small turned-up brims. A long ostrich feather, or a *bouquet* of flowers arranged *en gerbe*, is employed to ornament them. Fashionable colours are *écru*, lilac, canary-colour, violet, rose-colour, bright green, and a new colour *Clair de lune*; it is a shade of yellow green.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS. FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Very coarse straw hats are just now in favour, the coarser they are the more fashionable, but they must be of the perfect English cottage shape, elegantly trimmed, and lined with straw-coloured florence. The trimming should consist of a tuft of field flowers, or a sprig of foliage, or else a large flower with buds and foliage placed high on one side of the crown. This fashion will probably not last out the month. Rice straw hats are very fashionable, particularly those trimmed with two sprigs of the foliage of the chestnut tree, and very little ribbon. One of the most elegant hats that has lately appeared has the brim à l'*Anglaise*, cut square, and close at the ears, but wide enough across the forehead to permit the hair to be disposed in full curls. The crown is rounded at the top, and placed rather on one side. The hat is composed of rose-coloured *gros de Naples* covered with white crape, and ornamented with rose-coloured striped gauze ribbons glazed with white. The curtain at the back of the crown is open behind, and divided by a knot of ribbons, the knot is formed in a new and singularly pretty manner. We have seen some hats of this description of different coloured silks but always covered with white crape. Some of them were trimmed with two snowballs, one white, the other the colour of the lining.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Robes of plain *gros de Naples* are now much in favour for the promenade. Some are worn with a pelerine of the same material, but pelerines or *canezons* of embroidered muslin or cambric are more generally adopted. We see also a good many dresses of *moiré*, and a still greater number of *cachemirienne*. Scarfs of black blond lace are very generally adopted with both. We see also a good many scarfs of *mousseline Thibet*, which are equally fashionable but not so generally worn. There is very little change since last month in the form of promenade dress, which

is principally distinguished by its extreme simplicity. No cuffs to the sleeves, a very little piping; in short nothing can be plainer or more simple. *Peignoirs* and *pelisses*, both with pelerines, are most generally adopted in undress.

HALF DRESS.—We shall present our readers with two *ensembles* of half dress which appear to us remarkable for their elegant simplicity. The one is a robe of rose-coloured *mousseline de laine*, the *corsage* made up to the throat, and entirely disposed in longitudinal plaits put close together; it is partially covered by a pelerine *en cœur*, composed of two falls, which are slightly curved at the edges. Sleeves à l'*Amadis*, a rice straw hat trimmed only with a sprig of box, brodequins of *gros de Naples* of the new colour, *ailes de mouche* and a scarf of printed *mousseline de Soie*.

The other *toilette* is a *pelisse* of white *gros de Naples*, covered with rose-coloured crape. The pelerine is of a round shape, but with ends longer than usual, which pass under the *ceinture*; it is cut round in square *dents* with equal distances between each. They are bordered with a very narrow blond lace of an extremely light pattern. Hat of white *moiré*, trimmed with a sprig of half blown hortensia, it is of the *demi anglaise* form, the inside of the brim ornamented *en bouquet* with a blond lace *ruche*. Scarf of Donna Maria gauze, and brodequins of apple green *gros de Naples*.

EVENING DRESS.—The only style now adopted is that of evening *négligé*, which is indeed most appropriate to the season. Clear muslin, both white and coloured, and India Jaconot are very much in request. Dresses composed of the latter are frequently made in the *demi redingote* form, but with the *corsage* cut quite low and the lappel forming points before and behind. One of the prettiest of these dresses is embroidered all round in a wreath of vine leaves in two different shades of green, one light, the other dark.

Those of clear muslin are mostly made *en robe*, with *corsages* cut very low, and agrafted on the shoulders by knots of gauze ribbon to correspond with the dress if it is coloured. The folds that are thus confined descend in a point to the bottom of the waist. The sleeves are generally long. The front of the dress is frequently embroidered in silk to correspond, or else in white silk, in the latter case the ribbons must also be white. The skirts of dresses are made rather longer behind than before, but not quite enough to form a train; it is, however, generally supposed that trains will be brought by degrees into favour in evening dress.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—Those of hair have declined in favour, but the few that are adopted are decorated with an *épingle Saule*, it is an ornament of the willow kind, or with a bouquet of flowers *en gerbe*. Crape hats and blond lace caps are both very fashionable, but they offer nothing novel in form.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The prettiest morning cravats are à *mille raies*, as for example *mille raies* of cherry colour on a chamois ground, with a violet border.

Ceintures should not have a great mixture of colours. There ought to be few, and to correspond with the dress.

Extract of a Letter from a Lady to a Friend.

"You are sensible any thing that I consider will add to your comfort, I feel a pleasure in communicating.

"As you are going to travel, and knowing that you always suffer much from the burning influence of the sun, take with you some of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, say 2 or 3 bottles. You will find it beneficial—I have proved it by experience, and would not be without it whatever. It cools and refreshes the skin; in short, I find it indispensable—a correct statement of its virtues is in the bills that are given with the bottles.

ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
 OR, THE
 BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
 OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
 AND IRELAND;
 WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

XC.—*English Marquises.*
 MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

First Gent.—"Stand by and see who passes.

Second Gent.—"Tis a lordly groupe,
 All deck'd with stars and honours.—Who is that?"

First Gent.—A noble, Sir, of high esteem;
 One of the scions of an ancient house,
 Whose blood has flow'd in purity through years
 Of peril, toil, and trouble. Trust me, Sir,
 There's none more worship-worthy in the realm,
 Than that great man!"—OLD PLAY.

We are compelled somewhat to diversify the manner in which we had arranged our History of the Peerage, according to the additional honours that are bestowed upon the noble individuals to whom our labours are devoted. The exaltation to a superior rank, of course, destroys the regularity of our progress; as in the present instance, we are necessitated to suspend our list of "*English Earls*," for the purpose of detailing the biography and genealogy of one who, when we commenced that branch of our subject, would have fallen within it, but who, having been elevated to a *Marquisate*, comes under a head which we have heretofore disposed of. The present article is therefore supplemental to our "*English Marquises*," and must be so considered. With this explanation, and without any preface—for the very name of GROSVENOR carries distinction—we shall proceed to the history of that noble family, the inheritor of whose honours has been lately raised in the Peerage of England, by the style and title of Marquis of WESTMINSTER.

The ancestor of the *Grosvenors* came in from Normandy with William the Conqueror. He was by name *Gilbert Le Grosvenor*, and was nephew to *Hugh Lupus*, Count of Avranches, and subsequently Earl of Chester, uncle of the victor, who having triumphed in the fight at Hastings, established himself in the monarchy, and his associates upon the land of England. From this Gilbert, a race of warriors descended, famous in their times, and who carried the family name with unsullied honour down to *Raufe Le Grosvenor*, the direct ancestor of the Marquis of WESTMINSTER. This *Raufe*, by his wife, Joan, only daughter and heiress of John Eton, Esq., of Eton, in the county of Chester, had issue, her heir, *Robert Grosvenor*, from whom the family possessions descended to his son, *Richard*, who in the first year of the reign of Henry

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VIII. was married to *Catherine*, third daughter and one of the co-heiresses of *Richard Cotton, Esq.* From this gentleman, the following inheritors descended:—

Sir Thomas Grosvenor, Knight.

Thomas Grosvenor.

Richard Grosvenor.

Sir RICHARD GROSVENOR, Knight, served the office of Sheriff for the county of Chester, in the twenty-second year of James the First, and in the ensuing year supplied the same office for the county of Denbigh. He obtained considerable reputation for his public spirit; and

"ever wakeful to his country's weal,"

in the important situations which he filled, he discharged the duties with satisfaction, and credit to himself. He was created a baronet by James the First; and, also, was Mayor of Chester, and one of the knights of the shire. This luminous character, who has reflected honour upon the family name, had three wives, successively, and at his death, in 1645, he was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir RICHARD GROSVENOR, Bart. who inherited the spirit as well as the honours of his father. While acting as High Sheriff, he raised the *posse comitatus* to oppose *Lord Fairfax*, and the forces that had been gathered by the Parliament against Charles the First, and took an active part in favour of the monarch during the whole of that important period of our history. For this, his property was sequestered by the Parliament, and the noble descendant of the Grosvenors, still firm in his loyalty, died, and bequeathed his unsullied name, and his misfortunes, to his grandson,

Sir THOMAS GROSVENOR. This gentleman also espoused the cause of royalty, and at the restoration was proportionately rewarded. He was one of the thirteen gentlemen of Cheshire nominated to partake of a new order of knighthood, to be called *The Royal Oak*; but it having been feared that such a proceeding would revive animosities, which it was the interest of the king to stifle, the plan was abandoned. Sir Thomas was then returned to Parliament for the county of Chester, and retained his seat in the three reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, and William the Third. He was also Mayor of Chester in 1685. He was united to Mary, eldest daughter and heiress of Alexander Davies, Esq. of *Ebury*, in the county of Middlesex, and died in 1770.

His successor was his eldest son, Sir RICHARD GROSVENOR, respecting whom we find, that he officiated at the Coronation of George the Second in the capacity of cup-bearer; the duty of which office is to present the king with a cup of wine after the solemnity, and the reward, the gold cup from which the king has drank,—

"The golden vase rich with the monarch's kiss."

This splendid perquisite still remains, we believe, in the family. Sir Richard having no male issue, the baronetage descended to his brother, Sir THOMAS, who died a bachelor, when the third brother, Sir ROBERT, inherited. His lady was Jane, daughter and heiress of Thomas Warre, Esq., of

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Stephen Beauchamp, Somerset, and of Swell in the same county. He was returned to Parliament for the county of Chester. He died on the 1st of August, 1755, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR RICHARD GROSVENOR, the first possessor of the Peerage, and the twentieth descendant from *Gilbert le Grosvenor*, the founder of the family, who came into England, from Normandy, at the Conquest. In the year 1761, he was elevated by the title of Baron GROSVENOR, of Eaton, in the County Palatine of Chester; and on the fifth of July, 1784, had the additional honours conferred upon him of *Viscount Belgrave* and *Earl of Grosvenor*. Thus was the foundation laid of the noble house which claims such distinguished notice in our historical details; and we may add, that if a long line of ancestry, a family name preserved immaculate and honourable through centuries, and those of conflicting character, deserve the distinction of high exaltation in the peerage, then is the family now under our consideration worthy. EARL GROSVENOR took unto wife, in 1704, the fair *Henrietta*, daughter of *Henry Vernon, Esq.*, of Hilton Park, Stafford, by whom he left an only surviving child, the present possessor of the title. His lordship died on the fifth of August 1802, and then his son,

ROBERT succeeded. This distinguished nobleman was born upon the 22nd March, 1767, and at the age of twenty-seven, one of the brightest ornaments of fashionable circles having won his regard, he then entered the marriage state, *Eleanor*, the only daughter of *Thomas late Earl of Wilton*, then becoming his lady. The most unalloyed happiness has resulted from this union, and his lordship in the enjoyment of immense wealth, and what produces far more happiness, a noble and highly-honoured family, enjoys that pure gratification which springs from those high sources which have their chords of sympathy in the soul. Upon the Coronation of his present Majesty, (Sept. 8, 1831,) his Lordship was elevated to a Marquisate, and then assumed the style and title of MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER. His lordship has issue

Richard, Earl of Grosvenor, M.P. who was born on the 27th January, 1795, and was united on the 16th September, 1819, to Elizabeth Margaret, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Stafford, by whom he has one son, *Hugh Lupus*, born Nov. 13, 1825, and four daughters.

Thomas, Earl of Wilton.

Robert, M. P.

A splendid picture, by Leslie, of this noble family, is in the present Exhibition at Somerset House; the likenesses are very faithful, and there is a pleasing variety in the composition, a spirit and character, that must render the picture interesting to the general spectator, but more to those who are acquainted with the noble individuals whom it so faithfully and expressively portrays.

The *arms* of this family are simple, being nothing more than *az.* a garb, *or.*; the *Crest* is a talbot, statant, *or.*; and the *Supporters*, on each side, a talbot rampant regardant, *or.*, gorged with a plain collar *az.*

Motto. *Nobilitatis virtus, non stemma character.*

The following abstract will shew the distant periods that have elapsed between the elevations, and which will be considered lagging indeed, when the wealth and importance of the Grosvenors are taken in consideration:—*Baronet* Feb. 1621; *Baron* 1761, (a lapse of twenty years;) *Earl*, 1784, (lapse of twenty-three years); and *Marquis*, 1831, (lapse of forty-seven years).

The Marquis of WESTMINSTER has a splendid estate at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, one of the most magnificent edifices in this country, another at Halkin Castle, Flintshire, and also at Moor Park, celebrated for its strawberries. His Lordship's residence, when in town, is at Grosvenor House. The immense estates of the Marquis of WESTMINSTER in the vicinity of the new Palace at Pimlico, constitute a little territory, of which he may be said to be the reigning prince. Belgrave Square with its palace-looking edifices; Eaton Square, with the adjacent streets and places, are ornaments to that portion of the outskirts of town, and successfully rival the most imposing structures of the metropolis.

"DO NOT DECEIVE ME!"

Do not deceive me.—Never!
Do not betray my truth;
Blight not my happy visionings,
The fairy dreams of youth.
I have believed thy burning words
Have own'd love's passion'd spell;
And now with honest truth confess—
I love—and love thee well!

Do not deceive me.—Never!
And I will be to thee,
All thou could'st wish me, ever,
The faithful and the free.
And all a girl's undying love—
That love which dare not sever,
I promise thee; and only beg,
Thou'lt not deceive me.—Never!

LAURA PERCY.

ILLUSION OF THE SENSES.

Last winter, Lady Louisa Mordaunt was well known in the fashionable world, with her daughter Evelina, whose graceful and amiable manners obtained universal admiration. Young, beautiful, and captivating, she became an object of universal homage. Though her fortune was extremely small, she received several very good offers of marriage: but the heart of Evelina had remained totally indifferent, because she had imbibed many prejudices, and amongst the crowd of her adorers, she singled out Sir Edward Vernon, because his social position most flattered her self-love. Sir Edward was about forty years of age, but he was rich, and of consequence in society. He adored Evelina, and it was he who ought to constitute her happiness.

Evelina confided her preference to her mother. Astonished at the choice of her beloved daughter, Lady Louisa testified her surprise. She represented to her that Sir Edward had already buried a second wife; that there was a great disparity between his age and hers; but what she could not explain, nor which she could not tell why, was a feeling of repugnance, which the heart of this tender parent experienced at the idea of seeing Sir Edward Vernon the husband of her child; it was a kind of vague presentiment which she tried to conquer, because there appeared no real motive to give birth to it. Evelina confessed that she felt no particular affection to engage her to wish for this union, but that it offered an occasion of a wealthy establishment which might

never happen again, and as Lady Louisa wished above all things for the felicity of her daughter, Sir Edward Vernon became her husband.

To constitute the happiness of a wife he loved was the desire of a husband, who was yet a lover for some time; for a mother such as Lady Louisa Mordaunt, the happiness of her daughter had been the sole occupation of her life. Therefore, after her marriage, Lady Louisa enquired with the most earnest solicitude if Evelina was really happy? "O, yes," replied the youthful Lady Vernon, "It is true I have no love for my husband, but he is so good, he gives me so many proofs of his esteem, his attentions to me are so amiable, that I feel my gratitude far superior to the passion of love."

However, it happened one day, that the brother of Evelina asked her the same question; she made him another kind of answer for she placed more confidence in him. "Yes," said she, "I am happy, I have nothing to wish for; my husband is one of the best; but what almost tarnishes my happiness, and unceasingly occupies my mind, because I cannot divine the end proposed, is a singular question which he asked me once, and which I cannot yet take resolution to answer him upon, because it rather distresses me." "It must be rather an important question then," said Alfred. "No; it is its simplicity which terrifies me. Imagine to yourself, Alfred, that my husband, who loves me tenderly, forgets nothing to afford me the most convincing proofs of his affection. Every day he is employed in preventing all my wishes, and in seeking out for me new pleasures; surrounding me with every luxury in profusion. Well! once as he caressed me with all the ardour of fondness, for the first time, he made me this singular prayer. At first its whimsicality astonished me, and I refused. Since then he has redoubled his attentions; he has bestowed on me proofs of his passionate love for me, and again he has made me the same supplication. I always refused, but this instance surprised me. Now he makes this request every minute, he reiterates it continually; what he asks is to insure his happiness, he says, he intreats it as a favour, and yet I know not why I refuse to grant it. What he desires, what he supplicates so continually for me to grant him is, however, very simple,—it is to wrap all my body up in linen; in short, to be entirely *swathed up*."

The confession of a caprice so extraordinary, for a moment surprised Alfred as much as it had his sister. The more he reflected on it, the more his thoughts were bewildered against finding any excuse for it. His curiosity was excited to the highest pitch, without being satisfied; and he requested of his sister to give herself up to the wishes of her husband, in order to find out the end he proposed.

Nevertheless, it was decided, that during this whimsical operation, which was to crown all the wishes of Sir Edward Vernon, Alfred should be concealed in a closet next the apartment where the *swathing* was to take place, and the day for the experiment was fixed.

At the time agreed on, Evelina affected by the love of her husband, and feeling in safety by the presence of her brother, declared to Sir Edward, that she, at length, consented to be *swathed in linen*. Rejoiced at this compliance, he abandoned himself to transports of the most lively gratitude: hastily he took advantage of her willingness, and Alfred paid the most profound attention to unfathom this impenetrable mystery.

The deepest silence prevailed for some minutes in the apartment; when he heard his sister say, in a faltering voice,

"And my arms, likewise?" He involuntarily shuddered, as these plaintive accents seemed as if they were the last which were to be uttered by Evelina.

"Yes, my good little woman," replied her husband, in a gay and lively tone, "I have besought this of you, that you should have only the head and feet left at liberty, like an Egyptian mummy; you know I have."

Then again all was quiet; and this time, the silence lasted long; there was something awful in it to Alfred, who agitated by the most gloomy forebodings, was going to make his appearance, but all on a sudden he heard his sister laugh immoderately: he recovered from his terror, and waited the event. Evelina ceased laughing, and silence succeeded to her laughter, but it soon commenced again in a more tremulous manner; they then ceased, and the silence that followed was yet more profound.

This stillness, like that of the grave, only broken by a noise which had in it something like distraction, made Alfred tremble. Fits of laughter, and then—*nothing*! terror! and to tranquillize it—*nothing*! uneasy, agitated, he knew not what to think, when a long fit of laughter, more fearful than the groans of the dying, froze his blood with horror. In the mean time, was it his sister whom he had really heard? but he! thought Alfred, why does not he laugh? A prey to his terror, he made his appearance.

At sight of him Sir Edward Vernon made his escape, and Alfred beheld his unfortunate sister stretched on the floor, bound tightly in linen, cold, and inanimate. Her husband had thus bound her up, that he might with more facility tickle her feet; and this was what drew from Evelina those shouts of laughter, which were of the most convulsive and fearful kind. One more of such fits; and, like the two first wives of Sir Edward Vernon, she would have fallen a victim to this his fatal passion.

The most prompt succour was immediately resorted to; but the whole nervous system was so shaken, that deprived of reason and remaining in a state of morbid insensibility, Lady Vernon was only restored to life.

This adventure, which has not been known till within these few days, is of so whimsical a nature, that many doubt its veracity; however, it is but too well authenticated by a select few, to leave any doubts on that head: the names only are fictitious in this narrative, from respect to a distinguished family.

THE CONDE'S SONG.

May I not tell, oh! gently tell,
Feelings so kind, so pure, so true?
What means the silent, fearful spell,
That prompts, yet checks me, when I'd sue?
Oh read, then read, my burning cheek,
Are mine eyes dumb? how unlike thine!
Of love, of hope, of heaven they speak—
Does nothing answer them in mine?
The cork-tree waveth silently,
In the soft sighing breeze of night,
Fair Seville's towers pensively
Shadow the placid moon's pale light.
My soul is full of love and thee,
Even nature hallows the firm spell,—
And will not nature plead for me,
When to my heart it speaks so well?

KATE KEARNEY.

A TALE.

"Oh, did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?"

She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!
Her eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney!"

"Love—Love!" cried the gay Herbert Stanley, laughingly, as he threw himself upon a garden-seat by the side of a bower of acacias, just opening to the sun. "Love—Love! the idea of my becoming a slave to such a passion is perfectly ridiculous; I cannot but laugh at the presumption of this pretty unknown, who dares to say that she will subdue me. Perfectly ridiculous, indeed! A little rosy-cheeked Irish girl, with a blue eye and a beautiful brogue, tipping the blarney at every weak point, and making the *coup de grace* upon my affections with an *illegant* cush-la-ma-chree! No, faith, my pretty Kate, whatever your charms may be, your reign of triumph is well over; you have a London spark to encounter, and no more hearts will be broken on this side of Killarney I promise you. I can but pity the poor thing!"

Thus saying, the *preux* Stanley threw his legs upon the garden seat, placed one of his arms over his eyes, and prepared for the enjoyment of a comfortable siesta. But ere his senses could be "steeped in forgetfulness," a sigh from the bower fell melodiously upon his ear, and well nigh upon his heart. He started up, with his eyes shut, however, and exclaimed, "Ten to one but it's the girl, and I'm off. Its no disgrace to keep away from her as long as I can, and so my pretty one adieu!" Stanley then turned his back upon the bower, and was running off, when a melodious but melancholy voice sounded from the bower, and he distinguished the notes of the prevailing lament in the vicinity of the lake, murmured with surpassing melody. He felt rivetted to the spot, and opening his eyes, exclaimed, "Alas, poor devil! Another victim to the gay coquette. I'm very resolute, I'm perfectly convinced of my ability to withstand her witcheries; but there can be no harm in taking a lesson." And he went into the bower. He returned in astonishment; he had found no one there.

"There is some devilry in this!" cried he, "some diabolical witchcraft. I am convinced that the song proceeded from this bower, and yet after a most inquisitive search, I can discover no one. I begin to feel very funny. I have no belief in supernaturals, but there is some appearance here of a conquest over more than mortal." Stanley from these reflections fell into an unpleasant reverie, from which he was awakened by the sound of a foot lightly tripping past him: looking up, he perceived a cottage girl, who, finding herself recognized, folded her arms, and blushing dropped a curtsey.

"Well, my pretty maid," cried Stanley; "and what is your business here?"

"Nothing, please your honour," replied the girl.

"Nothing!" rejoined Stanley; "who are you?"

"I'm Norah, please your honour."

"And who is Norah?"

"A very unfortunate girl, please you, Sir. I was once the

happiest, because the prettiest, upon the banks of Killarney, and I had lovers, and songs were made to me, and our cottage, that is my mother's sir, was thronged with sweethearts, till Miss Kearney came down, and then—"

"Abominable coquet!" cried Stanley, taking the cottager's hand. "She is a most abominable coquet! Believe me, my sweet little Norah, I sympathize with you, and have a just abhorrence of that deceitful, abandoned, profligate little wench, who has not only triumphed over your unsophisticated innocence, but has dared to say that she will make a conquest of me!"

"Impossible, your honour!"

"By all the powers of truth she has! But the wench shall rue the day, she may depend. I'll lower her pride. I'll prostrate her vanity, and leave her to be laughed at by the sweet Norah, and her thousand swains."

"Will you, indeed, sir!" rejoined Norah.

There was something sarcastic in this reply that startled Stanley: he looked enquiringly upon Norah's face, but it was quite unmoved, it lay in the repose of bright beauty, and not a single movement betrayed her consciousness of what she had uttered.

"And so," rejoined he, endeavouring to assume a smile, "And so you were the reigning beauty until the arrival of Kate Kearney?"

"Oh yes, sir," and enjoyed all that gratification which arises from the consciousness of innocence; and though the encomiums upon my beauty I regarded as the mere lip-homage which the young men ever pay to our sex, I felt that by my adherence to the paths of rectitude and well-doing, that they were not quite undeserved."

"Charming simplicity!" exclaimed Stanley. "You under-rate your beauty, my sweet girl. I dare to venture to say, Kate Kearney has not that pure and genuine loveliness which so peculiarly characterizes my little friend."

"Of these your honour must be aware I cannot judge: but my grandmother, and please you, always said I was the prettier girl; only Miss Kearney has much money, and that in the eyes of many people imparts more beauty to a girl than all the attractions Nature has given them."

"They're fools, dolts, idiots—the mere scum of the earth who think so. Churls, my sweet girl; I abominate such men, and hate this Kitty Kearney already."

"Ah, but you have not seen her, sir."

"No, my charming Norah, and hope I may never be so unfortunate while I remain in this part of the country. Not that she would captivate me; no, I have seen the lovely little Norah, and her artless innocence has won my esteem—my fond regard."

"Oh, your honour, don't say so!" murmured the pretty Norah, blushing, though with an air of coquetterie that shewed her not quite so unsophisticated as the lover in his enthusiasm imagined.

The fact was, Stanley had become enamoured of the peasant girl, and of course he imagined her all artlessness and innocence. He became very romantic, and Norah became more interesting the more he conversed with her: time flew, Norah was anxious to return home, the lover was loth to part from her.

"Good bye, sir," sighed Norah, dropping a curtsey.

"Good bye, my love?" responded Stanley: but neither of them moved. It was evident that Stanley wished the girl to go first, Norah was equally anxious for her lover's departure:

thus they both stood, wishing each other good bye, nodding, curtsying, and kissing hands, until Stanley's patience was exhausted; and, upon finding one of his servants approaching, he put a guinea into his hand, whispered something into his ear, kissed his hand again to the blushing Norah, and retired.

But Norah seemed perfectly aware of the intention of her high-born lover, and, after glancing cunningly at the servant, retired to the garden-seat, and reposing herself thereon, unfolded some needle-work and commenced her occupation. The servant fidgetted about for some time, much vexed; at length, passion overcoming prudence, he roared out, "The ould ones in the little witch for sartain!" Norah lifted her head from her work, and burst into a fit of laughter. "The little wench is laughing at me. Tunder and turf, my darling!"—"Be quiet, do now," interrupted Norah, "and go about your business." "Well, an I am about my business."

"Ah, Mat, Mat, is of no use! How much money now might your master have given you, to induce you to watch me home?" Mat fell upon his knees, crossed himself, screamed that he was bewitched, when, taking advantage of his terror, the wily Norah ran away.

Herbert Stanley was a young scapegrace of fashion, just arrived at maturity, and just possessed of his estates. For some years he had been one of the choice spirits of the metropolis, and had passed through all the ordeals of that perilous scene; not without scorching, but still not so much burned as to reduce him in the circles of society. He had contracted a determined habit of gaming; his whole soul was placed upon red and black, and all the other amusements of the world were comparatively unregarded in that fervour. More from a desire of a change of scene, than a wish to inspect his possessions, he had arrived upon the banks of Killarney; the old family mansion had long been the residence of the rooks, and in its dilapidated state unfit for human residence. Stanley was, therefore, as it were, compelled to throw himself upon the hospitality of strangers for a residence, and, as it happened, an old friend of his family. Mr. Kearney was the first to proffer the use of his establishment, and which was of course immediately accepted. Upon his first tour of inspection, Stanley heard of scarcely any thing but his host's lovely daughter, who was at the time upon a visit some miles distant; at first he burned to see her, but the repeated panegyrics, and the many lamentations which he heard breathed, inspired very different feelings, and he formed within his imagination a plan to prostrate the female conqueror. Nay, he boasted of his intention; wherever he went he expressed his determination of subduing Kate Kearney, and at her father's dinner table said, that however great the conquests the fair daughter might have been among the natives of Killarney, she would not be able to stand against a London beau. Mr. Kearney said nothing: something like a laugh was echoed through the dining-room as Stanley concluded, but it was so light and indistinct, that although the brave young man was startled at first, he thought it nothing more than the sighing of the wind, and again declared that no beauty, much less a Killarney beauty, would ever be able to make an impression upon his heart.

A week passed and Kate had not made her appearance. Stanley was prepared, although he never by word or look, expressed any impatience for her approach. He had met with another visitor at Mr. Kearney's, a Captain Freemantle, a dandy officer, fond of cards, and dice, and a very hero at the billiard table. Stanley was enraptured in his society, and

many were the hours they passed in their favorite games. At length, Stanley began to lose considerably, bad fortune seemed to favour his friend, and night after night the young heir saw his notes flying into the captain's possession, and with the usual rashness of a gamester, he increased the stakes, but with no better fortune; the tide that flowed into his exchequer was now ebbing, and it bore with it, all with which it had been connected in its flow. At this time he beheld the peasant Norah, and notwithstanding his determination of avoiding every female snare, he became deeply enamoured of her. He at first thought of never meeting her again, but then some little fear of the beauty of the lake of Killarney inducing him to encourage the affair for the purpose of steeling his heart more strongly against the dreaded one. He again met Norah, but he could not get her to discover to him her abode; he was fearful of making enquiries, lest suspicion might be excited. He became daily more attached to her, but still thought it would be easy to abandon her after his triumph over Kate Kearney. A mine of fun seemed to be sprung for him, and he pursued it with devotion.

But amidst all this pleasure, Herbert Stanley could not fail of having some very unpleasant sensations; he found his money rapidly departing, and the fierce looks of the captain when the least suspicion of his honour was expressed, combined to render him very uncomfortable.

In the course of another week, a great and strange revolution had occurred, not only in the thoughts and feelings of Herbert Stanley, but also in his pecuniary means. The charming Norah had become associated with all his hopes of happiness, and he determined upon offering her his hand with his captured heart. His soul was all romance, and he pictured to himself an age of felicity in the affections of his beloved peasant girl. The time passed on leaden wings until he could disclose to her all that he thought and wished; but the hour of meeting came, and to his proposals the innocent Norah, unable to reply, sunk gratefully into his arms! It was a moment of unmingled happiness.

Norah consented to become the wife of Herbert Stanley, and promised on the ensuing day to conduct him to her mother, when the necessary preparations should be commenced. The lover flew in raptures to his friend the captain, and another game of billiards was passed through in ecstasy. Stanley was the loser, but he heeded it not; game after game followed, equally fortunate for the captain, but the compliance of the peasant girl had put him into too much rapture for him to heed his losses, and he only awakened from his delirium to find himself deprived, not only of all his wealth but of every portion of his estates, and that he was now in reality a beggar! He was dismayed and distracted, he gazed in astonishment upon the billiard table, and his glance then falling upon the smiling captain, who remained in his seat, almost sneering at the ruin of his friend, he furiously snatched a chair and hurled it at the captain's head; but the latter was dexterous enough to avoid the blow, and effect his retreat.

Stanley remained for hours in a state of distraction, pacing the room, and almost meditating self-destruction. The thought of the lovely Norah, and of her disappointment, when instead of marrying a wealthy landowner, she would be burdened only with a ruined gamester, was too much for him to bear, reason trembled upon her throne. Stanley was almost maddened; he rushed to the door, but to his surprise it was fast locked; impatient of restraint, he threw up the sash of the window, and was about to leap from

the casement, when a hand suddenly emerging from the tapestry that lined the apartment, withheld him. Stanley turned to perceive who detained him, and beheld his kind host the father of Kate Kearney.

"What frolicking is this?" cried the old man, "do you know that this window is upwards of twenty feet from the ground? 'Tis rather an extraordinary height for a leap."

Stanley endeavoured to conceal his agitation; he did not wish to publish his losses, and stammered an excuse. Kearney affected to comprehend what he meant, and without any farther allusion to the subject, informed his young guest that at length his daughter had returned, and would be happy to offer her respects to him. Stanley, in an agitated manner, begged to be excused; but Kearney urged him upon his gallantry, and, at length, induced him to promise he would wait upon them in the drawing-room. The interval was passed by Stanley in endeavouring to recall his shattered spirits: he was ill prepared for the interview, but he had been so vehement in his boasting, that he could not now retract; he, therefore, resolved upon passing over the interview as quickly as possible, and in order to avoid the peril-fraught eyes of Kate, he intended not to look at them. With these resolutions, he entered the drawing-room, assuming as much gaiety as he could under all the circumstances; as he trod the threshold, his ears were saluted with a stanza of the general song, breathed in a strain of surpassing melody.

"Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney;
Beware of her smile, for many a while
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney!
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her sighs' spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney!"

"Oh, that I should ever hear that voice!" mentally exclaimed Stanley as he entered the room. He felt a strange sensation at the moment.

He was immediately introduced by his friend to the dreaded Kate Kearney.

Stanley vapoured, and began a profusion of compliments, directing his eyes to the ceiling, to the chairs, to the mirror, and a thousand other things, but never to the beauty; he caught a glance of the satin dress, and the streaming ostrich feathers, and had a strong desire to take a full glance, but a sudden impulse of courage induced him to conquer his resolution, and he ran on in a continued rattle, unanswered until he had concluded, when the soft tones of Kate enquired, "whether his discourse was finished?"

"Madam!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Sir!" rejoined Kate, "you London beaux are such omnipotent creatures, that our simple Irish lasses, cannot hope to be heard a word until our lords and masters have talked themselves to silence. Therefore, with your kind permission, sir, I am all attention."

Stanley did not relish this banter, delivered in a half-serious, half-humorous tone. He endeavoured to reprove, but he could obtain no answer, until fairly dumb-beaten he gave in, and acknowledged his "discourse was finished."

"And now, Mr. Herbert Stanley, having said all that he possibly can, imagines that the simple Kate Kearney, enraptured with his splendid eloquence, will fall at his feet, and sigh, 'Oh what a charming fellow!'"

"Miss Kearney!" cried Stanley.

"Sir, that has been your boast. Well, well, you are a charming man, a very magnificent man, only rather bashful, I imagine. Come, come Sir, that is scarcely a landowner's failing, and not all characteristic of a conqueror; is it Pa?"

Mr. Kearney shook his head, but said nothing. There might, however have been a great deal in that.—Stanley was put off his guard; he had expected to meet with a simple beauty, full of brogue and blarney, and he was disappointed. Kate kept up the spirited contest; rallied and rattled, talked of plays, operas, and balls, criticised the beaux, and rallied at the belles; Stanley endeavoured to speak, but Kate immediately was at her piano, and a few notes struck by her fingers, created a great deal of emotion in the sensitive soul of Stanley; his heart beat wildly, he wished to retire, but Mr. Kearney requested him to stay and hear his daughter sing. Stanley reluctantly consented, when the melody of one of the national ballads, deliciously warbled, set the insensible in raptures, he felt his resolution going very rapidly; his thoughts were confused; Norah, the Captain, ruin, and all its concomitant terrors, floated through his mind.—He felt strangely attached to the rattling creature before him,—her fortune would rescue him from ruin, he would again be restored to affluence, but his heart still was Norah's, and without daring to look upon the face of Kate Kearney he rushed away to the door. "Stay,—stay," cried Kate following and detaining him. "Who has the victory here?"

Stanley struggling with emotion, for a moment was unable to reply; but he felt the hand of the fair witch warm upon his own, and its touch thrilled to his heart. He turned at that moment, and for the first time beholding her face, he cried,—*"Kate Kearney!"*

"The conqueror?" rejoined she.

"Yes—yes—yes!" replied Stanley, still gazing upon her features. "Yes—yes—yes." He could say nothing else, but stood with one hand upon the lock of the door, and the other clasped in that of Kate, she smiling at his confusion, and he gazing upon her face in astonishment.

Mr. Kearney broke the silence which ensued, by repeating his guest's name enquiringly. Stanley then exclaimed, "Can I have seen this face before?"

Kate Kearney still smiled upon him.

"Answer me, if you would not drive me to utter despair,—is this our first meeting?"

The girl still smiling at the agitation of Stanley, sang with sweet melody,

"Oh, yes, you have seen this Kate Kearney,
Who lives near the Lake of Killarney;
From her love-beaming eye, did you e'er think to fly,
Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney?"

Stanley was in a tumult of anxiety: he grasped the hand of the beauty, and falling at her feet, exclaimed, "Tell me what am I to think of this?"

Kate threw aside her hat and feathers, and restraining her silken ringlets at the back of her neck, replied, "That Kate Kearney, the coquet of Killarney, will fulfil all promises made by the unsophisticated peasant Norah!"

Stanley was in raptures: he acknowledged his errors, and begged forgiveness for his presumption in supposing himself superior to the fascinations of a lovely woman; for his mean opinion of her, who, in the humble character of the peasant Norah, had completely won his heart. His pleasure, how-

ever, was mingled with bitter feelings; and he acknowledged that he had been deceived by the Captain.

"Which I suppose has taught you a useful lesson?" rejoined Mr. Kearney, "you will not again venture into the vortex of play."

"Never, on my honour!" rejoined Stanley.

"Then you may take your money and estates all back again," cried Kate, tearing the bonds in pieces; "and I am proud indeed, not that I have triumphed over personal prejudices, but that I have rescued Mr. Stanley from a vice which must have been his ruin."

"Can it be possible, that Captain Freemantle was Kate Kearney?"

"No other, believe me," rejoined she, "and I trust that you will not esteem me the less, because I preserved the man I loved. It may seem strange that I should thus have acted, but little though I esteem my personal recommendations, your boasted valour induced me to try their effect. In the character of the peasant Norah, I discovered, that although disfigured by many faults, you had still merits great as any heart could wish. The precepts of my good parent led me to think the worst of a gambler; he shewed me how the credulous were imposed upon by sharpers, and I, taking advantage of those instructions, ruined you, for the mere purpose of restoring the treasure back again with poor Norah's hand."

Stanley was too much enraptured to hear more; he apologized, and was forgiven. Soon was the family mansion of the Stanleys fit for the reception of its master, who then settling there upon his patrimonial estates, received, what he considered the highest felicity of his life, the hand of his attached Kate Kearney.

On the banks of Killarney reclining,
His bosom to rapture resigning,
He feels 'tis in vain to fly from the chain,
That binds him to lovely Kate Kearney.

B.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle, free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.
O for a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high,
The white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship light and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.
There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And haste the music, mariners,
The wind is wakening loud,
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

HOW TO BECOME A BEAUTY.*

"——— Look to that scroll there,—see
What instruction it conveys—how marvellous!"

OLD PLAY.

It is undoubtedly a very desirable thing to become a beauty, and when Nature has been unkind to those of her children whom she has cast in the fair mould, the resources of art may be applied to, and perhaps with some effect. At any rate, the advantages which those resources seem to proffer, are sufficiently great to obtain the hazard of a trial; and thus, washes, creams, colours and kalydors have found their way to the toilette of fashion: with what effect, those best acquainted with their use can best tell. We have no desire to enter upon a crusade against the supposed essentials, and it is only because that we have found the bounds of probability overstepped, that we now enter the lists; and though the standard of empiricism may float proudly in air, we will now attempt to lower it by shewing up the *charlatanerie* of the affair. A book is before us, devoted to the toilettes, and having cut open its leaves, we will pass its extraordinary contents under review, showing to our fair readers the species of quackery that are to be resorted to in order to become a *Beauty*.

In the introduction to the volume, the author tells us, that the essentials are as follows:—"Baths, Cosmetics, Depilatories, Dyes, Lotions, Lip Salves, Oils, Powders, Perfumes, Paints, Pommades, Tooth-powders," and with all these, enough to set up a perfumer's shop, a lady of fashion is to commence the operations necessary to render her a perfect beauty. The first piece of advice is very notable, for it tells us, "It is better to wash twenty times a day, than allow a dirty spot to remain on any part of the skin," a piece of instruction that we suppose the author thought necessary from his supposition of ladies performing the act of ablution about once in the course of four and twenty hours. We will not say that his supposition is a libel, the poor man perhaps knew no better; and we will pardon his little error, especially as we have so much to laugh at in the following pages. The author proceeds to show that he is a very scientific man, and understands phrenology, for he sagely says, "a symmetrical developement of the forehead, or a forehead full and broad in just proportion, without the *conical inclination* of some tolerably high fronts, denotes, in the language of phrenologists, a predomination of the intellectual faculties over the animal qualities, which are lodged farther back, or in the occiput." Now what this has to do with the toilette of a *beauty*, we really cannot conceive; and imagining that few ladies will have the patience to follow the writer through his dissertation upon phrenology, and the *occiput*, we shall leave the scientific subject, just extracting as we pass, that "the forehead barely covered with hair, or neatly and boldly exposed, are distinguishing marks of the condition of life of the wearers; the forehead covered over to the eyes, denotes *plebeian* origin and habits." Do not startle at this, fair reader, the writer is a very simple gentleman: do not fear to be seen in public with a covered forehead; for although the *tasteful* author of the "*Toilette*" may think you

* "The Toilette of Health, Beauty and Fashion." 12mo. p.p. 200. London. Wittenoom and Crmer.

of *plebeian* origin, he is the only man in the universe who ventures to tell the condition of a beauty by the arrangement of her hair. Perhaps, however, he may be in possession of some important secret; some grand discovery may have resulted from his scientific speculations; and upon a similar principle to that by which the age of a horse is told by his teeth, the sphere in which a lady moves may be found by the placing of a curl. Oh, the cunning man! After this, he begins to talk pretty; and the following soft sentence, explanatory of a subject which is already sufficiently understood, will amuse our readers exceedingly:—"A small head cannot look well in the dress of a head of larger dimensions. One, for instance, who has a diminutive *phiz* (elegant gentleman!), and a *snub*, or what is usually 'cycled a *pug* nose (elegance again!): sees another whose noble and well-adapted head-dress commands universal admiration, adopts it the next day, and looks truly ridiculous." We wanted no ghost to tell us that, and certainly by way of instruction the *novelty* of the sentence will be appreciated. "Again, Lucretia has fine eyes, but her mouth is not so handsome. Caroline's eyes are less beautiful, but her smile is enchanting. A hat placed very low would ill become Lucretia, whereas it would be a most advantageous head-dress for Caroline, as it would throw a favourable shade over her eyes, and give additional *lustre* and attraction to the prettiest mouth in the world." We are, perhaps, to blame for quoting so much of this sort of nonsense, but it may be a recommendation of the book as a companion to the nursery; and if the author will new christen it "*The Children's Friend*," we can have no objection to advise our lady-mother readers to purchase it for the amusement of their darlings.

Now we come to "attentions necessary for the hair," the first of which, very gravely delivered, tells us that *the head must be kept clean!* Important intelligence! The head must be kept clean! Really we believe the author to have strange notions of fashionable society, for he says that the head *must* be kept clean! In what state of society can he possibly exist? He follows up this instruction with some more relative to scurf, which, in his opinion is to be removed by "decoctions of the roots of briony, mallows, or borage, in water or in wine, seconded by a mild regimen, exercise, bathing, gentle opening medicine, and *clean linen*!" We suppose that he esteems the latter a luxury.

A recipe for an "ointment for the hair" is then translated from the French; we will give it entire that our readers may see what the gentleman advises them to apply to their heads. "Take an ounce of *beef marrow*, add an ounce of *grease, skimmed from unsalted pot liquor*, and boil them in a pipkin. Strain this mixture, and add to it an ounce of the oil of ben!" What a preparation! Beef marrow, and "the grease of pot liquor!" We really do not know what the gentleman alludes to by the latter phrase, and not being versed in culinary affairs, we cannot presume to say that such a liquid is not obtainable, although we are now for the first time introduced to it in the "*Toilette of Health and Beauty*." We can picture some of our fair friends descending into that terra incognita, the kitchen, and beseeching an ounce of beef marrow, and an ounce of "the grease of pot liquor," from Mistress Cook, and the latter presenting the oleaginous ingredients, with upraised eyes in wonderment; and then we can imagine the mixture with "oil of ben" applied to the silken tresses, that additional attraction might be imparted to them for the evening *soirée* at Devonshire House or the

Mazurka at Almack's! The author is not at all satirical in his advice for this application, for he goes on to say that *beef marrow* nourishes the hair, and gives it a fine gloss, *as may frequently be seen among butchers, who apply it!"* So that to have fine hair, a lady must emulate a *butcher's head*!!

In order "to make the hair grow quick, dip every morning the teeth of your comb in the juice of nettles, and comb the hair against the grain." We think the nettles would be as well applied to the gentleman's back.

Superfluous hair is certainly not very desirable, and our author gives his readers the following instruction for their removal. "*Depilatory of Ants' eggs!* Take Gum Ivy one ounce. *Ants' eggs*, gum arabic, orpiment, of each one drachm. Reduce these to a fine powder, and make it up into a liniment with a sufficient quantity of vinegar." This may read very well, but few we think, will try the experiment; pounding *orpiment* is no very pleasant affair, it being a strong poison, and the dust, if inhaled, particularly dangerous. Vitriol, quicklime, soap-lees, sulphur, &c. are among other things, recommended for the *toilette*, but were we of the fairer sex, and unfortunate enough to have "superfluous hairs" inches long upon our countenance, we should prefer their continuance to the hazard of such fearful ingredients as the above. From this dangerous subject we pass on to others more amusing, and are confident that our readers will be perfectly delighted with the following simple compound, which is to impart "a beautiful bloom to their countenances." It is called by the very gentle name of "*Virgins' Milk*." "Take equal parts of *benzoin* and *storax*, dissolve them in a quantity of *spirits of wine*, which will assume a reddish colour, and emit a fragrant odour. Some add to it a small quantity of balm of Mecca. A few drops of this poured in very fine common water, gives it a milky appearance. The ladies use it at the *toilette* with success for washing their faces!" We never were at a *toilette* when a lady was "washing her face," and, therefore, cannot say that the author "speaketh the thing which is not," but if the ladies do wash their faces with such stuff, why then we say that the sooner they discontinue its use the better. Wash their faces in *spirits of wine!* and *benzoin!* and *storax!* Wash their faces with such a mixture to make them appear *beautiful!* Rather say to make them very ugly: to make furrows upon their cheeks, to drive the hue of health from their countenances, and bring upon them premature old age. And this they call "*Virgins' milk*;" really the quacks who make fortunes by selling such stuff, ought to be whipped by the common executioner. Here follows another *cosmetic*, a droll one, which our readers will certainly smile at. It is called *pigeon water!* "Take juice of white lilies, of melons, cucumbers, of lemons, each one ounce: briony, wild succory, lily-flowers, borage, beans, of each a handful: *eight pigeons stewed!* Put the whole into an alembic, with four ounces of lump sugar, one dram of borax, the same quantity of camphor, the crumb of three French rolls, and a pint of white wine. When the whole has remained in digestion for seventeen or eighteen days, proceed to distillation, and you will obtain *pigeon water*, which is such an improvement of the complexion!"

We really cannot proceed through all the drolleries of the volume, the major of it would be waste of time to read, and unpardonable for us to descant upon. We need, therefore, only say, that directions are given for ointments for the skin to be made of *wax!* *spermaceti!*

bees wax! mutton suet! fresh butter! and similar delicate ingredients! A secret to *efface wrinkles*, is mysteriously developed, which is to "throw on a red hot shovel some powdered myrrh, and receive the smoke on your face!" Then comes other instructions, which are so very nasty that we shut up the book, unable to proceed; one of the recipes is for "*a fragrant quid!*" Shall we go on?—No.

We have thus given specimens of a work which professes to teach the fair sex how to become perfect beauties; but which they may read from beginning to end without being a whit wiser. It is strange that men can sit down and write such trash, as if females were always to be considered in a state of childhood, and their intellects still as in infancy. The principal rule of the book is that in order to have a white hand, a lady must always preserve a *clean* one; and the concluding advice is to "work at the needle, brush up the house, and twirl the distaff," by way of keeping up the circulation of the blood! No comment is needed here, and we are certain that our fair readers will unite with us in awarding a distaff, or a mop and pail, to the elegant author of the "*Toilette of Health, Beauty and Fashion.*"

I AM DECEIVED!

A SONG.

I am deceived—I am deceived,
Forsaken and betrayed;
For I too fondly trusted her
The fair but fickle maid.
Deceitful—ah that bitter word,
'Tis her's—for she has gone,
And along the lucid stream of life,
Her fairy bark is borne.

A silken curtain's round the boat,
A lover's at the prow;
She's list'ning to his luring voice,
And she's deceitful now.
She smiles—ah, how she smiled upon
My heart, and made it gay,
She swore—but what are woman's vows?
All her's have fled away.

And now she smiles, like joy, again,
They say she loves him—No!
Her face may be like happiness,
But her heart must all be woe;
And the snake that wreathes so deadly there,
Spits poison with increase;
'Twas the faithless word that gave it birth,
And now farewell to peace.

RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

We make the following extract, for the express purpose of drawing tears from the eyes of our fair readers:—

"THE DROWNING OF A WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

"It was impossible to look on the ominous aspect of the motley but silent crowd which thronged along the glittering sands, without foreboding some catastrophe. I pushed on, well aware my light-footed comrades would easily keep up, and in ten minutes more we were in the heart of the melancholy group.

"The prominent object in it, the one on which all eyes were sadly but irresistibly rivetted, was the corpse of a boy, apparently little, if at all, older than my youthful acquaintance Charlie—like him, of slight interesting figure—gifted, like him, with a profusion of golden hair, which, dripping wet, and yet dabbled with sand and sea-weed, fell over the edge of the shutter on which they were carrying this only son of a widowed mother to his desolate home, his lately animated features frozen in marble stillness, his free, unshackled limbs stiffened into eternal repose! 'Gude safe's, Willie Armstrong!' burst from the lips of poor Rob Arnot, one of his favourite play-fellows, as he sprung forward from my side to seize the cold, lifeless hand, and then shrunk back with the instinctive horror of childhood for mortality.

"'Good God! how did this happen?' asked I of the old weather-beaten sailors who had rescued from the deep, and were calmly though mournfully bearing, the body of the drowned child. 'It cam o' wilfulness, sir,' said one of them; 'clean wilfulness and contempt o' counsel! The schule callants had gotten the play this weary Saturday, and naething wad serve them but a boat. Boats were never made for bairns, and we set a watch on the yaws, lest the mischancy creatures sud lay hands on aye; but, Gude forgie us, we forgot the auld rotten skiff that's lain gaizening sin the last winter's wrack, high and dry on the Mursel Brae. The wild callants brought her down, and launched her round the point whare there was nane to see them. By a special mercy, she drifted aff ere ever they could a' loup in thegither, wi' only puir Willie Armstrong his lane! I saw the laddie, God help him! baling out the water wi' his hat ae minute, and waving' it in the air for help anither; but ere I could won down, the skipper's scailze, and cast aff my jacket to swim out till him, the boat was keel upmost, and the doomed laddie nae mair to be seen. I got a glisk at last o' his bonny gowden hair, and gripped it, and brought him ashore; but, wae's me! there was nae life in the creature: and weel I wot, though Doctor Armour has been fetching this hour to bring breath into the cauld clay, his Maker had the soul o' the puir witless callant or ever I laid hand on his body in the water.'

"A piercing shriek turned all eyes towards an advancing female, who, all bent up and coiled up like some wild animal on the spring, bounded rather than ran towards the spot. 'His mother! his mother! God pity her! Puir Helen Armstrong!' burst from lips awe-stricken and sealed till now. Instinctively the women closed round the body, to shield it from a mother's frantic gaze; while one more thoughtful than the rest tore off her apron and threw it over the face.

"But what living rampart, however charitably formed can stand against a mother's yearning for a son's inanimate relics? In an instant, Helen, a tall, powerful woman, stood, defying opposition, erect before her darling's bier—the next, she lay as lifeless as himself upon the beach beside him. From her awakening grief all seemed to shrink appalled; but Monteith, the deep-tried pastor of an often sorrowing flock, was despatched hastening, like a ministering angel, to the scene of anguish; and I felt, like all around me, as if the peace he seldom invoked in vain must reach ere long even the desolate parent before us.

"I looked round, ere I quitted the spot, for the blithe, fearless countenance of little Charlie Bennet: it was pale and subdued; the flush of conscious daring was fled; yet somewhat of high reserve and thoughtfulness still stamped the delicate features with an expression not belonging to

childhood. 'Will you be a sailor now, Charlie?' asked I, with a glance at the fearful spectacle we had left. 'I'll be like Mr. Monteith,' answered the child—his whole countenance brightening with unearthly joy—'and speak to my mother when she greets, as he's doing the now to Helen Armstrong, and'—suddenly starting away—'I'll run hame to her this moment, for fear she should think, when she hears o' a drowned laddie, it maun be her ain wild Charlie.'

"Even so, dear child!" exclaimed I, as I saw him bound off like a roe across the sand hills. And did not my own saddened heart whisper, How like the tenour of human life is this brief summer Saturday! Toil and trouble, labour and confusion among the many; here and there a heart gathering out of the furnace of affliction pure unalloyed grains of affection's imperishable ore! pleasures empty as the laughter and fleeting as the sports of childhood, and ending (as these have done to-day) in gloom, and tears, and a grave! Yet over even these—to complete the analogy—the mild form of Religion rising beacon-like from the dark and troubled waters, to wipe away the tears of time, and draw aside the view that shrouds eternity!"

LA BOUDOIR.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

"From grave to gay—from lively to severe!"

AN EXCELLENT JUDGE.—We were present a short time ago in a provincial town during the assizes, and one morning attended some of the trials: a considerable disturbance was kept up throughout the day in the court, which irritated the venerable judge so much, that he at length exclaimed, "There has been so much noise in this court, that I have decided three causes without having heard a single word of either!"

"A NEEDLE IN A BOTTLE OF HAY."—During the time that the Cholera was raging in Limehouse, a person residing in a small town in Somersetshire, was obliged to come up to the metropolis, and, as it happened, he was necessitated to take his abode in the pestilential district. The fact soon reached his friends in Somersetshire, who, alarmed lest he should bring back with him the dreaded malady, got up a petition to the Secretary of State, praying that he would detain the person in town, but without affording any clue by which the said person might be found. To the astonishment of the simple people, however, the dreaded gentleman arrived in Somersetshire on the very day that their ludicrous petition was sent to the Home Office.

A QUIANT REPLY.—A French gentleman meeting with an English friend in one of the exhibitions, ran up to him, and throwing his arms about him, saluted him upon the cheek. The Englishman who had no relish for such a method of salutation, was at first abashed, but in a moment exclaimed, "Well, never mind, I am even with you, for when I was in Paris I kissed your daughter."

A RATHER EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.—In the account which Pennant gives of Raby Castle, he introduces its possessor in the following terms:—"I dined here; the old Duke of CLEVELAND with us, a cheerful old man, and in conversation very far from an idiot!"

AMERICAN WIT.—The American periodical editors are very witty fellows; they are constantly giving us bits of

drollery, and the subjects are generally *themselves*. See a specimen from a New York paper, the editor of which had lost a pair of boots; after describing the theft, he says, "the boots were bought in *Third-street*, and we had not on Saturday a *second* pair. They were whole *soled* at time of purchase, but half *soled* at time of theft, like the half-*soled* creature who took them. He did not buy them, nor did we give them away, nor were they *sold* or half-*sold* to him. They were *right* and *left*, but now neither of them is *left*; but we have been *wronged* out of them, and it was an *unrighteous* act that has left us to make this *bootless* complaint."

A fool condemns others for his own misfortunes; he that is half-witted accuses only himself, but the wise man never complains of himself nor others.

Talking is one thing and doing is another; the man who is always talking can have no time to act.

PUNISHMENT.—A doctor and a poet quarrelled; an indifferent person was referred to to settle the dispute, the latter made the following reply:—

"You're faulty both,—do penance for your crimes:
Bard take his physic—doctor, read his rhymes."

QUERY.—Is it more disagreeable to have no appetite for your dinner, or no dinner for your appetite?

BAD NEWS FOR LADIES.—One of the French papers, in giving an account of the success of the Algerine expedition, said, "The army is really superb;—the regiments which have come from the North have not left a *single* man behind them!"

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—Two Irish barristers of the names of Doyle and Yelverton were constantly quarrelling before the bench. One day the dispute rose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming vehemently, "You scoundrel, I'll make make you behave like a gentleman!" The other smarting under the blow, as he lay on the ground, as energetically replied, "No, never! I defy you. *You cannot do it, Sir!*"

A BORE.—Sheridan Knowles, in his splendid drama of *The Hunchback*, thus admirably characterizes an inveterate bore, a species of animal that many of our readers may be acquainted with:—

"A fellow cut on this hand, and on that,
Bows, and is cut again—and bows again."

SUPERLATIVE WISDOM.—The *Athenæum* says, that the authors of "Francis the First," "*Black-Eyed Susan*," and "*The Hunchback*," are three of the greatest poets of this country! The "author" of *Black-eyed Susan* associated with FANNY KEMBLE and SHERIDAN KNOWLES! a mole-hill with the pyramids. Really the *Athenæum* is facetious.

A WIFE.

Old Orpheus veptured down below
His luckless wife to win;
But I know one would downward go,
To thrust his *darling* in.

TRICKS AND HONOURS.—A few evenings ago at one of Lady Salisbury's card parties, the conversation turned on the marriage of a lady of a certain age with the valet of one of her relations. "I am surprised," exclaimed the charming Lady Chesterfield, "that a person of her situation in life could descend to such degradation!" "Ah, Madam!" ex-

claimed Alvanley, with a serious countenance, "it was late in the game; and at nine we don't reckon honours."

AN OPENING.—When the news of Sergeant Wilde's escape from a pistol ball, reached Westminster Hall, a young barrister with a sigh exclaimed, "Poor fellow! But if the ball had hit his head, what a beautiful *opening* it would have made!"

SINGULAR SCHOOL.—An advertisement in the Herald described the advantages of "a *very old ladies' seminary*." "That won't do," said a worthy purveyor, as he pondered over the paper, "I want to send my *daughter* to school, not my *grandmother*."

CONSPIRACY.—When the cabriolet wheel knocked down Louis Philippe in Paris, a wag remarked that it looked very like a conspiracy to overturn the monarchy of France by a *common wheel*!

SAVAGE SENSE.—Among the Caribbee Indians, it is an invariable custom, during an earthquake, to assemble and dance to their rude music; rejoicing at an event which they are persuaded bestows new vigour and fertility upon the earth.

TYRANTS AND SLAVES.—Women have the ascendancy over men, on the frontiers of Louisiana, and which they maintain by the double engine of superstition and of passion. They are there *tyrants*;—among the native inhabitants of Canada they are *slaves*; and chiefly valued for the toils which they endure, and the domestic services they yield.

A LOST FOG.—In some of the newspapers, a person of the name of Fogg is advertised to come forward. "It is very strange that people should look for a *fog* in summer," said a wag. "Not at all," rejoined another, "it is natural that a *fog* should be *mist*!" (missed.)

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.—The following singular calculation has been made by an ingenious and patient gentleman. In 1,000 females, 32 are married between 14 and 15; 107, between 16 and 17; 219, between 18 and 19; 233, between 20 and 21; 165 between 22 and 23; 102, between 24 and 25; 60, between 26 and 27; 45, between 28 and 29; 18, between 30 and 31; 14, between 32 and 33; 8, between 33 and 35; 2, between 36 and 37; and 1, between 38 and 39.

LOGIC.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay, Some pilf'ring villains stole his team away;
Giles wakes, and cries—"What's here! odds dickens! what! Why, how now—am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart,
If not—odds boddikins—I've found a cart!"

WHAT IS MAN?—Dr. Kitchener answers the question, and calls him *the cooking animal*!

AN AUTHOR'S MODESTY.—In an essay "On the Amiability of Candour and Diffidence," the author says, "Though I have examined what all other authors wrote on this affair, with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the *least merit*, nor do I find one man that has treated this subject *sensibly* besides myself!" This author should have his figure carved in *brass*.

"I'VE DONE THE DEED!"—At one of the private theatres in the metropolis, a tailor's apprentice, full of dramatic ardour, ventured upon the assumption of Shakspeare's character of *Macbeth*. He got on very well until the murder scene, when as he rushed on with the daggers, exclaiming, "*I have done the deed*!" an infuriated man jumped upon one of the benches in the pit, and vociferated "*It's false, Sir!* you

hav'n't mended Mr. Tomkins' clothes! and hang me if I don't thrash you well! Done the *deed* indeed! Why you hav'n't done a stitch of work for the last three days!"

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.—His late Majesty when Prince of Wales, frequently promenaded in Bond Street, with his favourite Mr. Fox. One day, the latter laid his illustrious companion a wager that he would see more cats than he would, and give him which side of the street he pleased. When they got to the top, it was found that Mr. Fox had seen thirteen cats, and the Prince not one. The Royal Personage requested an explanation; when Mr. Fox quaintly rejoined, "Your Royal Highness, of course, took the *shady* side of the way, as the more agreeable; I knew that the *sunny* side would be left to me, and cats always prefer the *sunshine*."

DUTCH PARSIMONY.—A German clergyman who travelled through Holland and England for the purpose of raising contributions for the support of his impoverished church, applied to a merchant at Amsterdam, who readily gave him fifty florins, but not without a very woeful look at the canvass bag which held them. The clergyman perceiving this, observed that he should send him the bag again. "Ah, that is goot!" cried the delighted Dutchman, clapping his hands together, "Bags are very scarce!"

LIFE.—We all complain of its shortness; and yet most of us have more than we know what to do with.

LOVE.

The happy pair, whom mutual favours bind,
Love keeps united, though by Alps disjoin'd;
To passion ill return'd, short bounds are set,
The lover that's forgotten, will forget.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

We have taken the following from a work bearing the above title.

Wanting a Place.—"I was called out of my bed early one cold winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter from his Excellency the Honourable Peleg, recommending him particularly to my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visiter, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat if I made any distinction between man and man. 'Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?' 'Why-y-y, I'm not very particular; but some how or other, I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts.' 'I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed, there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?' 'Why-y-y,' answered the apple headed man, 'I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a comptroller, or an auditor, or some such thing.' 'My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens unfortunately that all these situations are filled. Would not you take something else?' My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the scorings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At

last he answered, 'Why-y-y, ye-e-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency, or any thing of that sort.' 'Really, my good Mr. Phippeny,' said I, 'I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the government is at present occupied. Pray think of something else.' He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all round the room, fixing his eye at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said, 'Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike, haven't you some old clothes you can spare?' 'Oh, what a falling off was there!' from a foreign mission to a suit of old clothes, which the reader may be assured I gave him with infinite pleasure, in reward for the only honest laugh I enjoyed for years afterwards."

How Eggs are Boiled.—"Mr. Lightfoot Lee was exceedingly particular in boiling his eggs, which he was accustomed to say required more discretion than any other branch of the great art of cookery. The preparations for this critical affair were always made with due solemnity. First, Mr. Lee sat with his watch in his hand, and the parlour-door, as well as all the other doors down to the kitchen, wide open. At the parlour-door stood Juba, his oldest, most confidential, servant. At the end of the hall leading to the kitchen, stood Pomp, the coachman; at the foot of the kitchen stairs stood Benjamin, the footman; and Dolly, the cook, was watching the skillet. 'It boils,' cried Dolly: 'It boils,' said Benjamin: 'It boils,' said Pompey the great: and 'It boils,' echoed Juba, Prince of Numidia. 'Put them in,' said Mr. Lee: 'Put them in,' said Juba: 'Put them in,' said Pomp: and 'Put them in,' said Dolly, as she dropped the eggs into the skillet. Exactly a minute and a half afterwards, by his stop-watch, Mr. Lee called out 'Done,' and 'Done' was repeated from mouth to mouth as before. The perfection of the whole process consisted in Dolly's whipping out the eggs in half a second from the last echo of the critical 'Done.'"

Pattern Friends.—"These two gentlemen had a sincere regard for each other, kept up, in all its pristine vigour, by the force of contrast. One took every thing seriously; the other considered the world and all things in it a jest. One worshipped the ancients; the other maintained they were not worthy of tying the shoe-strings of the moderns. One insisted that the world was going backwards; the other, that it was rolling onwards in the path of improvement, beyond all former example. One was a violent federalist; the other a raging democrat. They never opened their mouths without disagreeing, and this was the cement of their friendship. The mind of Mr. Lee was not fruitful, and that of Mr. Fairweather was somewhat sluggish in suggesting topics of conversation. Had they agreed in every thing, they must have required a succession of subjects; but, uniformly differing, as they did on all occasions, it was only necessary to say a single word, whether it conveyed a proposition or not, and there was matter at once for the day. 'A glorious morning,' said Mr. Fairweather, rubbing his hands. 'I differ with you,' said Mr. Lee. 'It is a beautiful sunshine.' 'But, my good sir, if you observe, there is a cold, wet, damp, hazy, opaque sky, through which the sun cannot penetrate; 'tis as cold as December.' 'Tis as warm as June,' said Mr. Fairweather, laughing. 'Pish!' said Mr. Lee, taking up his hat mecha-

nically, and following his friend to the door. They sallied forth without saying a word. At every corner, however, they halted, to renew the discussion; they disputed their way through a dozen different streets, and finally returned home, the best friends in the world, for they had assisted each other in getting through the morning. Mr. Lee invited Mr. Fairweather to return to dinner, and he accepted. 'Well, it does not signify,' said Mr. Lee, bobbing his chin up and down, as was his custom when uttering what he considered an infallible dictum—"it does not signify; that Fairweather is enough to provoke a saint. I never saw such an absurd, obstinate, ill-natured, passionate ———" 'O father, said Lucia, 'every body says Mr. Fairweather was never in a passion in his life.' 'Well, but he is the cause of passion in others, and that is the worst kind of ill-nature.'"

A LADY LIEUTENANT.

A whimsical case occurred lately in Paris. A young officer was brought before the Correctional-Police, and on being interrogated who and what he was, answered, very much to the astonishment of all present, "My name is *Constance Catherine Raffour*, aged 17, lately an officer in the Belgian service."

The crime of which the lady was accused, was that of wearing several knightly decorations without a title thereto; such as the Belgian Lion, the Polish Eagle, and the Cross of July. When called upon for her defence, she said, crying bitterly:—

"You will, I know, inquire, why I am thus dressed. The facts are these:—Though young, and a female, the love of my country and that liberty which all good citizens so well defended during our glorious days, electrified me. When I heard the sound of cannon, I regretted that I was a woman, and prevented by my sex from doing as much as others. After our revolution, another broke out in Belgium. The same desire of liberty induced me to assume male habiliments. I went to Belgium. Arming myself with all the courage of which I am susceptible, my feeble hand *defended* and *avenged* the friends of Belgian liberty, as it would have done, and will still do, if the freedom of my own native land is attacked."

"On my return to Paris, I resolved to re-assume the habits of my own sex, till I found that they did not become me. I went accordingly to the Prefet of Police, and obtained from him permission to wear the clothes in which I now appear. As for the decorations I have assumed, I trust, gentlemen, that your indulgence will induce you to attribute that fault to youthful vanity, and some of that national pride which may be pardonable at my age."

The Advocate who appeared on behalf of the Crown, pressed punishment but lightly, and the lady's counsel confirmed all her statements. He said that her military propensities were so strongly developed, that a medical man, Dr. Mare, physician to the King, had pronounced her to be in a state *exaltation martiale*. He mentioned some of her exploits, one of which, was the taking of a citadel at the head of a party of Belgians, for which she was made Lieutenant.

The Court was ungallant enough to imprison her for a week.

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*Newest Fashions, for January 1831.
Fashionable Head-Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for January 1831.
Walking Evening and Morning Dresses.*

pond, and trimmed with ribbons striped in two shades of blue.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view, half-length, of the morning-dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view, half-length, of the evening-dress.

FIG. 3.—A side view of figure four.

FIG. 4.—A fawn coloured velvet hat, lined with white satin, which is disposed in *bouillons* on the right side; a branch of myrtle is placed in the centre of the ornament. The material of the hat is arranged in drapery round the top of the crown, and the ribbon which forms the *brides*, passes through it. Sprigs of myrtle are placed on one side, which are partly perpendicular, and partly fall over the brim, and a knot of ribbon decorates the bottom of the crown behind.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PHISIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 1.

This face presents a rare union of great intellectual powers, with the most perfect meekness. The high commanding forehead, the finely arched brow, the large and well opened eye, all vouch that nature has bestowed on their possessor talents of no common order. Observe, reader, we say talents, not genius, for the fire that betrays that quality, often so fatal to those gifted with it, lives not in those dove-like eyes; they bespeak a mind devoted to study and contemplation; a mind, the serenity of which was never ruffled by internal storms. Cheerfulness and benevolence play round the small and finely formed mouth. The *coiffure* for such a face should be always of a dignified but simple description.

Description of the Coiffure.—The front hair is arranged on each side in thick clustering curls, which are lightly frizzed and divided, so as to leave the forehead entirely bare. The hind hair is then combed up quite tight to the summit of the head, and divided into three parts of equal thickness; one of these forms the plaited bow on the left side, the other the soft one on the right; and the third, twisted into a *rouleaux*, divides the bows in front, and winds round them behind. The ornaments consist of a gold chain, fancifully interwoven among the bows, and ears of ripe corn also in gold.

No. 2. A back view of the preceding figure.

PHISIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 3.

This countenance bespeaks solid judgment and a great degree of penetration, but it leaves us in doubt as to her other qualities, or rather, it signifies that they are of a negative kind; the form of the mouth, however, indicates good nature, though not to any extraordinary degree. A luxuriant display of the hair suits well with a countenance like this.

Description of the Coiffure.—The front hair is arranged in thick curls, which fall in regular rows over each other, very low at the sides of the face, leaving the forehead bare, but not quite from the roots of the hair. The hind hair is combed up in the usual manner, and divided into five bands of unequal sizes; the first forms the large dishevelled bow at the left; the second large centre bow; the third makes the small bow next to it; the fourth forms the broad plaited band which surrounds the bows; and the fifth the little bandeau which crosses the forehead on the right. The only ornament of this *coiffure* is a tortoiseshell comb, with a very high gallery.

No. 4. A back view of No. 3.

PHISIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 5.

This is one of those regular countenances which, judged by critical rules, we must call handsome, though devoid of that expression without which beauty never touches the heart. Separately considered, the features are all good; taken together, they fail to interest. 'Tis, however, a face to make the fortune of a hair-dresser, for its fine and regular features will permit him to decorate it as he pleases, whatever is the *coiffure* it is sure to be becoming.

Description of the Coiffure.—The front hair is arranged in soft round curls, and parted in the centre, but in such a manner as partially to shade the upper part of the forehead, leaving the lower part bare; the hind hair is divided into four bands, three of equal size, and one smaller. Three bows are formed with the first three bands, one of which is brought partially over the forehead, and two stand upright on the crown of the head, the small band winds round them. Light sprigs of fancy flowers, inserted among the bows, droop gracefully over in the style of plumes to the left side.

No. 6. A back view of the *coiffure* just described.

PHISIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 7.

This is the face of an Euphrosyne; one cannot picture "heart-easing mirth" under a more agreeable aspect. The upper part of the face is indicative of a strong understanding, but the expression of the eyes, and the form of the little smiling mouth, indicates that cheerfulness which springs as much from temperament as from mind. The *coiffure* should be rich but not overcharged.

Description of the Coiffure.—The front hair is combed entirely off the forehead, and disposed in full tufts of curls on each side. The hind hair, turned up as tightly as possible to the crown of the head, is separated into five parts, four of which must be of nearly an equal thickness; the fifth smaller. Four of these bands form bows of nearly an equal size, one of them is brought down on the left side over the front hair, of which it seems to make part; the others are arranged *en papillon*. The fifth band of hair, twisted in a soft *rouleau*, forms a half circle, which crosses the bows in the centre. Three bouquets, each consisting of a single fancy flower, with foliage and ears of ripe corn, decorate the hair. One is inserted on each side, and one placed in the centre of the bows behind. The ears of corn attached to the bouquet on the left side, fall carelessly over the forehead, the others stand upright.

No. 8. A back view of the head-dress just described.

PHISIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 9.

An air of simplicity, almost infantine, constitutes the principal charm of this youthful face, the delicate and regular features of which announce a mind full of goodness, simplicity, and candour, but give no promise of any marked degree of mental superiority. A high but light style of head-dress will be necessary to give to such a countenance a certain degree of dignity.

Description of the Coiffure.—The hair is combed down on each side of the forehead in the form of an arch, leaving the centre bare; the ends are disposed in full curls which fall very low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is divided into four parts, three of which form bows of different sizes; one is placed quite upright behind, the second inclines a little to the left, the third placed next to it, and much smaller, is inserted sideways over the curls on the left side; the fourth part of the hair forms a broad soft braid, which is twisted round the two large bows, and sus-

tains them in their elevated position. The ornaments of the hair consist of three sprigs of exotics; the largest is placed at the base of the bow on the right side, the two others are inserted behind the bows, one in the centre, the other at the side.

No. 10.—A back view of the head-dress, No. 9.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE, NO. 11.

This fine, but strongly marked and somewhat masculine countenance, is indicative of qualities not very desirable in a woman; pride, sternness, and inflexibility, may be read in those commanding eyes, and in the haughty curl of the lip. A head-dress to suit such a countenance must be *distingué*, and yet of a kind to give that softness to the features which Nature has denied.

Description of the Coiffure.—The front hair is slightly arched on the forehead, but so as to discover nearly the whole of it, and arranged in very full curls, which fall very low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is divided into three parts, the first brought from the left side, must be smaller than the others, for it is to form the plaited bandeau which twines round the largest of the bows, the second and third must be of an equal size; the one forms an excessively high bow placed perpendicularly behind, and sustained by the plaited band; the third part of the hair forms a bow at the base of this band on the left side. The head-dress is composed of gold-coloured gauzes, but we beg to observe, that it may also be made in blond laces, and, indeed, for such a countenance as the one now before us, it would be even more becoming. It will be necessary to have one yard and three quarters of gauze, divided into three unequal parts, but not cut; these are each plaited into the form of a cockleshell. The largest of these ornaments is placed on the right side, immediately behind the tufts of curls, which it surmounts; the smallest is placed just over the forehead, and the third, of the size between the two former, is placed behind the bows on one side. Three gold pins, inserted at some distance from each other, complete the *coiffure*.

No. 12.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 13.

What a charming assemblage of qualities does this sweet, ingenuous countenance promise. A frank, open, and confiding temper may be easily read in that forehead and eyes, while the form of that little dimpled mouth assures us of a kind and compassionate heart; and the arch but innocent smile which lights up the sweet face bespeaks that *naïve* gaiety which is perhaps the greatest charm of youth. For such a countenance the *coiffure* ought to be one of the most simple elegance, such as we are about to describe.

Description of the Coiffure.—The front hair is arranged on each side of the forehead in braids, not those flat ones commonly termed Grecian, but slightly bowed at the sides. The hind hair is divided into two equal parts, one of which forms a very large round bow on the summit of the head; the other a soft braid of extraordinary size, which twines round the bow and supports it. A bouquet of fancy flowers placed at the left side at the base of the braid, is the only ornament of the *coiffure*.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL REMARKS ON THE FIGURE NO. 14.

One may read in that lovely but downcast face, all the trouble of mind which a young and timid virgin feels in separating herself for ever from her dearest connections to form ties equally sacred, and yet more dear. This countenance

is one of those where beauty is joined to the expression of all the feminine virtues; modesty, sincerity, and humility are its distinguishing characteristics. To such a face the bridal ornaments are perhaps the most becoming of all decorations, when they are chosen, as in the present case, of a light and graceful kind.

Description of the bridal Coiffure.—The hair is entirely off the forehead, and arranged in curls, which are lightly frizzed at each side, but not brought very low. The hind hair is divided into three parts; one forms a very large bow on the summit of the head; the second forms an open braid, which stands up round the base of the bow in front; the third is arranged in a bow of the crescent form, which inclines to the left side, and just touches the front curls. A light and beautiful bouquet of orange flowers is placed between the open braid and the crescent bow. The bridal veil, which must be a square of a yard and half in size, is arranged at the back of the head in such a manner that the four corners form ornaments in the shape of leaves, two of which surmount the crescent bow, and open braid; the two others are placed on the right side; one close to the large bow, the other, as well as a part of the veil, falls over the curls in front.

No. 15.—A back view of the bridal head-dress.

No. 16.—A turban composed of crimson, blue, and gold gauze, disposed alternately in the most graceful folds. Three long curled ostrich feathers; two are blue, and one rose colour, are placed far back on one side. The rose-coloured one falls in the neck, the others surmount the turban.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

WALKING DRESS.

Our fair readers will see at a glance that this dress is the first style of public promenade costume. The under-dress is white *cachemirienne*, with a *corsage* embroidered *en chemisette*, trimmed at the top with white blond net. A bouquet corresponding with that on the *corsage* adorns the bottom of each sleeve in front, and a light embroidery surmounts the hem. The pelisse is of *gros de Tours*, the colour is *rose de Parnasse*, *corsage drapé*, and very open on the bust. *Manche à l'Amadis*. The skirt, which flies open before, is trimmed down the fronts with velvet *dentelée* at the edges, which are bordered with a *rouleau* of the material of the dress. The hat is green velvet, the brim is lined with white velvet; it is ornamented on the inside only with blond lace *brides*, which fastens on one side by a bow of ribbon. An ornament of the leaf kind trimmed with blond lace decorates the crown, intermixed with *nœuds* formed of ends of cut ribbon. The muff and tippet worn with this dress should be sable or Isabella bear.

EVENING DRESS.

A white crape dress. *Corsage uni*, bordered with narrow blond lace, and *bèret* sleeves rather shorter than usual. A *Mathilde* composed of rose-coloured satin, and edged with *chenille* fringe of a very light description, partially covers the *corsage*; it is finished on the shoulders by bows with scalloped ends. The trimming of the skirt consists of three satin *rouleaux* which go round the border, just above the hem; they are raised a little above the right knee, and terminate in a bow corresponding with that on the sleeves, from which a bouquet of roses issues. The hair is dressed in full curls on the temples, and light bows

on the summit of the head. A bouquet of roses, intermixed with fancy flowers, is placed on one side, and a *bandeau* of pearls descends from the base of the bows, and falls low on the forehead. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, gold and pearls.

MORNING DRESS.

A crimson satin dress. The *corsage* is made up to the throat; it fastens in front by gold buttons, and is adorned with a velvet band of a darker shade than the dress, which goes round the upper part of the bust behind, and descends on each side in the stomacher style. Sleeves à l'imbecille, finished with an epaulette, consisting of three pointed pieces edged with sable; a band of sable; the cuff and a broader band of the same fur surmounts the hem. A double row of white *tulle*, plaited in *tuyaux*, forms the *collorette*. Blond lace cap, trimmed with a mixture of black and rose-coloured striped ribbon, and light sprigs of flowers. This is an elegant morning visiting dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A side view of the morning dress cap.

FIG. 2.—A bonnet composed of dark green velvet. A drapery of the same material, edged with black blond lace, falls over the upper part of the crown. The ends have the form of leaves; one stands out in a bias direction from the crown, the other falls over the brim. A knot, composed of ends of light green satin ribbon, separates the ends of the drapery on the crown, and another attaches its point to the edge of the brim.

FIG. 3.—A back view, half length, of the walking dress.

FIG. 4.—A back view, half length, of the evening dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1831.

Never was the reign of our Absolute QUEEN more glorious and more happy than at this moment; joy accompanies her footsteps, and blessings follow them. Yea, blessings, and heartfelt ones too, the blessings of those that were ready to perish, of those who would perhaps have perished, had not the Ordinances of our Sovereign Lady called forth their industry, and rewarded it with bread. Honoured be you, then, fair and loyal lieges of fashion! Suffer not the reproach of the splenetic or misanthropic to withdraw you from her train, but remember that in serving her you can serve your country—that country which, like a tender mother, warmly felicitates herself at seeing all her children assembled at the commencement of a new year. May it prove a happy one to all and each of our fair readers! We thank them sincerely for that distinguished patronage with which they have honoured us. We hope we may say without boasting, that success has never made us negligent in our endeavours to please them, and while we are spared for the performance of our task, those endeavours shall never be relaxed. We present them with some of the most elegant novelties now preparing for several distinguished votaries of fashion, under the tasteful superintendence of Mrs. BELL.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The crowns of hats continue to be made small, always a little on one side, or rounded, and close upon the ears. The brims have not altered in size; they are still made very wide. Velvet hats are generally lined with velvet; however, we see some lined with silk plush, and a few also composed entirely of this latter material: these last are trimmed with silk plush ornaments in the shape of cockcombs; they are bordered with blond,

which is generally black. A simply elegant morning bonnet is composed of velvet or silk plush, and ornamented with three ribbons, which turn round the crown, and meeting in the centre of the front of the crown, they form a round rosette, with short ends. Hats of this simple form are not trimmed under the brim, their only ornament being *brides* edged with blond lace.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Nothing can be at once more elegant and more commodious than the mantle which we have given in our print, the sleeves of which are so contrived as never to rumple those of the dress. We have observed, also, several very elegant ones in velvet and satin, with large square collars, and pelerines trimmed with black blond lace. A most tasteful one is of violet-coloured satin, lined with silk plush to correspond; the trimming turns back over the fronts, and forms à revers in the shape of a broken cone, which is cut in sharp *dents*. The collar and pelerine are of silk plush, and edged with superb black blond lace.

MORNING DRESS.—High dresses and *redingotes* seem in nearly equal favour; the greater number of both are made without trimming; some of the latter are finished round the edge with ten or twelve pipings of the same material as the dress; they must not altogether exceed an inch in breadth. Generally speaking in morning dress the *corsage* is made *uni*. The most novel sleeves are those that diminish gradually in size from the elbow to the wrist, where they fasten tightly to the arm; they have no cuffs. If a pelerine is worn, it is of a very large size, buttons in front, and is either untrimmed or trimmed with blond lace.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HALF-DRESS.—The materials of half-dress are all of a very rich description, *reps indienne*, plain and figured *gros des Indes*, *gros des Tours*, and satin; nothing is more elegant than the latter. High dresses trimmed above the hem with a rouleau of fur, or else finished round the bottom with a broad *bias* of velvet, which reaches to the knee, and a pelerine à collet, either cut in *dents*, or trimmed with black blond lace, is a favourite style of morning visiting dress.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF DRESSES IN EVENING AND GRAND COSTUME.—Every day presents us with fresh novelties in silks and fancy gauzes, many of which are much in favour; crape, satin, and velvet are, however, upon the whole, the materials most *recherché*. A simple but very elegant style of evening dress is of crape, with the *corsage* either in crossed draperies, or else trimmed with a double *manille* of blond lace. Long sleeves arranged at the upper part in a double *bouffant*, the fullness diminishing gradually from the elbow to the wrist. The border should be adorned just above the hem with ten or twelve very narrow satin folds.

Corsages à la Sevigné are also much in favour in evening dress; and those à revers are very much worn, particularly if the revers is a different material to the dress; as, for example, satin on crape, velvet on satin, or on any other kind of silk. Whatever be the material of this ornament, the *jockies* should correspond.

BALL DRESSES.—Some of the most novel are composed of white crape, trimmed round the border with a *bias* band of silk plush, either rose colour or lilac; a small collar falling over *en schall* upon the *corsage*, is trimmed with a very light *chenille* fringe, corresponding in colour with the plush. The band of the short sleeves was also trimmed with fringe.

A white gauze dress is embroidered in small bouquets, the flowers in white beads, and the leaves in green silk. A

torsade of white beads and green *cordonnets* marks the upper edge of the hem. The *corsage* is in crossed drapery, trimmed with the same kind of *torsade*.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Blond lace caps are in great favour in evening dress; the most elegant are formed by a single large scarf of white blond lace gathered at the crown of the head, and sustained in front by a wreath of flowers; a small satin rouleau marks the round of the head, and the ends of the scarf fall on the shoulders.

Crape hats trimmed with flowers and blond lace, instead of ribbons, have a very light and tasteful effect. Some satin hats are trimmed with *navuds* formed of a band of velvet edged with blond lace. If short feathers are used, they are placed in a bouquet on one side. Long plumes are placed in the centre at the bottom of the crown, the ends close to each other, and concealed by a small rosette.

Velvet *bérets* are rather more in favour than those of gauze or crape; they are also a little smaller. *Bérets* are generally ornamented with feathers, white ones are most in favour; some, but very few, are trimmed with plumes of *marabouts*.

The colours most in favour are green, lavender, rose colour, gold colour, crimson, dark blue, chesnut, and violet.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The shape of hats and bonnets may be now considered as settled for the winter; they will vary only in their ornaments, which, thanks to the caprices of fashion, change perpetually. The crowns are low, a little on one side; some trimmed on the top, others plain. The brims are smaller, but still very wide; they expose the face and the hair, but they do not stand up as they did two years ago. They keep a medium between that shape and those of the fancy straw hats of last year.

Velvet hats are much in favour both for the promenade, half-dress, and full dress. A novel style of trimming for the first, consists of *cornets* of velvet, in which *navuds* of gauze ribbon are placed; if the hat is lined with coloured velvet, the *cornets* must also be lined. Very few promenade hats are now trimmed with white blond lace, but black is very generally adopted. Flowers, though still worn in half-dress, are not so generally in favour. They are now never adopted for the promenade. A mixture of materials in the same hat is still very fashionable, and may be made according to the taste of the wearer. A hat composed of *peluche* may be lined with velvet, or *vice versa*; satin may be used for the one or the other, as may also watered silk.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Plain cachemire is much in favour both for morning mantles and pelisses. They have no other trimming than a narrow cord covered with sarcenet at the edge. Mantles of one colour only, are certainly those most genteel for the promenade. Those of black satin with a large pelerine of the same material, or of velvet trimmed with blond lace, are most elegant. Striped and plaided cloth are still, to a certain degree, in favour, but they have become too common to be considered at all *distingué*. Those for the *Spectacle* are either of rich silk, or velvet lined with fur, or with *pluche de Soie*.

Pelisses are much worn for the promenade; those most in favour are of black velvet, or satin; those of velvet are fastened down the front with knots of satin; those of satin with knots of velvet. Large pelerine, either plain or trimmed with blond lace.

Muffs are much worn; fur tippets are also generally adopted; those of the palatine form are coming much into favour, but boas still predominate. Sable is the fur most in request, grey squirrel is next to it in estimation.

DRESSES.—*Redingotes* are very generally adopted in morning dress. Dark colours are much in favour, but black is not so generally worn as it was in the beginning of the season. Plain *corsages* are most numerous in *negligé*. If the dress is not made *à revers*, a pelerine is indispensable; they are more frequently of velvet than of the material of the dress.

HOME-DRESS.—A neat and simple costume for home consists of a *redingote* of nut-brown *cachemirienne*, with a plain tight corsage, very little open in front, and sleeves fitting close to the arm from the turn of the elbow to the wrist; the upper part excessively wide and long, falling *en bouffant* over the elbow: a high collar, standing out from the neck. An apron of emerald-green *gros de Naples*, bordered in round *dents*, with pockets in the shape of a scallop shell. A *collerette* composed of three rows of embroidered muslin, and a lace cap with a very broad border, partially looped up on one side, and falling on the other; the knots that decorate it are half ribbon and half lace.

HALF-DRESS.—The materials for half-dress remain the same; the *redingote* form is the one preferred. If the dress is a *robe*, it is always half high; some have the *corsage* ornamented with a band of velvet, which comes from the seam on the shoulder, and crosses under the ceinture; it is nearly half a quarter broad at the top, but not more than a nail at the bottom. A row of black blond lace is frequently disposed in the same manner.

Some half-dresses have the fulness of the sleeves diminishing gradually from the elbow to the wrist, where they sit close to the arm, and are fastened by two or three buttons. Others are finished at the wrist by four points, which are generally of velvet.

EVENING DRESS.—*Chaly*, either white or coloured, in oriental patterns, or else in bouquets or wreaths, forming columns of different coloured flowers, are much in favour in evening dress; the *corsage* is either in drapery, or else ornamented with a *revers* cut in *dents de loup*. *Béret* sleeves with long ones over them of blond lace, or *crêpe lisse*.

The most novel style of trimming for crape and gauze dresses consists of bouquets of *pensées*, embroidered in coloured silks, at regular distances above the hem, and ornamented with a silk *torsade*, of the same colours as the bouquets. These dresses are always made with *béret* sleeves, encircled at the bottom by a *torsade*.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Some of the new *bérets* have the brim turned up in front, so as to resemble a *chapeau à la Bonaparte*. Head-dresses of hair are less generally adopted for the *spectacle* than they were last month, but they are very general in evening parties. Some are adorned with feathers and precious stones; others with feathers only; very few with flowers.

Several *bérets* are turned up on the left side. One of the most elegant is composed of plain velvet, and adorned with a white feather, placed on the inside of the brim on the right; it fell over the upper part of the brim; the crown was adorned on the left side with a bouquet, consisting of three short feathers.

JEWELLERY.—Though trinkets of massive gold continue in favour, those of a lighter description are beginning to appear. Some *élégantes* have already exchanged the heavy *châtelaines* for gold chains of very light workmanship.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXV.—English Earls.

THE EARL OF EGREMONT.

*"He is a gentleman in whom is built
An absolute trust."*—SHAKESPEARE.

If they had no previous claims to our respect, the house and family whose origin and ancestry we are now about to trace, would derive a distinction from the character of *Him* who is the *present head of it*. As, however, we shall in the sequel have to speak of his good qualities a little in detail, our better plan will be to trace, as in the case of those peers who, in point of date, have preceded the venerable Earl, first of all, the *Genealogy* of his race.

That, then, dates its descent from a Saxon of considerable note, named *Ailwardus*. He was of the county of Norfolk, possessing an estate there in Wymondam, afterwards called *Wyndham*, a title assumed soon after the Norman conquest. From him were lineally descended (we mention those only who apply in their progenitorship the closest to the immediate subject of our enquiry.) WILLIAM WYNDHAM, Esq., who was created a *Baronet* in 1601. He enjoyed his added honours but two years, death claiming him as his vassal. He was succeeded by his third and only surviving son, Sir EDWARD WYNDHAM, who married Catherine, daughter of Sir William Leveson Gower, by whom he had a son and daughter, the former of whom was eventually called in due order or heirship to occupy his honours, and fill his station.

This gentleman, Sir WILLIAM WYNDHAM, would not have been popular in these reforming days, inasmuch as he held a *plurality of appointments and official situations*, being the Master of the Buck Hounds, Secretary at War, and Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Anne; also sworn a Privy Councillor. Hymen's torch was considered a holy flame by him, since he married twice. *First*, Catherine, second daughter of his Grace Charles Duke of Somerset; the produce of this union consisted of two memorials of affection of either sex. *Secondly*, Catherine (the name no doubt told of sweet days gone), daughter of Mon. P. D'Jong, of the province Utrecht, in Holland, and widow of William, Marquis of Blandford. By this union he had no issue. We should have stated that his *second son*, inheriting the estate of his uncle, Earl of Thomond, bore the surname and arms of O'Brien, and was created Earl of THOMOND in Scotland. Pope thus immortalizes the reputation and eloquence of Sir WILLIAM.

VOL. VIII.

"How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and attic wit;
Or WYNDHAM, just to freedom, and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own!"

He died 17th June, 1746, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir CHARLES, and who also, on the death of his uncle, ALGERNON, Duke of SOMERSET, without male issue, became entitled, on the 7th of February, 1750, to, and assumed the title of, Earl of EGREMONT, and *Baron of Cocker-mouth*; his Grace having obtained those dignities by patent, 3d October, 1749, with remainder to the sons of his sister, Lady Catherine Wyndham. His LORDSHIP married Alicia Maria, daughter of George Lord Carpenter, by whom he had issue

GEORGE O'BRIEN, the present Earl.

Percy Charles, born 3d September, 1757.

Charles William, born 6th October, 1760, married in 1801, to Lady A. B. F. Lambton, second daughter of G. Bussey, fourth Earl of Jersey, widow of Henry Lambton, Esq., and mother of the present Lord Durham.

William Frederick, born 6th April, 1763; married first in 1784, Frances, daughter of Frederick, Lord Baltimore, by whom he has issue; and secondly, Julia de Smorzewska, Countess de Spyterki.

Elizabeth, who married Henry, first Earl of Caernarvon, but who died in 1826.

Frances married Charles, first Earl of Romney, but preceded her elder sister in the inevitable journey to Death's dwelling, being taken from her house upon earth in 1795.

His LORDSHIP himself took his leave of mortality on the 21st August, 1763, and was succeeded by GEORGE O'BRIEN; whose descent we have thus pretty plainly evidenced. The *present* EARL has no child to inherit after him, the heir-presumptive is, therefore, his brother, CHARLES PERCY, a bachelor. The principal creations of the family were a Baronet, 9th Sept. 1661, and an Earl 3d October, 1749.

Commencing now to speak of the Earl of EGREMONT's life and conduct, it is a source of great gratification to be enabled to state that he is one of those who has given no opportunity for the breath of calumny to exercise its sully-ing qualities upon. Firm in mind, generous in conduct, and consistent in principle, devoid at the same time either of austerity or ostentation, it has been his consoling fate to make numberless friends, without creating a single enemy; so that those who have hitherto considered the assertion that prophets (or people of authority) are not honoured in their own country, need only visit *Petworth*, where his Lordship principally resides, to be satisfied as to the fallacy of the doctrine; for there his friends, his neighbours, his tenants, his dependents, will tell the enquirers that "he feels as man for man," encouraging the weak, and raising the unfortunate, yet wisely not forgetting to reprove the dissolute, and awe the discontented. In his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, firmness in difficult extremities, and considerate action in all cases, have characterized his authority; so that, although not so much heard of in the senate and other assemblies of a political or courtly

C

character, as some others of our nobility, in the sphere of his influence few could have equalled, still fewer excelled him in the exhibition, general energy, and the exertions of extensive usefulness.

We have said *Petworth* was his residence; it must be further explained that he has a very fine mansion there, after the fashion of the olden time, and in which hospitality delighteth to dwell. It is freely shewn to strangers, and is an object well worthy of the tourist's observation, who, if he be a *sportsman*, will find cause for admiration in the extensive arrangements and establishments for the rearing, management, and training of the horse and hound. Few have been better known, or more successful upon the *turf*, than the Earl of EGREMONT; and very few have been possessed of such a stud of "high-mettled" horses as for the greater part of his racing career his stables produced; as is indeed abundantly attested by the number of plates, stakes, cups, and other prizes which he has won. Latterly, however, his LORDSHIP has cooled in his ardour for the sport, of which he was formerly so warm a supporter, having since his "brother to Twatty," *lapdog*, (who, afterwards did nothing,) won in 1826, the *Derby Stakes at Epsom*, suffered his stud to decline, and has now, we believe, not more than two or three horses in training. One noble animal which has inhabited his paddocks and stables so many years, can never be forgotten by those who are fond of the title of "noble sporting gentlemen," and that is the famous horse *Whalebone*, the sire of as many or more winners than most others we can remember.* Lord EGREMONT seldom betted, and never suffered himself to be mixed up with the mere speculating wagers, (common idlers if not worse,) who make more noise, than they do good upon our race-courses. His horses were more frequently than otherwise entered in the name of his brother Colonel WYNDHAM, who also officiated as master of the fox-hounds, and whose spirit almost to the last—(for he is gathered to his fathers, and "they mourn him dead in his brother's halls!") led him to exclaim—

"See our brave troops, the volleying hounds,
How, with fierce *sings* and rival bounds,
So busily, and patient, too,
They wind him as we cry *hallo!*
And seem, when baffling all his snares,
To deem our triumphs must be *theirs*."

Brighton, Lewes, and Chichester, have all felt the advantages of Lord EGREMONT's patronage and occasional

* His LORDSHIP has five times won the DERBY, and, on the same number of occasions, the OAKS STAKES at *Epsom*. The particulars may be interesting.

In 1782 (3d yr.) with <i>Assassin</i> ,.... Sire Sweetbriar, 35 Subs. 13 started	
1804 <i>Hannibal</i> Driver..... 33	8
1805 <i>Card. Beauf.</i> Gobanna... 39	15
1807 <i>Election</i> 38	13
1826 <i>Lag Dog</i> Whalebone 57	19

OAKS.

In 1788 with <i>Nighthade</i> ... Sire Pot8o's... 18	7
1789 <i>Tag</i> Trentham... 18	7
1795 <i>Platina</i> Mercury... 42	11
1800 <i>Ephemer</i> Woodpecker 24	8
1820 <i>Caroline</i> ... Whalebone... 39	13

It will make more perfect our assertions, to mention also that *Whalebone* was the Sire of the late Duke of York's pretty nag *Moses*, which won the *Derby* in 1822, beating 10; that he was also the Sire of two other Epsom winners will be seen above.

presence, especially during the race-meetings at the two first mentioned of these towns. At those "meetings" he was, till his neighbour the Duke of RICHMOND entered the lists, almost invariably successful; recently his GRACE has shared the fairly-won spoils.

But whilst by many he will be proclaimed as a *sportsman*, by more will he be praised as a *patron of talent, genius, and ingenuity*, and by all will he be immortalised as a *man*,—as one—

"—— who gave hope to twine

Her fairy branches with sweet wreaths of flow'rs;"

and when he goes hence and is no more seen, may another take his place who is equally capable, and equally ready, to make the rich anxious for his society, the poor joyous by his bounty, the talented advanced by his patronage, and his tenantry prosperous through his consideration, forbearance, or liberality. Finally, may the subject of our biography find that innocent mirth and equanimity of temper which, like those of the great Sir Thomas More, have been so conspicuous in his life, not forsake him at the closing of it; and, conscious of a well-spent career, may he bid "good-night" to the world, with the certainty of awaking to a blissful eternity!

Au Bon Droit his motto,† is not equivocal with regard to the deserts of the Earl of EGREMONT; for he has a good right to enjoy the honours, and to wish to preserve them, which have been deservedly awarded him. Long be it ere a stronger even than kingly power compels him to leave such for his successors. His town residence is 4, Grosvenor Square; and his country seats, *Petworth*, *Orchard Wyndham*, and *Whitham*, *Sussex*; *Cockermouth Castle*, *Cumberland*, and *Wresil Castle*, *Yorkshire*. Those who live in the neighbourhood of either of which mansions, are invariably the more prosperous and happier when it is tenanted by GEORGE the Second Earl of EGREMONT.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF MUSIC FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS TO THE PRESENT TIME 1830.

That we should entertain a desire to become acquainted with the origin of any art, or science, which contributes to us either in *utility* or *ornament, comfort* or *enjoyment*, is the natural consequence of that spirit of inquiry, which is, for the wisest of purposes, infused into the composition of the human mind. The child that destroys the toy purchased for him by some indulgent relation or friend, is prompted by the restless curiosity inseparable from our frame of ideas; he is anxious to know "*how it is made*," and he seeks the attainment of his end by the demolition of the object. The same impulse operating in a higher degree upon the philosopher, the astronomer, the geologist, the chemist, and the botanist, produces the noblest speculations, and the most interesting discoveries; the analysis of the imperishable mind, the theory of the heavens, the investigation of "the great globe itself," its qualities, capacities, and productions, with the origin and growth of the arts and sciences, in fact, of every thing conducive to the information of man, may be included

† The *arms* are, Az, a cher, between eight lions' heads erased, or, a lions' head erased, or, within a fetterlock of the last, the how company-compony, or an az.

Supporters:—*Dexter* a lion rampart, winged, or; *Sinister*, a griffin, or, guttu de sang.

among the *effects* of this commanding *cause*. The vast discoveries of Newton emanated from this focus, and while the illiterate and obtuse were content to gaze stupidly upon the colours of the rainbow, the master-spirit dived into the source, and produced that clear and beautiful theory, which alone would immortalize his name. The fortuitous development of the principles of gravitation may be adduced as an evidence, if such be wanting, that to chance we are indebted for some of our most important and undisputed theories, and perhaps it is not a visionary idea to presume, that the *material* of science is coeval with the creation of the world, and that the ingenuity and research of man, aided by favorable accident, alone are required to call it forth into systematic arrangement. Until the chord is touched the harp is silent, and the fire lies dormant in the flint till elicited by the collision of the steel. Invention has but a minor theatre for action, while discovery may command the universe. No science has yielded more largely to the enjoyment of man than the one which we are about to trace, briefly, from the cradle of its infancy, and born in the earliest ages of the world, none has been more assiduously cultivated, or more deservedly admired. In our rapid survey all technical disquisition will be laid aside, as inconsistent with our intention to *sketch* the progress of this enchanting science, without touching upon the abstract features or philosophical detail.

Whoever has listened to the flowing of a gentle stream, the roaring of a cascade, the murmuring of the wind among the trees, and the sighing of the breeze as it passes over a corn field, or rustles amidst reeds and bulrushes, must have been struck with the *natural melody* of the sound; and it may be allowed, that the ancients do not assume an improbable position, when they infer that the plaintive dirge-like cadence, full of melancholy tenderness, produced by the action of the water and the wind, suggested the idea of Music. Imitation, the parent of so many arts, set to work, and a reed pulled from the sedgy banks of a stream, is the first musical instrument upon record. The assertion of Pythagoras, that the birth of music may be ascribed to the noise occasioned by the revolutionary motion of the celestial bodies, is too airy to be received, although backed by the venerable authority of that great teacher of the philosophy of sounds; and the humbler opinions of Lucretius and Varro, both of whom ascribe it to *terrestrial* causes, appear worthier of deference.

Vocal music is, unquestionably, of higher antiquity than instrumental; and they, to whom the must of centuries is an object of surpassing veneration, will, by analogy, place additional value upon the former. Athenagoras and Lucretius coincide in a statement that the wild wood notes of birds created a rivalry in the breast of man, and that the feathered bipeds were emulated in their mellifluous art. Pope's elegant fable of the nightingale and the shepherd, is thus supplied with more than a fanciful foundation, and rendered of still greater interest; but how *truly* successfully the contest for superiority has been maintained, the brilliant vocalists of the present day may determine. Songs were in existence long prior to the introduction of letters by Cadmus, and it is affirmed that not only the prayers, but the laws and oracular dispensations of the ancients were, originally, sung or chanted. Miriam's thanksgiving after the passage of the Red Sea, is the earliest which we are enabled to trace; the effect of this was considerably increased by the addition of the timbrel. Under David and Solomon, the Hebrews are said to have excelled in

music; and it is known that the Levitical service consisted principally of vocal performances. A reference to the Bible will show that the harp, the organ, and the silver drum were in use; and that wind instruments as well as others strung with hair, were known anterior to the deluge.

Plato asserts that the Egyptian divinities, Osiris, Isis, and Hermes, were the joint inventors of musical instruments, and that with them the science originated; the Indians, also, ascribe it to the Gods, and to this day their priests maintain that it was derived from Brahma himself.

The invention of the lyre is attributed to the Egyptians by Apollodorus, and from vestiges found in the sepulchral ruins of ancient Thebes, particularly in the tomb of Ismandes, it is evident that these people were in possession of musical instruments two thousand years previous to the introduction of Christianity.

By the Greeks this most beautiful of the sciences was held in the highest esteem, and even considered an important feature in their code of education. Eloquently termed, "*the Science of the Muses*," it found a home in every heart, and few of the Grecian provinces were not distinguished by public games, in which the poets and musicians of the age contended for pre-eminence. In referring to the earliest records of the science, we find them so closely interwoven with the fabulous dreams of mythology, as to render the history perplexing and unsatisfactory to the minute enquirer, and far from interesting to the general reader. It will therefore be sufficient to state, that in passing from the mists and gloom of extreme antiquity,—the dust and cobwebs of ages long buried in uncertainty, we find music cultivated with that passionate enthusiasm displayed by the Greeks for every thing connected with the finer arts and sciences; and a country that gave birth to some of the most celebrated painters and sculptors was no less remarkable for the number and excellence of its musicians.

The first era of Greek music may be dated from the time of Cadmus, and the second, commencing with the Trojan war, may be carried down to the revival of the Pythian Games. Thaletas, Timæus, Sappho, Simonides, Corinna, Timotheus, Antigenides, Dorion, Lamia, &c. &c., may be enumerated in the list of the principal musicians of the country, while among the many eminent theorists of the age, Plato and Pythagoras occupied a distinguished rank. The discovery of the mathematical division of sounds by the latter, and the consequent construction of the musical chord, are too well known to need repetition.

Vocal music acquired its greatest celebrity in Greece during the existence of the monarchy, but the rapid decline of the science followed upon the subjugation of the country by the Romans; and it appears never afterwards to have been thoroughly regenerated.

In common with the other arts and sciences, which, as the most splendid trophies of their conquests, were carried by the Romans into Italy, music was transplanted, like a costly and delicate exotic, and treated with proportionate care; but until after the overthrow of Antiochus, king of Syria, it attained no degree of eminence in Rome. Nero's admiration of it requires little comment to be recollected; the musical exercises which he instituted in the sixtieth year after the birth of our Saviour; his public display, as a vocalist, at Naples, and his contests with the ordinary musical candidates at the Olympic Games, sufficiently

prove his desire to encourage and patronize the science, while at the same time they almost shake the assertion of the poet.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Commodus, in imitation of Nero, entertained a predilection for appearing on the stage as a singer; but even with the illustrious patronage bestowed upon music, both vocal and instrumental, the Romans never equalled the modern Italians.

In the early days of Christianity, music was introduced with the hymns and devotional songs made use of in religious assemblies, and Lucian states the fact of psalms having been sung by the primitive Christians. Ambrosius, Bishop of Milan, and Ephraim Syrus, who flourished in the fourth century, raised the character of sacred music to an important height. The Ambrosian chant was established in the Milanese Church in the year 384, and St. Augustine dwells upon its rapturous effects upon the congregation. Indeed, according to the records of the period, so powerful was the influence of the church music, that many of the unconverted being attracted by its charms, entered the sanctuaries of God, and, filled with divine enthusiasm, knelt at the baptismal font, and exchanged the cloak of infidelity for the pure raiment of Christianity. The first compilation from the psalms was made by Gregory the Great, to whom is ascribed the honour of being the inventor of *choral music*, and of having instituted an academy for singing. Pope John Damascenus, who died in the year 760, displayed a deep interest in the promotion of the science as applied to ecclesiastical purposes; he composed the intervals by which the rising and falling of the voice were influenced; and more thoroughly reduced its exercise to musical restrictions.

Quartetto music is by some stated to be the composition of St. Dunstan, while other writers maintain that it is the more modern invention of Guido Aretinus, who flourished in the eleventh century. Guido included his new system in his "*Micrologus*:" his six notes *Ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la* were represented to be the initial letters of the words of a hymn of St. John's. In the middle ages a school for sacred music was founded at Canterbury, and William of Malmesbury records that the Saxons possessed organs in their churches prior to the conquest, one of which was a present from Dunstan to the Abbot of Malmesbury. In the year 666 the organ was first admitted into the church at Rome by Pope Vitalian; and Bede relates that in 1680 Pope Agatho commissioned John, the Prætor of St. Peter's, to instruct the Monks of Wearmouth, and to teach music in other parts of the kingdom of Northumberland.

The invention of musical notes by Jean de Muria is well known to have taken place towards the end of the eleventh century. Music met with general encouragement in France, where the national war songs may be traced back to the most remote periods. The *Troubadours*, originally from Provence, with their attendant minstrels, everywhere disseminated and kept up a feeling for the science, while their romantic adventures, the strange habits of their lives, and their chivalrous spirit, contributed to throw an additional charm over their profession; and two often formed an apology for that notorious profligacy which ultimately led to their exile and disgrace. To wean himself from an ardent but unfortunate passion for the fair *Blanch of Navarre*, the celebrated Thibaut applied himself to the fascinations of poetry and music; and in the course of his pursuits the royal bard is said to have produced many

exquisite songs and melodies, some of which have escaped the ravages of time. The lyre that breathes of hopeless love, could not have been otherwise than sweet and impassioned, although full of plaintive, and despairing tenderness; and it cannot, therefore, create a feeling of surprise upon discovering that no military effusion emanated from the inspiration of the kingly poet. Many musical instruments were in possession of the French, which have descended to us in name alone; and more than thirty were enumerated in the time of Philip of Valois. A high feeling for music stimulating to that excellence, upon which a decided character only can be established, appears, however, to have been foreign to the French; and, notwithstanding the munificent patronage of Louis XIV., who founded a royal academy of music in Paris, that country has produced few professors of distinguished fame. Varilla's assertion, that the airs applied to the French version of the Psalms, were those of the best songs of the time, contrasts curiously with the statement of Menestrier, which says, that psalms and hymns were the opera songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. What would our devotees at the King's Theatre say to a revival of this taste? Music progressed but feebly in France in the sixteenth century, at which period the lute was the favourite instrument, not only with our Gallic neighbours, but with the other continental states of Europe. Under Catherine de Medicis, the French began to adopt the Italian style, both vocal and instrumental, and an evident improvement was the consequence.

The Germans are presumed to have acquired the science from Bardus I., the fifth king of the ancient Gauls. Metrical psalmody originated in Germany, and Roger Ascham, in a letter from Augsburg, states, that "three or four thousand persons singing at a time in church in this city is but a trifle." "*Mysteries*," accompanied with music, were known in this country in 1322; and chimes common in Bavaria at a very early period, were from thence carried into the low countries. Encouraged by their princes and nobility, many of whom had musical dramas or operas performed for their entertainment in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the German professors gradually rose to a degree of eminence which even equalled that attained by their rivals in Italy; that they have not forfeited their fame, is borne out by the fact that they are now considered the first performers in Europe: and how far the taste of the country has gone, may be inferred from the circumstance that at present there is scarcely an inn, or common public-house, in Germany, which is not in possession of a piano-forte.

In the annals of Italian music much confusion is occasioned by the destruction of the records of the Pontifical Chapel at the burning of Rome, in the year 1527, by the army of Charles V.; but that Italy constituted a school for the instruction of surrounding nations, that music was there carried to the most exquisite pitch of perfection, and that she produced some of the most brilliant composers, cannot for a moment be questioned. The oldest melodies, to Italian words, are preserved at Florence, and comprise a collection of sacred songs, for the performance of which a society was established in 1310, which existed so late as the year 1789. Lorenzo, the Magnificent, was a distinguished patron of the science; and some historians relate, that he died in the act of playing upon the flute, A. D. 1494. At Naples, music was cultivated with singular fervour in the sixteenth century, and the school of Lom-

bardly was fertile in eminent professors. About the same period, the Italians gave instruction in counter-point to the rest of Europe, while the musical theorists employed themselves in subtle divisions of the scale. Deservedly acquiring the name of "the land of music," the fame of its composers passed like a wildfire over the continent, and kindled the generous flame of emulation in other countries. A rivalry of talent produces excellence, and from the time that this mistress of the arts and sciences shone forth conspicuous in the cultivation of music, France, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Poland, Denmark, and Russia, with Britain in the van, entered the arena of trial.

That the English are not a very musical nation may be resumed from the fact, that the number of volumes upon music contained in the British Museum, bears no proportion to that on the other sciences; but as painting and sculpture were unfortunately proscribed and driven into exile by the religious intolerance of the times, so music suffered in public estimation, and was reduced to the situation of a malefactor and an outcast. Alfred is known to have been a performer on the harp, and Cœur-de-Lion was not ignorant of its use. Henry VIII. is recorded as an eminent musician, and is said to have composed two masses, which were always sung in the Royal Chapel: metrical psalmody, as now sung in parochial churches, was introduced in the reign of Edward VI.; and choral music became as eminent in England, under Elizabeth, as in any other part of Europe. James I., by letters patent, incorporated the musicians of London, but, nevertheless, gave little encouragement to their exertions.

Learned and pedantic, he had no feeling for music, and it consequently languished beneath his indifference, for the taste of the monarch is, invariably, assumed by his courtiers, and naturally, in some degree, influences the people. In Ireland the minstrels, or harpers, were long the favorites of the people, and in Wales they were no less honorably regarded. In Scotland psalmody was very early practised by the Reformers; and we find that James I. (King of Scotland), was the inventor of a novel species of plaintive melody different to all others: he is also commemorated as having been, like our eighth Harry, a composer of sacred music. A patron of all the liberal arts, Charles I., whose fine taste was, perhaps, improved on the continent, evinced an ardent desire to promote the interests of musical science, and, in the sixteenth century, music was deemed the highest gratification that could be afforded to a distinguished visitor from foreign courts. England was, however, exceedingly deficient in instrumental performances, and until the dawning of the eighteenth century, vocal ability was but poorly cultivated. In the violent religious animosities which distracted England for so many years, and almost banished the Fine Arts from the soil; music suffered an alarming depression, while in the rigid times of the Protector, when the fierce and gloomy spirit of fanaticism extended its iron rod over the productions of fancy, and threatened the destruction of all that throws light and ornament over the circle of society; it was regarded as a vehicle of *Satan*—a lure of the arch deceiver of mankind, and a stumbling block in the paths of the righteous. The total suppression of the cathedral service followed this opinion; organs were taken out of the churches, and organists and choristers turned adrift to perish, like rats, amidst the prejudices of the times. The restoration of Charles II., proved the signal for the

revival of music; its unfortunate professors stole forth from their retirement and secrecy, and once more indulged in the bright beams of patronage and royalty. A court band was established upon the French model, and organs were replaced in ecclesiastical buildings. A professed lover of music, Charles lent himself eagerly to its advancement; the *tenor* and *violoncello* brought from Italy into France, were from the latter carried into England, and the guitar became the fashionable instrument of the day. The first Italian Opera was performed in this country under the auspices of Sir William Davenant, in May, 1656; and a taste for the Italian style sprung up and rapidly matured. Nicolo Matteis, the Italian violin player, introduced engraved music in this reign, by publishing his *Duos*, which were executed on oblong octavo copper-plates. James II. paid but slight regard to the science, and the troubles of his brief reign left him but little leisure for the culture of the arts. Under his successor they experienced no favorable reverse, and to the military education of William III., his neglect of these ornaments of the state may, perhaps, be partially attributed. Nevertheless, in 1706, operas became objects of attraction in the *beau-monde*; and under the countenance of George I., a "Royal Academy of Music," was established in 1728, to which that monarch made a liberal donation of £1000.

New principles of music were disseminated on the continent by Huygens and Sauveur in the year 1701; and in 1722, *harmony* was, by Rameau, reduced to systematic precision, although clogged with many extravagances. In the year 1739, Euler fixed the science of *tone* upon mathematical rule, and in this task he was considerably aided by his taste and judgment as a performer on the improved wind instruments. Progressive refinements took place in every part of Europe where a taste for the science was fostered; and the march to excellence was carried on with unabated enthusiasm.

George III., celebrated for his munificent protection of the arts and sciences, proved a liberal patron of music. Prompted by the charms of the science, and, doubtless, stimulated by that sentiment which induces an adoption of the peculiar tastes and feelings of royalty, the nobility were not slow in imitating the example set by his Majesty. They patronized professors both British and continental, held concerts at their houses, and introducing the performers to favor and fortune, lavished upon them every mark of deference for the talent they displayed. The exquisite taste and judgment of his late Majesty, upon every thing connected with literature and art, and the brilliant encouragement which he yielded to painting, poetry, and music, are engraven upon every breast. Under his august patronage a Royal Academy of Music has sprung into existence; and making reasonable deductions from the promise of its infancy, the most perfect maturity may be anticipated. That a science whose triumphs have not only been celebrated by the fervid powers of Dryden, Pope, and Collins, but whose breathings find a sympathetic chord in every bosom, shall be permitted to fall into neglect, cannot for an instant be presumed; the root has struck deep, and it requires but *common care* to ensure the vigorous duration of the plant. In an era which has been justly designated "the Augustian Age of Literature," and which has renewed the remembrance of the golden days of Italy, beneath the princely auspices of Leo X., Lorenzo the magnificent; and in a country where, under a brilliant administration, the arts of war and peace have been carried to the highest

pitch of excellence, where, in common with its necessities, the luxuries of life have received the most assiduous cultivation, and where, banished by oppression from the attic soils of Greece and Rome, painting, poetry, and sculpture, have found an asylum and a home, *music* cannot fail to be received and cherished with enthusiasm; and with the native talent which we are able to produce, fostered by the patriotic spirit of our monarch and his court, we fearlessly assert that the day is not far distant, when BRITAIN may claim a just pre-eminence in *arts* as well as *arms*.

C***Y.

THE OUTCAST MOTHER.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

"When with good old souls thou sitt'st up late,
Tell them the lamentable tale of me,
And send your hearers, weeping, to their beds."

RICHARD THE THIRD.

"None remember thee,
Save me!"—HON. MRS. NORTON.

"Hail, Father Christmas, hail to thee!
Honoured ever shalt thou be;
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures, wait on those,
Who like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas, homage due!"

This was the carol joyously warbled by the little family party, assembled round the blazing hearth fire of the hospitable mansion of my friend H—. It was Christmas time; the large hall was hung with holly, and the white-berried relic of ancient druidism, and the wassail bowl dislodged from its position upon the uppermost shelf of the host's private cupboard, in which it had been preserved for centuries, now formed the principal feature upon the well polished oaken table, on which were "curiously displayed" the various viands peculiar to this festive period of the year, and characteristic of the hospitality of my worthy friend. Every thing seemed to wear the aspect of festivity and comfort, and as I had never before observed the customs of Christmas so religiously kept, I entered into their true spirit, and enjoyed them. It was nearly the end of the holidays, the holly had begun to wear a sombre aspect, and every berry had been plucked off the enormous mass of mistletoe which hung suspended from the carved oaken roof of the hall; but the happiness which pervaded the family circle of Mr. H— was not confined to any particular period of the year; through all its round, it was alike undisturbed and unalloyed. "There is pleasure to be found even in the depths of village retirement," mentally exclaimed I, as I joined the little party, whose happy looks were excited by equally happy feelings; the night was cold and dark, and as I entered from the frost glazed street which I had passed through in loneliness, every creature who possessed a habitation, sheltering himself within its highly prized sanctuary, (and where is the home, however humble, that is not prized,) the contrast was animating and striking. The charm of domestic content hallowed the scene, and there the voice of passion was stilled, and every unworthy feeling put to shame. My kind host occupied a position on one side of the blazing fire, the opposite chair was tenantless; it had used to be the seat of his beloved partner, but she had lately been snatched from the pleasures of her

earthly home, to others of a purer tone in the skies. That chair was sacred, no one dared to occupy it, and it was the melancholy pleasure of the old man, to sit for hours gazing upon no other object, and from the calm placidity of his countenance, his reflections at those times must have been truly happy, though associating with thoughts of deprivation, desolation, and the grave. Two pretty daughters occupied opposite seats to each other, whilst at the old man's feet slept a boy of about eight years of age, whose growing virtues, as they revealed themselves, seemed to be derived from the same holy source as those of his good and hospitable parent.

The rude and rapid blasts of wind, as they broke over the building, excited sentiments of commiseration for the poor helpless wanderers that might be compelled to endure the pelting of the storm in such a boisterous night; presently a low knocking was heard upon the shutters of the window, and immediately afterwards a child sung a few lines of an old, but affecting song, the words appealing more forcibly to the feelings, from the sweet tones in which they were uttered:—

"Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends of humanity,
Cold blow the winds, and the night's coming on;
Give me some food for my mother, for charity,
Give me some food for I must be gone!"

"'Tis poor Mary and her child," observed Mr. H—, wandering about in this inclement night; let the servants administer to her wants. She has been as far as S—," continued he, "endeavouring to procure employment, but from her appearance here again, I fear she has been unsuccessful."

I had previously heard of the desolate condition of Mary and her child, and my sympathy was more strongly excited, from having been a playmate of her's, in our juvenile days, though separated at so early an age, that I scarcely retained the recollection of her person: she was some years my senior, and at the period alluded to, resided with her father, who enjoyed a state of affluence; I was desirous of learning the cause of Mary's present destitute condition, and upon expressing myself to that effect to Mr. H—, the servant was desired to bring the poor creature into the apartment. I involuntarily started at the sight of her, her appearance was so peculiar, and I may say fearful, that she seemed to belong to other worlds, rather than to our own. Mary had been a remarkably fine woman, but the deep furrows which care ever leaves upon the blooming cheek, had effaced the loveliness of her countenance, and eyes that appeared once to have been rife with light and life, were now sunk into desolation, "the sullen calmness of despair." Her raven hair was drawn straight across her forehead, upon which it laid,

"—like a dark cloud

"On the white brow of morning,"

and was partially covered with light flakes of snow, powerfully contrasting with the deep tint of her glossy hair; her whole appearance was truly wretched, there was no feeling depicted on her countenance, which latter was a dreary blank that no emotion ever varied; and when she spoke, it appeared as though a statue was giving utterance to language; her very heart seemed frozen within her, not a pulse throbbed in unison with the sentiments which fell from her lips, until the recital of her sufferings, and her shame, awoke every dormant feeling, which then displayed themselves in all their terrible intensity.

"Heaven bless the good Mr. H——," ejaculated Mary as she stood, holding the hand of her little boy, a child about five years old, who tenderly gazed upon the white face of his mother as she spoke. May the choicest blessings of Providence be yours, and ever may they attend the protectors of the despoiled and the deserted!"

"To heaven, Mary, and not to me," replied her benefactor, "give all your thanks. If I lighten the heavy weight of your sufferings, I am happy in having discharged some portion of the duty which I owe to the great source from whence I derive the ability so to do."

Mary instantly clasped her hands, and raising her large dark eyes, appeared to murmur praises; the child, also, glancing first up to the face of his mother, sunk upon his knees, and joining his little ruddy hands, he united his simple prayer with the devotions of his outcast parent.

"Have you been long, Mary," enquired I, "in this distressed condition?"

The woman glanced at me with a look of keen expression, but replied not; a tear stood in the corner of her large dark eye, glistening like a bright pearl upon a black surface of desolation, but as if ashamed of the weakness which she betrayed, or, more probably, of the reflections which that enquiry inspired, she instantly hid her face in the bosom of her child.

"This gentleman is our friend, Mary," exclaimed my worthy host, "your sufferings will excite sympathy in his breast, as in ours, and by him your penitent tears will not be contemned." I took the woman's hand, and again her eyes were fixed enquiringly upon my face; I led her to a seat, and requested, if the recital would not be too distressing to her feelings to acquaint me with the circumstances that had led to her destitution. "I was your playmate, Mary," whispered I, at the same time mentioning my name. "Ah!" shrieked the poor creature, and instantly I was brought to her remembrance; she repeated my name, and quickly rejoined, "Oh! what a difference between that time and this:—then I was happy, for I was innocent;—purity hallowed my enjoyment, and the thread of my life seemed woven of unmingled brightness, but now—" she paused, her countenance hitherto fixed and passionless, gave way to the weight of oppressed feelings, and a wild ruddy glare pervaded the whole of her face. She pressed my hand in hers, and exclaimed, "There was a time, when I could mingle in the world's throng as joyously as any of the village maids; that you well know. You have beheld me—we have played together, have mutually experienced the little pleasures of innocent amusement:—that was the bright portion of my existence, and you beheld it. View me now! Behold the once gay, happy Mary, a despoiled, deserted, starving wretch! Merciful heaven, what fate!—Oh, what a wretch I am, an outcast, a beggar! Wandering from door to door, in quest of bread,—subsisting upon the charity of strangers,—guilty, and my child perpetually upbraiding me with my shame; and, oh, more dreadful, worse than all, my dying father cursed me; he called upon the sacred power of heaven to punish me, and he died without forgiveness!" Again the wretched woman stood motionless in her agony, the fountain of her tears was dried up, her white lips quivered, and her fixed eyes were glazed and ghastly; she trembled not, neither did the red flush forsake her cheeks, but there was terror in her appearance, deep and dreadful from its very stillness. The females of our little party turned from her looks in affright, and their shrieks

alone awoke the miserable woman from her dreadful trance.

"Do not fear me," murmured she, and an attempted smile only added to the fearful aspect of her countenance. "I am still a human being, without the power to injure; my desolation may affright, but its misery should claim your pardon. Are you aware," added she, addressing her words to myself, but fixing her eyes, as if in shame, upon the ground—"Are you aware of my wretched story?" I replied in the negative. She raised her eyes to my face, as if doubtful of the truth of my assertion, but meeting nothing but solicitous enquiry there, she again fixed her eyes upon the ground, and thus spoke:—"When you left our little society, I was in possession of all the comforts of life, the tenderness of a parent not only prepared for my wants, but administered to my pleasures; I was grateful, and while by my affection, I smoothed the rough road of age, and lighted the declining days of a doting parent, I enjoyed every happiness, every comfort, and felicity; the blessings of my father were not in vain, and then, how enviable my lot! But the scene changed; my happiness was too great for duration;—the angel's cup was dashed from my lips by the rude hand of a demon; a serpent writhed around my heart,—that heart, from which no feelings that were not hallowed by a holy spirit ever breathed, became polluted, blackened with crime,—and its stream of purity was dried up; it withered, every feeling wasted, and all that remains is but a dreary sepulchre, that tells too glaringly the tale of what is the tomb!"

She paused for a few moments, and pressed her hand to her forehead as if to allay the burning heat of her brain; then, as if recollecting herself, she resumed,—"I was considered the loveliest, as the liveliest of the village girls; was ever the first in the rustic sports, and generally the floral crowned queen of May; of course, I had admirers, but to all their flattery and compliments I turned an heedless ear; I was then called a coquette, but while I still found myself as much admired, and equally envied as before, I little heeded the terms which others applied to me. My wild affection was at length ensnared, and I became attached to an individual with all that depth of feeling which is characteristic of first impressions upon a young and romantic heart. How we loved it is needless now to tell. I revert to those hours with regret, with horror, for they have produced my degradation,—my disgrace! I dare not dwell upon this theme, for every incident that is brought back to my recollection, adds fuel to my burning brain. The hopes which that attachment inspired were not to be realized; my own caprice, or the inattention of Merton, led to a termination of our intimacy; his presents were returned, his name erased from every object in my possession upon which it was inscribed, and the affection once felt so warmly for him, was stilled in my breast. Two years passed on, and I heard of Merton no more; he had removed to a distant part of the country, and thus was I safe from his presence. Another suitor claimed my hand. I loved him, and became his wife. We were then comfortably situated in life. I exchanged the home of a father for another which possessed the sacred mastery of a husband, but the exchange was only in the name; kindness and affection characterised every action of my beloved partner, and when heaven granted us this dear boy, I thought my cup of bliss so filled, so rich with extasy, that no corroding care could steal into the draught to poison its pure stream;—much less did I dream of that horror

so near to its fulfilment,—that ruin, that despair!—After the birth of this boy, circumstances occurred that threw my husband considerably back in his pecuniary affairs, perseverance and attention, which (I may venture to say, without the fear of any imputation of vanity,) were encouraged by a wife's affection, retrieved in some degree our fortunes, but immediately afterwards, the failure of a banker, in whose hands our whole property at that fatal period happened to be lodged, reduced my husband and my father to beggary and ruin! Still our happiness was not disturbed; content sweetened the bread that industry had earned, and our mutual endeavours to lighten the heavy weight of adversity were not unrewarded. At length, however, I began to consider that the attentions of my husband were diminishing!—Strange infatuation! I thought I perceived coldness had usurped the place of affection, and that I was endured rather than esteemed. How that thought originated I cannot tell; some demon must have whispered it to my soul, and that horrid whisper too fatally was encouraged. I felt my own regard subsiding, feeling became deadened, my hand no more was proffered when we parted in the morning, and upon his return from the labour of the day, no kiss welcomed him to his home. He never upbraided me,—never! But his eloquent eyes spoke volumes of reproach, yet I was too deeply immersed in the flood of infatuation to regard their language. Gracious heaven, why did not some kind spirit whisper into my ear that what I deemed coolness and mere endurance of myself, was but the melancholy of an ardent heart, repining at its loss of fortune; that it indeed was love, excess of love for me, induced it,—regret that I, who had been used to all the joys of life, should be reduced to labour and privation! Generous man, too late, —too late, the dreadful truth revealed itself!—

Again the unfortunate woman paused, and tears now relieved, in some degree, her anguish; she hastily dried them, however, and in a low tone of shame and conscious degradation, continued—“In that moment of error, Merton, my first lover, appeared upon the scene; his presence startled me, and a thrill that run through my veins at that moment seemed to foretell the terror which his presence was to cause, Merton still possessed his fine looks, and all his buoyant spirits; time had passed lightly with him, and I saw no alteration in his appearance since the time when we both fondly hoped our hands might be, as our hearts were, united. I cannot describe my emotions at that moment. I contrasted Merton with my husband,—how highly did the former rise in the comparison! Memory recalled the hours of happiness we had enjoyed, and which I considered still might have been enjoyed, had not he, who had become my husband, crossed my fortune, and reduced me to penury and wretchedness. It is scarcely credible how my thoughts progressed in iniquity during my first interviews with Merton; still less can it be believed that I, once the pattern and example for my sex to imitate, should have become the victim of a villain!—Merton was that villain. Time, that had not altered his outward beauty, had blackened and corrupted his heart. I could not discover the guilt that lurked beneath his specious knavery. I thought him still generous, kind, and good, and, at length, for him I forsook husband, father, child, and in a moment of madness became a wretch, despised and worthless! My husband, whom I had wronged, forgave me, but his noble soul that had borne the buffetings of fate without a sigh, when his

sorrows were consoled by the sympathizing spirit of a wife's affection, now sunk beneath them, his heart was broken, and he died. I wished to follow him to the tomb, but I was denied; was rudely thrust from the door, as the funeral procession was about to leave the house, and it was my father who ordered me to be spurned from the threshold! It was just,—such degradation was merited. I followed at a respectful distance,—I saw the corpse of my husband consigned to the earth, and the grave close over him. I beheld my father sink senseless on the ground, and I wished to die, but could not. No, no,—punishment was preparing for me, and it would have been bliss to die. The crowd gathered round the old man; he was revived,—I saw him not, but I heard the tones of his voice; they still ring in my ears, as forcibly as at the moment of utterance,—and the dreadful import of the exclamation lives imperishable upon my brain. He cursed me! My father, he who once loved me so well, my fond, my dotting father, *cursed me!* And heaven's vengeance *has* fallen upon me! My father soon followed my wronged husband to the final resting place, where the weary and riven-hearted meet repose, and then I was left in the wide world—alone! Merton had forsaken me,—I became reduced to penury, to absolute want. I sought the assistance of friends, but none remembered me,—those who had acknowledged their acquaintance, spurned me from their doors. I bore the mark of crime indelibly stamped upon my brow, and every one despised me; he for whom I had forsaken all things had deserted me, and I have become an outcast, and a beggar; forced to wander, with my poor offenceless boy, from door to door, and beg for charity,—to brook the insults and the unfeeling sneers of the world's throng;—to brave the pelting of the pitiless storm; to obtain the means of dragging on this slow and fearful life of wretchedness.”

The misguided woman finished her melancholy narrative, and snatching the child who stood crying by her side, into her arms, mingled her own tears with his. It was impossible not to pity her sufferings, but while sympathy wept over them, stern justice owned them to be merited. The tale of Mary is not unprecedented in life; how many of her prototypes do we meet with in our intercourse with society, in every class? Remorse is the sure concomitant of evil; no one can continue long in crime, and not feel some compunction of conscience; though to-day we revel in the plenitude of guilty pleasure, the night cometh between this and the morrow, and “who knoweth what the night may bring forth?” A re-admission to the enjoyments of honourable society after individuals have rendered themselves unworthy of such association, would be, in many cases, rather an incentive to farther crime than a reward for penitence; and the permanent punishment of the guilty is thus considered just, from the warning which it affords to others.

Before I left the village, I bestowed upon poor Mary as much as I could conveniently spare; she was about to proceed to a neighbouring town in order to seek for employment, and the money which I bestowed was received by her with fervent gratitude. She pressed my hand to her fevered lips, but her heart was too full for utterance, and as I passed through the door of her humble cottage, an exclamation broke from her lips, more welcome to my feelings than all the parade of thanks, “May the God of mercy bless you!” was the ejaculation of poor Mary, but the tones in which the aspiration was breathed, will never be erased from my memory. I had proceeded but a short

distance from the cottage, when I felt my hand suddenly caught, and instantly turning to perceive the cause, I beheld Mary's child, who looked up into my face with a smile, and in the artless simplicity of youth, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I hope you will come again soon," for you have made my poor mother so happy!" "Have I, my little fellow?" I rejoined. "Oh yes, sir, and she has been praising, and blessing of you, so fervently, and saying how good you are. I left her kneeling at the bed side, and have come to wish you good bye, sir." The interesting artlessness of the boy charmed me. "This will buy you new clothes," exclaimed I, putting my purse into his hand, "take it to your mother," and shaking the little fellow's red hand, he burst into tears, when I wished him good bye, and hastened from the spot as speedily as I could.

Three years elapsed before I revisited my kind friend H—; during the greatest portion of that time I had been upon the continent, and the many incidents that occur in the course of military duty, had almost effaced poor Mary from my recollection; as I drew, however, towards the abode of my old friend, every circumstance connected with the outcast, vividly recurred to me. "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," exclaimed I, "and doubtless poor Mary's penitence has not been unregarded." The boy's simplicity also recurred to me, and I amused myself with forming schemes for the promotion of the little urchin's fortune. Alas! all the bright prospects that I had pictured, were soon obscured and blighted; all the happiness that I had promised to myself, in being able to rescue two individuals from destitution, was destroyed, for my enquiries concerning the outcast mother and her child, were answered with the fatal intelligence, that the grave had closed over both!

Mary's reason had yielded beneath the weight of shame and sorrow, and but a few months after my departure, her actions became characterized with the decided marks of insanity. In one of her frantic moments, her darling child was by her own hands thrown into the mill stream, and there perished! The mother was discovered early in the ensuing morning, upon the waters bank, holding the boy's jacket in her hands, and exulting in terms of frantic merriment. Her violent gestures terrified the beholders, and no one dared to scize her; at length she became calm, and some one ventured to approach, but upon the instant that she found herself detained, she struggled with the man, and succeeding in dashing him to the ground, instantly sprung into the water. She was rescued from perishing there by the intrepidity of a young peasant, who leaped into the stream, and dragged her from almost under the mill-wheel.

Upwards of nine months Mary existed in confinement, but about a week previous to her dissolution, her reason returned in all its pristine purity: the first enquiry that she made was for her child; but the circumstance of its fate was carefully concealed from her; she grew weaker and weaker, but still her applications were unceasing for her darling boy; she prayed, entreated,—clung to the arm of the woman who attended her, and besought her by the feelings of a mother, to give some tidings of the child. The only reply was tears, and the dying penitent overcome by the intensity of feeling, fell back upon her bed exhausted. Mary was aware how rapidly her life was drawing to its close, and the approach of her last hour was regarded with content and resignation. She passed into the valley of death without one struggle of pain, one emotion

of anguish,—the name of her husband murmured upon her lips,—a tear trembled on her eyelid,—and the outcast mother was no more!

She paid the forfeit of her errors, and while charity drops the veil of oblivion over them, we are led to hope, that the misery experienced in life's pilgrimage, may have been received as an atonement,—that having drank of the darkest dregs of affliction here, she has received the cup of pure felicity in that better world above the skies,

Where the hearts of all are known,
And the child of care is blest!

FASHION IN FRANCE.

A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM A BLUE IN PARIS, TO A BELLE AT THE SEA SIDE,

Paris, December 20th.

Ma chere Georgiana, You ask me the Fashion
Of things in this nation of discord and passion;
You ask me to write in composure and quiet,
That is, to be calm in a national riot;
When each man's a hero and breathing around
Proud threats, and defiance, of import and sound;
Strutting, bowing, and smiling, in martial vein,
And wishing the "three days" to come o'er again;—
To whom if you nod, the response is a huff,
A toss of the head,—then a finger of snuff;
And should you pass by without any devotion,
You'd better at once ship yourself on the ocean,
For you're followed and watched, like a poor little mouse
By a rascally cat, through each room in the house;
You are eyed with suspicion, and then, ten to one,
But you're strangely popp'd off in the general fun.

As for dress—'tis forgotten it seems, for you meet
Nought but heroes, and hero-like folks in the street;
Nay our fairest of sisters the madness have caught,
And the tenderest of bosoms with valour are fraught!
Now the *robe*, and the *gigot*,—*béret*,—*chemisette*
For warriors breastplates, they seem to forget,
And the waving-plumed helmet has risen in note,
Expelling the choicest *coiffure* and *capote*;
For fans they wield swords, or else poise the lance,
Whilst the terrors of camp bid good night to the dance!
Nay, I should not exclaim, if I saw in display,
An "army of Amazons," marching away!—
All's quiet at present, but, *ma chere, entre nous*,
From this quiet we know not what noise may ensue;
For let PHILIPPE his *loyal*, good people once cross,
And his head, and his throne, I'd not value a toss;
Let the *well beloved* monarch but seem to refuse
To listen to all the tirades and abuse
Of the grim-looking mob that surround his fine walls,
As heedless who rise, as they are of who falls,
He would soon have occasion to rue his mishap
And, perhaps, fly to make room for the son of poor Nap!
If to shew his fine person, he once dare deny,
Then the "people" would see who were best at a *shy*;
For if he refuses to give the sure token,
It is but a word, and his windows are broken!
When he hears the "King mob" in unanimous cries,
He must swiftly as thought from his "*maintenon*" rise
(Wishing, very devoutly, the rascals necks broke
For rising from dinner, *ma chere*, is no joke.)

And smoothing his brow, and appearing quite gay,
He must smile, bow, and murmur—"Ah, messieurs, good day,"

Then make an oration in words the most civil,
But, still in his heart wishing all at the —— !
My Georgy, dear, pardon the last startling word,
'Tis, you know, *entre nous*,—let it pass like a bird.

I have said we're all soldiers,—that is our ruling passion,
And war and its phrases, are now the French Fashion ;
We are still all in arms, and the soldiers increasing,
The mania don't give the least symptoms of ceasing,
There's *the national guard*, (*par excellence*, THE,)
A set of good fellows, as funny as free,
Ever kind and good natured, and always at ease,
For they'll come to the muster but just when they please ;
Then chat in the ranks, laugh, and whistle, and joke,
Snap their fingers, and scorn their superior's yoke ;
For free-will and freedom they boast as their creed,
And for which they will fight, and for which they will bleed !
'Tis funny enough though, in martial array,
To behold them, so merry, so chatty, and gay ;
Disdaining the frowns, or the officer's huff,
Whilst they murmur a chanson, and coolly take snuff !
But the strangest of sights I have witnessed for years,
Are the fierce-looking soldiers, the *bold Pioneers* :
Heroes every inch, to suit all sorts of tastes,
And their valorous beards descend quite to their waists,
So tremendous they look, that at first, dear, I thought
They were great giants Grumbo, or monsters just caught :
But the best of the joke,—beards, mustachios, and all,
Are subject, at times, to a serious fall :—
But this curious affair, I'll proceed to explain,
As the subject demands,—in a serious vein,
But premising first, as your great Shakspeare said
On a time, on a similar mysterious head,—
"In heaven and earth, are strange things to be found,
With which *your* philosophy does not abound."

You must know, that in France, for a great many years,
Have flourished a race that we call *perruquiers*,
And that these *perruquiers* have receptacles strange,
Where the most curious things they as curiously range ;
Now all these *magazines* of jokes, small-talk, and hair,
Have been searched by some vigilant, *M. le Commissaire*,—
Who having explored every room and recess,
Found—what do you think ?—*Ma chère Georgy*, now guess.
A mass of old wigs !—Only think, dear, of that,
Nor for once deem me false in my "Paris Chit Chat ;"
'Tis true, I assure you, this old mass of hair,
Has been formed into *beards* for the new soldier's wear,
And the *old worn out wigs*, now made worthy the graces
Gem, with terrific boldness, the *Pioneer's* faces !*
You may laugh if you please, but the tale is veracious,
And worthy of credit, by all the mustachios !
Such are our deeds, dear, as actually done,
Such are our soldiers,—*our figures of fun*.

I write this, *ma chère*, in my *fairy boudoir*,
But barred is the window, and bolted the door,

* This is a literal fact, the tremendous beards which the *Pioneers* now wear, and which excite the surprise of every beholder, having been manufactured from a collection of *old wigs* !

EDITOR

And all so secure, that the fairy herself,
Could not find her way through, though the most trifling elf ;

For though quiet just now, we expect every hour,
To hear the rough drum both from temple and tower,
The trumpets shrill sound, and the cannons loud rattle,
The din and the tumult, the terror of battle !
Poor Etty, the artist, you've heard I dare say,
Had a narrow escape in the "glorious fray,"
For engaged in the Louvre, he sketches was making,
Not an hour before the said Louvre was taken,
Now he raises his hands, and exclaims, (the poor elf,)
"Thank heaven, I'm not made a *study* myself !"
I feel strange *embarras*, dear, in writing these things,
For prying *espionnage* every where clings,
And an eye may be peeping from some little nook,
And o'erlooking all that I write in my book ;
And so strange are the freaks of our strange sort of folks,
They may call crime, and treason, my few harmless jokes,
And, mercy forefend ! my own pretty self seize,
As a traitorous abettor of poor "Charley Dix !"
So adieu *ma chère Georgy*, ne'er wish to advance
Your own lovely foot in the land of our France,
For I really can't tell, so uncertain's our lot,
If our heads may be on the next moment or not ;
And though good folks, they say, are devoid of the feature,
I think you'd not wish to be *that* sort of creature,
So remain where you are, in your own happy home,
Nor desire, my dear girl, in "*la belle France*" to roam !

ANTOINETTE A ——.

WITCHCRAFT ;

OR, THE SECT OF SORCERESSES.

In 1507, the Inquisition of Calahorra had burnt more than thirty females, as witches and magicians. This sect was then extremely numerous ; it acknowledged the Devil as its master and patron, promised obedience to him, and honoured him by a particular worship : on his side, the devil bound himself to bestow on his adorers, the power of afflicting animals with diseases, to injure the fruits of the earth, to read future events, and to discover things the most hidden. Twenty years after, there was discovered in Navarre, a number of persons, who gave themselves up to the practice of witchcraft, which occasioned the following trial.

It is related thus by the Spanish historians :—

"Two young girls, one aged eleven years, the other nine, accused themselves of being witches before the members of the royal council of Navarre : they confessed that they had caused to be received into the sect of the *Juiguinas*, that is to say, witches ; and they engaged to discover all the women who belonged to it, if they would grant them (the two girls) their pardon. The judges having promised this, these two children declared, that when they saw a person with their left eye, they could tell whether she was a witch or no ; they described a place where they would find a great number of these women, and also where they held their meetings. The council charged a commissary to go there with the two children, and fifty cavaliers. Whenever they arrived at a burgh or village, they were to confine the girls in two separate houses, and inform themselves, (through the magistrates,)

if there were any persons suspected of magic, to conduct them to these houses, and to confront them with the two children, in order to receive a proof of the means they had indicated. It was experimentally proved, that those among the women who had been pointed out by the two girls as witches, were actually such; when they found themselves taken to prison, they declared that there were more than a hundred and fifty; that when a woman presented herself to be received into their society, they made her deny Jesus Christ and his religion. The day when this ceremony took place, they saw a black goat go several times round the circle; scarce had they heard his hoarse bleating, than all the witches ran and began to dance at the noise, which became as loud as a trumpet; they then kissed the goat tail, and made a repast with him of bread, wine, and cheese. When the feast was at an end, every witch danced with her neighbour, who was transformed into a goat; and after having rubbed her body with the excrements of a toad, a crow, and of several different reptiles, she flew to those places where she wished to inflict some harm. They had general assemblies the night before Easter, and the other great annual holidays. When they are present at mass, they see the host all black; but if they wish to renounce their diabolical practices, it appears in its natural colour.

"The commissary wishing to assure himself of the truths of these facts by his own experience, sent for an old witch, promising her pardon, on condition that she would make a confession, in his presence, of all the operations of her witchcraft; and promised also to suffer her to escape while she made the detail, if it was in her power. The old woman having accepted this proposal, asked for the box of ointment that had been found upon her, and went up with the commissary into a tower, where she placed herself with him before a window: she began, in the sight of a great number of persons, by putting the ointment into the palm of her left hand: then she cried, with a loud voice, '*Art thou there?*' All the spectators heard in the air a voice that answered, '*Yes, here am I.*' The woman then began to descend the length of the tower, with her head downwards, and making use of her hands and feet, like the claws of a lizard; when she had arrived about half way, she took her flight in the air, before every one present, who saw her till she had completely passed the horizon.

"This prodigy filled every body with astonishment; the commissary published a proclamation to reward, with a considerable sum of money, whatever person would bring back the witch; she was taken by some shepherds, who presented her to him after a search of two days. The commissary asked her why she did not fly far enough to be out of the reach of the pursuers? To whom she replied, that her master did not wish to carry her farther off than three leagues, and that he had left her in the field where the shepherds had taken her.

"This experiment having convinced the commissary that this unhappy wretch was really a witch, he delivered her up to the inquisition. More than one hundred and fifty women, of the same sect, the holy office seriously condemned as sorceresses, received each two hundred lashes, and were imprisoned for a great length of time. Other unhappy wretches, who would not confess their crimes of witchcraft and magic, of which they were accused, were brought to the stake and burnt as obstinate witches, and as having made a part with the devil."

SONG.

A wand'rer long in Hope's bright world,
A pilgrim to that shrine,
Where vows arise, and sacrifice
The world's gay dream and mine;
And now I return like the weary-wing'd bird,
From its wand'ring again to its nest,
And seek in the scenes of my childhood and peace,
For the isolate pilgrim's rest.
The hand of friendship I have grasp'd,
And have found many foes;
Have seen of love and hate the train
Of passions they disclose;
I've seen bright eyes,—nay, I will say
Those eyes have glanced on me;
I've felt their force, but still 'twas vain,
The pilgrim still was free.
I've bask'd in radiant sunny bowers,
Have dreamt in groves of bloom,
And my visions have teem'd with the spirits of bliss,
While my sense has inhaled rich perfume;
But I fly from them all, each delight I forsake,
No longer they yield charms to me;
No!—perish the thought—I have one joy in view,
And, dearest, that rapture is *thee!*

WHEN WILT THOU COME TO ME?

A SERENADE.

When wilt thou come to me,
Love—love,
When wilt thou come to me?
Wilt thou come when the sun's light
Fills the rose-cup,
Wilt thou come when the moon
In the heavens is up;
Wilt thou come when the bower we twined forms a shade,
Or when the pale moonlight streams down the dark glade,
Wilt thou come when our roses are radiant and bright,
Or when the earth's bathed in a stream of starlight?
When wilt thou come to me,
Love—love,
When wilt thou come to me?
Thou hast said that the day,
And its hours, were not free,
That twilight was sacred
To love and to thee;
Thou hast told me each flower its aroma yields,
More pure when the dew-pearls are fresh on the fields;
Thou hast told me that words from a true lover's tongue,
Sound sweetest when joined with the nightingale's song;
Then say wilt thou come to me,
Love—love,
When wilt thou come to me?—*.*.*

THE SUMMER IT IS PAST;

OR A SONG OF THE STRICKEN-ONE.

The summer it is past, and winter comes at last,
The sear'd leaf it is wither'd upon every tree;
And my heart it is blighted by a still more cruel blast,
Since *she* is fled, is false, is fallen, who was so dear to me

The garden's flowers are wan, the meadow's green is gone,
 The autumn's sun is shrouded by *December's* sleety
 showers,
 And she is pale, is chang'd—she, she I doated on,
 So I have lost the brightest ray which lighted better hours.
 No feather'd minstrel's voice, trills nature's sweet rejoice,
 No gladsome village glee contentment's triumphs tell,
 Thus Ellen's notes enchantment's own, are faint from
 : falt'ring voice,
 And mine are mute for they have lost their vivifying spell.
 The waters shew a stain, they wear an icy chain,
 Nor rippling glide as anglers drop, their imitative fly ;
 So breakless fetters hold this heart bequeath'd alas to pain,
 Since her's has lost the purity I deem'd worlds could
 not buy.
 Oh ! *seasons* come and go, and bring us weal or wo,
 As sunshine glads the sky, or clouds across it flee,
 But unredeeming grief's for me an everlasting flow
 Since fondest vows are falsest words and heirs to misery !
 Yes ! the *summer it is past, and winter comes at last,*
 The sear'd leaf it is wither'd upon every tree ;
 But my heart is blighted by a still more cruel blast,
 Since *she* is fled, is false, is *fallen*, who was so dear to me !
 M. A. T.

ADELAIDE.

Adelaide was once a portion of my happiness—of my existence ; pleasure had no charm without she participated therein ; life no allurements without she was associated therewith. I looked upon her as the star of my prosperity, irradiating my path, with a brightness caught from the great fount of light and life in the skies, and directing my steps to the blessed reposing place of content and peace. I loved her, for she seemed a spirit of tenderness and pity, weeping with me in my afflictions, and endearing every moment of joy. In scenes of brightness and felicity, she was there to hallow the enjoyment ; and when despondency sat brooding upon my heart, she was still by my side in the undying fidelity of her affection, whispering " words of consolation and sweet hope," and directing my distracted thoughts to peace and resignation. I loved her for her beauty, but more for the invaluable treasures of her mind, all goodness, tenderness and charity, and my love was faithful ; holy as the breath of pilgrims at the saintly shrine, pure as the spirit of peace ere it descends to mingle with the passions of earth. At that period I was beloved again. The remembrance of those days of enjoyment still yields a pleasurable feeling, though the affections that inspired their felicity are now broken and scattered to the winds,—perished, and as but a dream. Adelaide then was mine, our hearts vibrated in unison, one thought pervaded both bosoms, one will, one desire was characteristic of either. Alas ! we little think while the roses of life are springing up around us, how soon their fragrance and their freshness may be blighted,—vanishing away from our deluded sight, while the thorns alone remain ! Adelaide is no longer mine ! The heart that once seemed so linked with my own, that either would perish ere they would be severed, is now bound with that of another, and the holy symbol of the sacred ceremony that has for ever blighted my hopes, has united them indissolubly. It matters little how I was forgotten,—it was my happiness to love her,—it was my fate to lose her ; I dare not repine. Folly, madness, call it

what you will, possessed me ; I rushed with frantic vehemence into a whirlpool of delusive joy,—remonstrance was in vain, entreaty unregarded. I plunged still deeper,—and rendered myself unworthy of *her*. Explanation would be of no import,—the madness of the girl would have been worse than my own, had she then united her fate with mine, and it was not until her every effort had been exerted in vain,—not till she found that love, friendship, and even esteem, had been sacrificed at the shrine of the presiding deity of my pleasures, that her affection yielded with the untimely blight of mine ; I little heeded the loss of Adelaide then,—how I feel it now, it might be criminal to tell.

The announcement of Adelaide's marriage, first led me to a retrospection of the past ; I awoke as from a dream,—the reality of which was terrible ! My senses returned,—recollection painted vividly scenes of the past, the thought was madness,—but repentance was of no avail ! The word had been spoken, the compact was registered in heaven, and the feelings that once were honourable to encourage, had now become guilt to utter !—Adelaide was the *wife* of another !

Adelaide is the mother of a child, lovely as herself, noble and generous as its father. *Its father !* What a word, and for me to utter. But the raging passions which once distracted my soul, have now sunk down to the " sullen calmness of despair." I can look upon her, once the idol of my soul, the darling of my existence—upon her whom I once thought mine, and only mine, without a pang ! We met,—there was reproach in her bright eye, but kindness only on her lip ; my nerves thrilled, but my rebel heart cowered beneath the reproach of reason, and when I touched the white fingers that had formerly been pressed by me with the extasy of affection, no movement of my frame, no trembling of my lip, answered to the feelings of my heart :

" Yes, I was calm—I knew the time,
 My heart would thrill before her look ;
 But now to tremble were a crime,
 We met, and not a nerve was shook."

The husband of Adelaide is now my friend. I can gaze upon his happiness without pain ; can witness the fondness of the *husband* and the *father* ; the endearing sympathy of the *wife*—of *Adelaide*, and feel no emotions beyond those of pleasure at the sight of so much happiness. Adelaide is to me as a sister, and I feel only towards her that affection which should characterize a *brother*. Passion is dead in my bosom, and reason has perished every feeling that it were criminal to cherish ; has blighted every unworthy thought. She who was, at one period, the life of my life, the beautiful object of all my aspirations, all my wishes, and with whom my every hope had become associated, and seemingly for ever, is beheld by me in the pure and chastened radiance of friendship and regard. The cup of enjoyment *may* again be held to my lip, and the hands of a Hebe may present it, but the memory of Adelaide will still hover around my heart, and dash with a thrill of anguish my enjoyment. The purity of another lip may hallow the affection ; the holiness of another spirit may impart peace and resignation to mine, and I *may* enjoy that happiness that I had pictured in better days, but I can never obtain my own forgiveness for the fatal error that deprived me of *Adelaide*.
 B.

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d'Hardwiler. Prix.

SARRE JEUNE DE L'ORDRE AUK.



Robert Leivre. Prix.

SAR MADAME DUCHESSE DE BERRI.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE
OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 84.

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VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST,—PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE DE BOURDEAUX AND THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

PLATE THE SECOND,—A BALL-DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, AN EVENING DRESS, AND THREE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE THIRD,—TWO EVENING DRESSES, AN OPERA DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH,—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH,—AN EVENING DRESS, TWO WALKING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH,—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

BEAUTIES OF IRELAND.*

" Oh, 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something still that is dear !"

Irish Melodies.

" The Ladies of Ireland—God bless them !"

National Toast.

Again—again the minstrel's lyre
Shall pour its thrilling strain along,
For beauty's smiles its lays inspire,
And beauty claims his choicest song :
Again the chords of music waken,
Beneath the minstrel's touch supreme,
And beauty ne'er will be forsaken,
For 'tis the poets' noblest theme.
We'll take a flight from our fair isle,
And cross the rippling dark blue sea,
To that rich land where beauty's smiles,
Are rife with joy and revelry :
To Erin's home our flight we wing,
And as we cross the foaming main,
Our homage thus we gaily sing,—
To ERIN'S DAUGHTERS raise the strain.
Joy be to thee,—the earth's best treasure,
Joy be to thee, the blest and free ;
What would be joy, and what be pleasure,
Dear woman were it not for thee ?
Honor and homage thus we pay,
Beneath thy radiant sun-lit smile ;
And offer thus our tribute lay,
At Erin's isle,—at Erin's isle.
Enshrined in sacred glory, dwells,
Within that little isle of light,
Rich beauty with her mystic spells,
And hallowing sunbeams fair and bright :
Around her form and o'er her brow,
The virtues all that charms dispense ;
And with fine traits of truth, endow
Her looks of love and innocence.—

But what are beauty's gilded baits,
When only beauty claims our care,
And darkness, lurkingly, awaits,
Beneath the smiling snare ?
What are the looks of loveliness,
When hearts are false and words untrue ?
Better the look's plain humble dress,
So that the heart's not humble too.

But when a very pretty face,
Reflects the soul's thoughts pure and good,
Arrayed in all their native grace,
Can that power ever be withstood ?
Oh no, the gems too proudly shine,
So warmly glow, too brightly blaze ;
The choicest, noblest, charms, combine,
To claim the poet's lays.

Among the beauty-honoured throng,
That crowd in Fashion's blazing halls,
One fair one mingles, and the song
Of homage on her glad ear falls ;
Tis *Erin's daughter*,—splendid beauty,
(Honored be her joyous smile)
LONDONDERRY claims our duty,
Pride and boast of Erin's isle !

Thus thee fair Erin's daughters,
Thus we offer flowers of song ;
Throw our garlands on the waters,
Which the swift waves waft along ;
And laving Erin's happy shore,
The floral offerings gladly leave,
The cheering tributes which they bore,
From hearts that never may deceive.

For England's sons while falsehoods scorning,
Joy then sisters' charms to raise ;
Hail them in their rich adorning,
Strike their harps and sing their praise ;
Oh, may the blest and holy union,
Remain through ages, true as now ;
May nought disturb the glad communion,
Nought destroy the friendly glow !

* For the Beauties of England, vide the World of Fashion
for February.

Away with folly's idle railings,
 Away with passion's idle breath,
 Away with faction's fierce assailings,
 Bury them in endless death !
 England—Ireland,—may they ever
 Know alike of weal and woe ;
 May no demon-hand dissever,
 Sisters who such friendship shew.

Britannia still her power shall yield,
 To swell her sister's name and might ;
 Together they will take the field,
 And both in links of love unite ;
 While Erin's daughters, pride and glory,
 Beauties honored, blest, and free,
 Renowned by fame in ancient story,
 England's sons shall bow to thee !

Erin's daughters, Erin's daughters,
 Thus we offer flowers of song ;
 Throw our garlands on the waters,
 Which the swift waves waft along,—
 Joy to thee, the earth's best treasure,
 Joy to thee, the blest and free ;
 What would be joy, and what be pleasure,
 Dear woman, were it not for thee?—
 Honor and homage thus we pay
 Beneath thy radiant, sun-lit smile,
 And offer thus our tribute
 At Erin's isle—at Erin's isle !

" THE GLORIOUS JOURNAL ! "

In our intercourse with society, we occasionally meet with individuals who are accustomed to attack with ignorant and vulgar insolence, any one that may happen to be more fortunate or more meritorious than themselves. Of this description are the concocters of a tissue of undeniable dulnesses, inflicted upon the simple people of the metropolis once a week, under the title of "The Court Journal!" One of the Sunday papers distinguishes this publication by the appellation of *The Infernal!*—we, however, having more compassion and good-nature in our composition, denominate it "*The Glorious Journal!*"

"The glorious conqueror of common sense."

We have always laughed at the ignorance of this namby-pamby weekly, and pitied its occasional impertinence, considering it too contemptible for angry feeling; having, however, ourselves, been selected as objects of attack, we are compelled, in self-defence, to hold up to public scorn the pitiable intellectual imbecility of *The Glorious*, and indignantly repel the vile and profligate aspersions which it has been pleased to cast upon our magazine. In our last number we found it necessary to notice a previous attack from the same source, and to brand the falsehood with the strongest terms of opprobrium that gentlemanly consideration would allow us to use. But, so far from shaming our opponent thereby, it has only goaded to fresh outrage, and another equally worthy ebullition has graced its glorious pages. We cannot, however, be angry with *such* an object, we will not break a butterfly upon the wheel: with a worthy opponent, we should readily and resolutely enter the lists, but to such an one as *The Glorious*, we cannot make up our minds to any thing more than a little wholesome chastisement, and, accordingly, apply some birchen correction, to bring down the froward temper of the bantling.

There is too much malice in the attack of *The Glorious* to allow it to pass unnoticed, and, as we have every reason to believe that no such letter as its Editor professes to have received respecting us, ever was received by him, we challenge him to produce it,—to produce a letter bearing the post mark of any day previous to the 19th ult., and unless he can do that, he must be considered in no other light than that of a vile and wanton calumniator. He has asserted that this magazine has "long practised on the credulity of poor tailors and dress-makers," now we cannot by any means be supposed to know the connections of the Editor of *The Glorious*, but we never in our experience, met with a *tailor* who constructed *ladies' dresses*, and must accordingly give him credit for more knowledge than we ourselves possess; he will probably be kind enough to inform us, simple people, what sort of ladies, *tailors* are accustomed to attire, though we cannot promise to follow the gentleman into the attic apartments of his friends, for the purpose of ascertaining his veracity. Then to give the finishing stroke to his paragraph, he dares to say, that we have been the means of causing many of the "fraternity to appear before Mr. Commissioner Law, in Portugal Street!" Now, if he means by "fraternity," *dress-makers*, we (disdaining *reply* to his vile and contemptible insinuation) take the opportunity to congratulate that "fraternity" upon the very trifling number of their body that have been so unfortunate as to have been compelled to appear before "Mr. Commissioner Law;" in fact, we have for some time past particularly investigated the circumstance, and our conclusions have been most favourable to the dress-makers, for seldom indeed have we met with *their* names in the lists of the children of misfortune. So far from having injured their interests, it is notorious that we have been most successful in promoting them. We were the only individuals to stem the tide of fashionable patronage, when it flowed into the *magazines* of impudent foreigners; we were the only individuals that dared to hold up the superior powers of English dress-makers, and, with respectful boldness, to remonstrate with our noble readers upon the impropriety of their conduct. WE HAVE SUCCEEDED IN EFFECTING OUR OBJECT; have obtained for our countrywomen the precedence of foreign rivals, and the patronage of all the well-disposed members of the British female nobility, and are we now to be told by an arrogant popinjay, that we are "misleading the English dress-makers? If the paragraph was written by any vulgar Frenchwoman, any desponding *marchande*, we can readily pardon the aggression; but if it emanated from the brain of the compiler of *The Glorious*, we resign it, without comment, to the contempt of our subscribers. By the bye, since our *worthy* friend has found out that tailors make ladies' dresses, perhaps he has discovered a lady that makes the male habiliments, and ten to one but that lady made the paragraph in question, and "the cloak," as well, about which, the enraged Editor wrote such a mysterious paragraph a few weeks ago. We could "a humorous tale unfold," "a right merrie conceit," appertaining thereto, but which we desist from, at present, out of pure Christian charity and commiseration.

We have thus been very lenient in our castigation of *The Glorious*, it is too weak to bear greater infliction, and we would not destroy it entirely, because we wish to laugh at it a little longer. To be sure, it does mislead people now and then, about "polonaises," and "Lord Egremont's daughter," and "the Duke of Hamilton's nephew," and, very lately, about the Duke of Rutland's marriage with one

of the Miss Liddel's, but then it gave a very mirth-moving detail of the duke's musical acquirements, how he could *fiddle*, and how he could make Belvoir Castle resound with his "minstrelsie," and a pretty pendant, anticipative of the sweet harmony that would result from such an union, and the concord of delicious sounds that would be heard in the family parties! Alas, for *The Glorious*! the poor duke had no idea of making any harmony of the kind, and is quite enraged at such an exposition of his *fiddling* propensities! Then again, we have metaphors that would startle any body of less poetic fervour than the inspired writers for *The Glorious*,—and poetry that informs us of people frequenting Almack's, that know not whether they dance upon their heads or their heels! We learn, that ladies have "feet like the *twinkling stars*!" and that one of the kings of France was accustomed to sleep in a taffeta nightcap, and to dine upon mutton chops! We learn all this from the refined pages of *The Glorious*, and it would be cruel to annihilate it utterly;—let it go on in its effulgent career therefore, let it shake its cap proudly, and ring merrily the appertaining bells, but let it not be mischievous in its folly, or we shall be called upon to bear testimony to its *glorious* achievements, and add another streamer to its well-worn tail.

ED. W. F.

THE LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH.

"Now by our hopes we hold it passing well
The KING should scorn dull and inglorious ease,
Aye and despise the selfish luxuries
That pomp and station oft do feed upon;
Marry, He rather mingles with the world,
Putting a manly resolution on
To cheer his Court and People."

The Knights; a Comedy.

Brighton and its Pavillion have been exchanged by their MAJESTIES for Windsor Castle and carriage airings; varied however by occasional visits of monarchical etiquette to the Palace of St. James's.

For instance, a series of Levees and Courts have been held by the KING, whilst the QUEEN has been equally anxious to extend the benefit of her influence by presiding at a course of Drawing Rooms. But let us in regular, yet condensed order, trace the movements of those who sit honoured and revered upon the throne of England.

On Wednesday, March the second, His MAJESTY came with a small military escort, from Windsor to St. James's, and nearly immediately upon his arrival proceeded to receive those who attended at his Levee, then held. The important and nearly all absorbing measure which was then being discussed in the Commons House of Parliament, monopolized, however, the presence of so many of the *Haut Ton*, that the attendance upon Royalty was nothing so numerous as it otherwise would have been. The KING, the ceremony done, returned to Windsor the same night.

On the evening of Monday, March the seventh, and according to previously proclaimed intentions, their MAJESTIES visited Covent Garden Theatre, where preparations had been made by the Management to receive them in a style of becoming splendour. That the house was full will be as readily credited, as that the reception of the royal visitors was unanimously enthusiastic. All voices were accordant in their cheerings, so that KING WILLIAM

and his *right minded* Consort must have felt a proud satisfaction in knowing they reigned in the hearts of the People. By the way, we were truly gratified to find that the agility of those who sustained the principal characters in the Harlequinade was not exerted in vain to amuse the Royal party, for whilst the two Prince GEORGES "laughed outright at gambols quaintly done," their UNCLE did not conceive that it disgraced the possessor of a crown to mingle in their merriment.

Wednesday evening, the ninth March, a grand entertainment was given by the Marquis and Marchioness of LONDONDERRY upon the occasion of the christening of their daughter, and the very distinguished honour was conferred upon them of their MAJESTIES standing as the tender one's sponsors. The QUEEN officiated in person, and the KING was represented by his Grace the Duke of Rutland; but both graced the banquet and the ball with their presence, which indeed wore the appearance of "high state and festival." We should have mentioned that a Court and Levee were held by his Majesty, on the afternoon of this day.

Thursday was her MAJESTY's second Drawing Room, which we were gratified in observing surpass the previous one in some characteristics which conduce to beneficial impulses. The company, for instance, were more numerous, some of the equipages of a gayer description, and there were indications of a greater number of the female nobility evincing a desire to follow the dictates, and imitate the conduct of our good Queen ADELAIDE by appearing in court dresses of home manufacture and formation. Her MAJESTY appeared in a very handsome white and silver brocaded dress of Spitalfield's produce; thus attesting by evidence not to be contravened, that she really believed what she so patriotically expressed in her answer to the mechanics of Spitalfields upon their presentation of six fabrics of British silks. Her words were, "I receive these silks with great satisfaction. I cordially receive them as very beautiful specimens of your manufacture, and, as far as I can judge, or learn from others, best competent to give an opinion, *the English silks are very superior to the foreign.*" Still, notwithstanding these indications of a better spirit towards industry of their own country prevailing among the leaders in high life, we have yet to regret the unfeeling passion which still actuates many to lavish their patronage upon those whose foreign influence acts as a blight upon that industry; poisoning, and withering the otherwise wholesome plants and produce of our native soil. Do such people imagine, that with all their exotic finery, upon which has been exerted all the *sw-English* skill of some dress-decorator with an *oulandish* name, they can rival the graceful elegance, and noble carriage of a Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND, or a Marchioness of LONDONDERRY, who had the feeling and the good sense to attend the Drawing Room, arrayed in robes the produce of British and Irish industry and skill? If they can conscientiously answer this in the affirmative, it shall please us well; but, as we are convinced they cannot, then must we hold them as

"Too cold of heart and purse to justly feel
The truest path to reach their country's weal;
Too vain and sordid to advance success,
And give to native talent happiness."

The very following day their MAJESTIES returned to Windsor, and there remained till Tuesday the 22d, when they again came to town for the purpose, as was previously

stated, of visiting the Italian Opera House in the evening, which for a long space of years had not been honoured by the presence of a KING and QUEEN. To evince a becoming feeling for the distinguished honour and great benefit it was contemplated to bestow upon him, the manager had made preparations for the reception of the Royal party upon the most splendid scale, seven boxes having been fitted up both in an elegant and costly style, in the first tier over the stage and orchestra. But alas! who is secure from the visitations of fate, what power or station can arrest the will of HIM who rules the whirlwinds and directs the storm? Death smote a branch from the regal tree of England, and projected visits of enjoyment gave place to contemplations of a sorrowful nature. Intelligence reached the Palace of the decease of the Hon. Capt. JOHN ERSKINE KENNEDY, at Pisa, and who having married Miss AUGUSTA FITZCLARENCE, was son-in-law to his Majesty.*

The Duchess of KENT, Princess VICTORIA and suite, have been encouraging the Drama by attending the theatres, and the Duke of SUSSEX the cause of it, by presiding at the anniversaries of the Drury Lane and the Covent Garden Fund dinners. Both of which went off with much *éclat*, and were celebrated at the Freemason's Tavern. The Glee Club and the Ancient Concerts have been honoured by the attendance of the Duke of CUMBERLAND, and all the Royal Family in England have interchanged, from time to time, visits of friendship and hospitality; thus showing that pleasant sight,

"A family united in one precious bond,
Tied by the links of friendship and of love;
Which, like the Roman Lictor's ancient rods,
No envious force can sunder."

In continuation and conclusion of our biographical or monthly sketch of regal and royal sayings and doings, it must be stated that on Wednesday, March 23d, after holding a Levee, his MAJESTY gave a truly princely entertainment to the members of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic order, as a parting and befitting compliment to the much-respected Count Munster; who, after a residence in England of forty years, is now departing to other shores, anxious, perchance, to utter his last prayer where his first breath was drawn. The dinner was served in the State banquetting room, which wore a most magnificent appearance, greatly heightened by the guests being attired in the splendid costume of their order. About eighty highly distinguished personages were present. In the evening her MAJESTY dined with the Princess Augusta, and afterwards attended, in an unobtrusive manner, the Concert of Ancient Music; and on Thursday, the 24th March, held the *third* of her series of Drawing Rooms. This differed but very immaterially from that which preceded it, and the same observations we have thought it our duty to apply to the latter, will, with equal truth and force, delineate the characteristics of the more

* This gentleman was second and youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Cassilis, and brother of Lord Kennedy, and had not completed his thirty-third year. He early entered the army, and at the time of his decease was a Captain on half pay of the 16th Lancers, and Equerry to his Majesty. He was united to Miss Augusta Fitzclarence in 1828. Shortly after their nuptials they proceeded abroad, on account of Capt. E.'s indifferent state of health, and about two months ago it was rumoured that his Majesty had commissioned Captain Adolphus Fitzclarence to sail for Italy and bring his sister home.

recent celebration. There was, however, some difference in the appearance of the Honorable Corps of Gentleman Pensioners, who lined the presence chamber, and who were arrayed in a new uniform by command of his MAJESTY, part of which was elegant and gaudy enough; but whether "boots and spurs" are quite consistent at places

"Where plumed dames and sweeping trains abound,
Which glitter gorgeous as they sweep the ground,"

is a question which those who have the arrangement of these court ceremonies, and to "the royal ear can whisper truth," would do well to cogitate upon, even if they do not cashier the "regulation" boots, or the *armed heel*.

Her MAJESTY again evinced her great good sense by appearing in an *English* dress at once simple, elegant, and becoming. It was consistent throughout, and a great contrast to some *foreign costumes* we observed certain titled ladies wear, which emulated without gaining a portion of their splendidly amalgamating beauty, all the colours of the rainbow. Can it be possible, also, that some personages of high degree actually did homage in *borrowed plumes*? If so, is not the story of the Daw in the Peacock's feathers something more veritable than a fable?

Here break we off; promising to mark

"With curious eye the passing great events
Which April's varied month may bid awake,
And journey through life's scene."

ON DITS OF FASHION, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE BEAU MONDE.

PRINCESS VICTORIA. We regret to find some very unworthy insinuations circulated by the public prints, respecting the health of this interesting child; we had occasion some months ago to advert to the subject, and trusted that our observations would have effectually silenced the slanderers. We still, however, find the most ridiculous assertions propagated,—statements of weakness that are truly alarming, the best confutation of which, that we can give, (and it must be a decisive one,) is the fact, that we have personally beheld the young princess *walking* with her royal mother in Hyde Park, and evidently in the best health and spirits. This we have seen, notwithstanding we read in the newspapers that her Royal Highness is so weak as to be wheeled from one room to another! A person of high distinction has been stated to be the author of these unworthy reports, but we cannot believe the assertion.

There has been much conversation in fashionable circles, respecting the beauty of one of Lady Strong's daughters, who, with the family, is expected in England in the course of the season. We have heard that the lady is particularly admired, in the first society at Naples, where Lord HERTFORD is giving some splendid entertainments. Lord HARROWBY, Lady ANN MURRAY, and other *distingués* are at present sojourning there.

A very curious story is in circulation, respecting a noble lord and a shopkeeper at the West end of the town, and which has been the subject of much speculation. It seems that Lord — entered a shop, and inquired the price of a valuable *hookah*, which being too high, the purchase was declined. A short time after his lordship had quitted the shop, he was accosted by the tradesman, who had run after him, and charged with abstracting the mouth-piece of the hookah. His lordship indignantly denied the accusation, but the shopkeeper was decisive, and in order to prevent

confusion in a public street, his lordship paid the value of the mouth-piece, desiring that the money might be returned when the shopkeeper found the missing article. We have mentioned the principal circumstances of the case in order that the reputation of Lord —, might not be sullied by the vague reports that are in circulation.

The appointment of the truly amiable Duchess of Northumberland to the situation of governess to the Princess Victoria, appears to have given universal satisfaction. A more worthy lady, or one better qualified for the important trust which has been confided to her, could not, we think have been selected from the circles of the nobility. We understand, that the King suggested the appointment.

Northumberland House presents a truly splendid appearance; it has been newly decorated, and in a style of princely magnificence.

There appears to be some expectation entertained, that the foreign lady of distinction, whose presence at the Drawing-room was unexpectedly declined, will be received at court by the Queen before the close of the season. A noble duchess has exerted her influence in the affair, and it is presumed, that the scruples of royalty will be satisfied.

The fashionable world will regret to learn that Count Munster is about to leave England; the official situation which he held, having been abolished, in consequence of the new arrangement of the Hanoverian affairs.

There is reason to believe, that Lady Catherine Howard, will accomplish her extraordinary task, and in consequence, win the wager that is depending. The "pennies" roll very fast into her ladyship's hands, and nothing can equal the spirit and good-humour that every where attend the project. Lady Catherine is an amiable woman, and though devotedly fond of her beautiful dogs, has evinced a true feeling of Christian charity. Her accustomed tours through the country, with her dashing friend, Mrs. M., we are happy to find dedicated to so praiseworthy an object.

It is confidently reported, that a certain illustrious personage has again entered into the state of matrimony.

We are assured that the Honourable Miss — has actually refused offers from no less than seven military officers, who have respectively "trotted out" before her, and to their sorrow have been compelled to "trot in again" in despair. Luttrell has applied to this beautiful piece of cruelty, the *sobriquet* of the *Red Rover*!

LA BAGATELLE.

FASHIONABLE FACETIE AND JEUX D'ESPRIT.

"—— To make c'en thick-lipped melancholy
Gather up her features to a smile!"

Lady S. Lenox characterizes the banquet at the late royal entertainment at Holderness House, as *The Triumph of Isis*. (Ices.)

Repeal of the Union.—"Mr. O'Connell has been making a great noise about the Repeal of the Union," exclaimed an amiable dowager, at Lady Salisbury's last party, "and certainly the gentleman deserves the thanks of all the married ladies in the United Kingdom."

Rival Abilities.—Lord Nugent declares that the Aldermen whom he dined with at the Mansion House, completely astonished him. We have reason to believe that Sir Peter L—— actually beat his lordship by two plates-full!!!

Fashionable Arrival.—The Bath papers announce the arrival in that city of a Dr. Jalap. A very characteristic cog-

nomen, and doubtless the doctor will physic the Bathonians well.

Young B——, who has just arrived from his army at the Cape, was conversing the other evening at Lansdowne House, about the predilection which the lion always exhibits for the flesh of an Hottentot. "A hot what?" enquired Dowager Lady G——. "A hottentot, my dear Lady G.," rejoined the young lieutenant. "Bless my soul," exclaimed her ladyship, "this is the first time that I ever heard they cooked the lion's victuals abroad."

News.—One of the morning papers has informed us that one evening the gallery of the House of Commons was more than full! Is the reporter an Irishman?

Why is the Isle of Wight like a dairyman. Because it has its *Cowes*.

A boy who had just returned from boarding school, was told by his mamma, that to be polite, he should always salute the ladies first. "Dear me, ma," exclaimed the child, "then how very rude our parish-clerk must be, for he says 'ah men!' fifty times in church, and never says 'ah women!'" once.

Con.—Why is a Norfolk dumpling like the overture to *La Dame Blanche*? Because it is a composition of *Boil-dough*. (Boil'd dough.)

Spendid Banquet.—Lord Goderich is going to give a tea party—to all the old ladies, of course.

When the orange was thrown at Harley the other evening, he took it up, and observing it sagely, exclaimed, "This is not a civil orange."

The same player, when Price, the American manager first took possession of Drury Lane, stopped the band, that had struck up God save the King, upon the manager's entry. "That is not the most appropriate tune," cried the wag, "What then should we play, Mr. Harley?" inquired the astonished leader. "Play," exclaimed Harley, "why 'Yankee Doodle's come to town,' to be sure."

A schoolmaster complained to the father of one of his pupils, that the latter had broken half the forms in the school. "Poo, poo, sir," exclaimed the parent, "the ministers will re-form you, without applying to me."

Con. by Lord William L——. Why is Miss Paton like the nymph Daphne when she fled from Pan?—Because she is changed into *Wood*.

Why is a dentist always to be considered a very inhuman man?—Because he deprives us of what we live by, (our teeth.)

A sleepy coat.—"Your coat has a very sleepy appearance," observed a young wit to Sir C. W., "for it does not seem to have had a nap for these twelve months!"

Consolation.—Lord L. who suffered severely with the rheumatism, complained to Abernethy that he suffered excruciating pain whenever he lifted up his arm. "Then what a fool you must be," replied Abernethy, "to lift up your arm at all."

Intellect.—"Have you any thing intellectual at that end of the table?" enquired Lister's pretty young wife. "I really don't know, my dear madam," rejoined the Duke of St. — "but I prefer boiled soles."

Refuge for the destitute.—Alderman Sir Charles, entering Guildhall the other day, and finding a scaffolding erected, exclaimed, "Mercy upon us, why we've the Poles here, now!"

When is a blancmange like a celebrated college in England?—When it is *Eton*, (eaten.)

The Marquis of A. declares himself afraid to take a wife,

because the mere name of the sex mysteriously implies trouble and vexation.—“*Wo-man!*”

A certain well known individual always recollects what is owing to him, but forgets what he owes himself. “Poor fellow,” exclaimed Raikes on hearing the circumstance, “he has lost *half his memory*.”

The keeper of a road-side public-house, called *The Ass*, when the Duke of Wellington came into administration, substituted the sign of his grace’s head. An opposition house was shortly after opened, the landlord of which adopted the other’s rejected sign. The latter, however, indignant at the circumstance, painted in large letters over his picture of the duke’s head, “*This is the ORIGINAL Ass!*”

When the Sheriffs of London presented the address to the King at a late levee, it was intimated to his majesty, that the citizens expected he would appoint a day when he would honour them with his company. “I really cannot promise them a day,” rejoined the King, “but I will give them two *knaves* instead.”

Con. from our Club.—“Can any lady tell me,” enquired Lord J— at one of the conversaziones at the Athenæum, “why our friend A—y, when he was excluded this club, was like my negro servant after he had had his head shaved?”—“Because he was *black ball’d*.”

At the commencement of Lord Brougham’s career, he was cross examining a witness who prevaricated sadly; at length the counsellor was out of temper, and exclaimed, “Sir, you have spoken so falsely, that no one for the future can believe a word of what you say!” The witness gave a shrewd look at Mr. B., and replied, “Sir, you are a *very honest man*.”

Lord Kenyon, who has just resigned his *queue*, was in the habit, some years ago, of wearing it to a considerable length; having omitted to say something particular to his steward one day, he rode after him, and meeting a countryman, enquired whether he had seen a stout gentleman upon a long-tailed horse; “No, zur,” replied the wondering bumpkin, “but I do see a *long-tailed gentleman* on a stout horse.”

A keen reproof.—Young A— was particularly offensive, at the King’s entertainment, to an interesting lady who sat beside him, by reason of his incessant and ridiculous small talk. At length he exclaimed, “Dear me, we are so crowded I scarcely know where to place my hand.” “I will tell you, my lord,” rejoined the beauty, “place it upon your mouth!”

A perpetual age.—“I am continually hearing of the happiness of young fellows when they come of age,” exclaimed Colonel S— over his cards in St. James’s-street, “but what must my pleasure be to have my *vingt-et-un* every day of my life!”

Marriage.—The Bishop of — relates an anecdote, that shortly after he entered orders he married an innocent country couple, who evidently knew very little of the ceremony. When he asked the bridegroom “Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?” the half-made husband replied, in a sharp quick tone, “To be sure I will; I be coom o’purpose!”

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

The prettiest hand-screens are composed of *marabouts* arranged in the form of a fan. The handle is of gilt bronze.

The most fashionable gloves, whether long or short, for

dress balls have the palm of the hand and the border adorned with a wreath in gold.

A pair of bellows for a boudoir is the prettiest toy imaginable, excessively small, and in the shape of a tulip; the flowers called hearts-ease, cut in open work, adorn the centre. The leather must be either rose or blue; the binding is gold *galon*, edged with little steel points. The nose, shaped like the trunk of an elephant, is of gilt bronze.

Some canes have lately been seen at the gunsmiths of the common size, but which serve to contain a gun.

Young ladies in high life are occupied in embroidering for their ball or concert dresses, knots for the shoulders, the *bouquet* and the *ceinture*. Vine leaves, in gold on violet velvet, silver reeds on blue watered silk, violets, and white or *ponceau* daisies on rich green ribbon. Garlands of flowers in shaded silks, on bands of gold or silver stuffs, are also fashionable.

Reading-rooms are become almost as numerous as coffee-houses, but what a difference in the behaviour of those who frequent both. Coffee-house guests enter merrily, call the waiter in a loud voice, the presiding divinity of the counter rings her silver bell, and sends to the right and left, punch, liqueurs, and ices. You soon find your spirits get high, and your purse low; in the reading-room you enter quietly, you ask a young girl plainly dressed for a book or newspaper, and you speak in a low voice not to disturb the profound silence which reigns in that little temple of literature. You stay if you chuse the whole evening, you see all that is new and curious in the literature of the day, and your expense is only a few *sous*.

Bijoux Rabelaisiennes are very much the mode. We have seen not only rings, but even *chemise* buttons, and very long ear-rings of the form of an obelisk in enamelled gold, and ornamented with droll personages. As for neck-chains, the prettiest are composed of little *plaques*, wrought in open work, and of medallions decorated with figures and hieroglyphics.

Two young physicians, who have, during the last five years, occupied themselves exclusively with the science of neutralising poisons of all kinds, have lately made trial of their skill before a circle of distinguished physicians and chemists. Desirous of joining example to precept, they have three times poisoned each other, and each of them cured himself instantly, and without knowing the kind of poison that he had swallowed. They mean to repeat these experiments before the Academy.

All Paris, at this moment, runs after Paganini, the celebrated violinist. He has the art of producing on his instrument the sound of the flageolet, the horn, the basse, and the hautbois. You might suppose, in hearing him, it was a concert of nightingales, or of sweet female voices. In short, the Parisians say, “if you have not seen Paganini, you have seen nothing.”

Turtle soup, a luxury hitherto very rare in Paris, is now come into general use. A celebrated *restaurateur*, in the Palais Royal, exhibits these animals alive.

You always see three small boxes in the *secrétaire* of a man of fashion; the first contains pistols, the second a *fusil de chasse*, the third a *fusil de munition*. These boxes must be of expensive wood, elegantly ornamented, and lined with velvet.

The fashionable chimney-screens are composed of iron net-work, so very fine, that it resembles the finest canvas. It is adorned with a landscape painted in oil; the feet and frame are of black bamboo.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Brides in their starlight glory."

CAMPBELL.

"The flowers will perish, and the fairest buds *may* die."

BROOME.

The past month has exhibited to their full extent the powers both of "Hymen, joyous deity," and "the last fell enemy of mankind;" in other words, the marriage robes have been worn proudly and joyously in some noble mansions, while in others, the dark habiliments of the grave have superseded the silken clothing of pleasure; and the sounds of mirth and harmony are displaced by the sorrows of relatives and friends, mourning the loss of those passed away unto the abiding place from whence there is no return. The splendid and important solemnization of the nuptials of the Hon. A. W. A. COOPER, son of the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, and MARIA ANNE, the beautiful daughter of Colonel BAILLIE, (one of the most celebrated stars of the fashionable world,) has been regarded with peculiar interest, the attractions and merits of the united, promising a realization of the brightest dreams of connubial felicity.

"They will pass—they will pass through the vale of the world,

With joy's brilliant banners all floating unfurled;
While Pleasure each care from their souls shall dismiss,

And their sorrows repose on the bosom of bliss!"

Another happy celebration claims especial notice, the amiable and accomplished EMILY, daughter of Sir G. LEEDS, Bart., having become the bride of C. H. SMITH, Esq., of Gwern Lynwith, Glamorganshire; and again are we called upon to record hymeneal pleasures, those which the happily assorted union of the gallant Captain H. W. ELLIOTT, of the 51st, or King's own Light Infantry, with JANE, youngest daughter of the late W. ASHMORE, Esq. have produced.

"Our stream of joys flow onward," and the white favours before us, induce a fervent prayer for the felicity of the amiable FANNY, second daughter of JOHN HUBBARD, Esq., with the respected possessor of the Priory, Southover. J. M. B. DURRANT, Esq., whose nuptials have been celebrated. And the same good wishes attend the union of H. SANDHAM, Esq., Royal Engineers, with Miss C. A. WHITE; and also that of Miss HARRIET SWINLEY, of Lower Grosvenor-street, with Mr. ATKINSON.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 16th ult., the Countess of STRATHMORE bestowed her hand upon WILLIAM HUTT, Esq. It may be remembered by our readers, that the previous husband of her Ladyship was, JOHN Earl of STATHMORE, who died suddenly on the day after his marriage.

We must now pass to the melancholy portion of our duty, and record the sudden death of Viscount DARNLEY and Baron CLIFTON, hereditary High Steward of Gravesend and Milton, who was discovered dead in his bed on the morning of Thursday, 17th ult. His Lordship had been previously indisposed, but the symptoms were not such as to excite any fears of the lamentable result. Lord DARNLEY was in the 65th year of his age.

We regretted in our last number, the untimely loss of so many youthful spirits, and have now the melancholy task of adding to the list; R. WELLESLEY, Esq., son of the

Marquis of WELLESLEY, having been snatched away from the pleasures and enjoyments of the world, to the dreary resting-place of the tomb. At Hastings, also, has expired ROBERT, son of the late Major R. H. ORD.

The severe and protracted illness under which the respected Sir MONTAGUE CHOLMELEY, Bart., suffered, has at length been terminated, and the chill cold hand of death has closed his mortal career.

Among the anticipated marriages, that of Miss URTON, ("the golden Upton") with J. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., is the most talked of. We understand that Miss ELPHINSTONE will shortly be led to the hymeneal altar, and also that another beauty, who made such a successful *début* last season, will soon become a bride. The report of Lady STRACHAN's daughter having formed an engagement with royalty, we cannot credit; neither is there any truth in the rumour of the Duke of RUTLAND's marriage with one of Lord RAVENSWORTH's daughters.

PARTIES AND BALLS.

A succession of splendid entertainments have rendered the past month one of particular and important interest, the nobility having vied with each other in producing festivities worthy of the reputation of their country. Our limited space prevents us from doing more than glancing at the various scenes of splendour, or of adding more than a general testimony of their excellence. We may, however, be allowed to remark, that *Dresses of English manufacture* have been the most conspicuous, and the most admired; indeed the *new style*, as we may term it, in which they have been made by *English workwomen*, is so much more calculated to set off the attractions of English ladies, than the outrageous and indelicate style of imposing and impudent foreigners, that we are not at all surprised at the general expression of admiration that has attended the perfection they have displayed in the construction of the *most splendid dresses that have ever been exhibited in this or any other country*. The fact is universally admitted, that a lovely Englishwoman can never appear so fascinating, as when attired in that chastened style of elegance, so eminently characteristic of her country.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE's ball, and dinners, and those of the Duke of CUMBERLAND, Duke of WELLINGTON, Lords SALISBURY, STANHOPE, LANSDOWNE, &c., have been upon a scale of unprecedented splendour; as were also the very interesting *Quadrille Parties* of Lady BLACKETT, Mrs. EDE and Lady KILMAINE.

The most conspicuous festival of the month, however, was the *christening* at *Holderness House*, attended by their MAJESTIES, who were graciously pleased to stand as sponsors for the infant daughter of the noble Marquis and Marchioness of LONDONDERRY. We cannot speak too highly of the princely arrangements of this gorgeous festival, and regret that our limits preclude us from remarking upon them individually. We could, however, have wished the foreign air that pervaded some of its arrangements, had been missing; a plain English bill of fare, too, would have enhanced the gratification which the banquet was calculated to afford;—then, in allusion to the native land of the noble host and hostess, we should have thought some national Irish dish would have appeared upon the table,—nay, even if it had been only a plate of rich mellow potatoes! We are convinced, that it would not only have promoted the mirth and hilarity of the evening, but would

have given satisfaction, *in*, as well as *out of*, doors. The *Londonderry pudding* did not compensate for the loss of such a dish as this. The chief of the nobility were present, attired in full court dresses; the appearance of the rooms at the height of the festivity, was splendid to the extreme.

Some very agreeable entertainments have been given by Lord BRRESFORD, Prince TALLEYRAND, Lady JERSEY, Lady GREY, Lady SEYTON and Mr. and Mrs. W. TAYLOR.

The noble banquet at *Northumberland House* was attended by the *élite of ton*. The Marchioness of LONDONDERRY has entertained a brilliant evening party. Mrs. BROADHEAD's quadrilles have been remarkably well attended. The Duke of NORFOLK's dinner party went off with *grand succès*.

Almack's has commenced its season, but with no particular brilliance; it has, as yet, been thinly attended.

THE DRAMA.

"Learn how to value merit."—SHAKSPEARE.

TRIUMPH OF BRITISH TALENT!—*Splendid success of Mrs. Wood at the Opera.*—The engagement of Mrs. Wood at the King's Theatre, has proved one of the most successful speculations of M. LAPORTE; the great powers displayed by the British vocalist, having obtained the unmingled admiration and patronage of the whole fashionable world. Endeavours have been made by the friends of interested parties, to qualify this transcendent success, but the celebrity of Mrs. Wood, stands too evident, to sink beneath the insinuations of her rivals, and her great powers are too conspicuous, to be rallied away by their envy. Mrs. Wood, by her performance in Rossini's *Cenerentola*, has, unquestionably, proved herself to be in possession of talents equal to those of any female that has ever appeared upon the Opera stage, with but one exception alone,—CATALANI, and upon this opinion we take our stand, boldly and fearlessly, and with the triumphs of preceding favourites still vividly upon our remembrance. The fame of Mrs. Wood must now be firmly established.

VESPERMANN has been endeavouring to rise in estimation, but without effect; her voice has evidently been well cultivated, but she has neither grace, power, nor finish to enable her to sustain a leading station in the London Opera. We understand music as well as the good folks of *Munich*! DAVID is about to leave us; his absence will be regretted by the frequenters of the Opera. *Il Matrimonio Segreto* has been well played. "*L'Ultimo Giorno*," has nothing to recommend it, but its scenery and decorations.

The new ballet of *Kenilworth*, by M. DESHAYES, has been produced with considerable success; we scarcely consider the subject an appropriate one, and the denouement is certainly exceptionable; we are, however, not in a fastidious vein, and will therefore glance over the faults of the performance, and give M. LAPORTE credit for the spirit which he has displayed in producing the composition. PAUL, LE FEBVRE, MONTESSU, CLARA, &c., sustain leading characters, and charm us by the exhibition of their delightful powers.

M. BOUFFE, nothing but M. BOUFFE at the HAYMARKET, and *Voltaire*, *Quoniam*, *Les Trois Generations*, and a dozen more hacknied trifles. We were led to expect great things this season from the *French Troop*, but disappointment, alone, has been the result. Madlle. JAMIN is very inefficient. If it were not for the spirited St. ANGE, we should be unable to sit out a single performance.

DRURY LANE.—KEAN has concluded his engagement at

this theatre, and Mr. HAYNES BAYLEY has produced his farce of *Decorum*. The latter, however, contrary to all expectation, excited marks of strong displeasure, and it has been, in consequence, withdrawn.

Another new farce, called "*High-ways and By-ways*," is being played with moderate success. LISTON represents *Narcissus Stubble*, a traveller "in the straw line," with some humour, but the language which the author has put into his mouth, is very mediocre; we do not think the farce will outlive Easter.

Macbeth has been revived, with MACREADY for the hero, and Miss HUDDART as *Lady Macbeth*; the performance of the first is well known; of the lady we have to speak in terms of the highest praise; her performance is truly powerful and exquisitely just; the sleeping scene, in particular, is delivered with an effect truly Siddonian. Miss HUDDART has greatly raised her reputation by her delineation of one of the most difficult characters of the drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—The farce of *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, was revived upon the anniversary of the saint's birth, we suppose to please the frequenters of the gallery. POWER sustains the leading character with infinite drollery.

Miss KEMBLE's *Lady Constance*.—Our young actress has at length ventured upon the assumption of one of the grandest characters of her great relation,—a character, the importance of which, none but the most powerful abilities can grapple with,—which few actresses have ventured to grapple with, and not one of them with success. In the first scene, Miss KEMBLE is tame and inefficient, her gestication is erroneous, but in the succeeding act, the great powers of the actress develop themselves, and the representation is bold and forcible; the first speech

"Gone to be married,—gone to swear a peace!"

is powerfully delivered, and the subsequent one, concluding with, "Here I and sorrow sit," are beautifully illustrative of the fine character drawn by our immortal bard. We particularly admire her denunciation of *Austria*,

"Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!"

It is energetic and characteristic. Contrasted with the fiercer scenes of the part, that with *Philip* and the *Cardinal*, is not less excellent and effective, a beautiful vein of pathos, pervades every sentence, the merits of which are acknowledged by the plaudits of the audience.

Miss KEMBLE's *Constance* cannot be put in comparison with that of Mrs. SIDONS, for obvious reasons; we must consider it solely as a performance of Miss KEMBLE's, and so considered, it is a brilliant and beautiful delineation.

The QUEEN'S THEATRE is out-running all the minors in its race of popularity; every week produces some fresh novelty, supported by a very talented company, "*Delusions*," in which Mr. GREEN has a capital part; "*Mrs. G.*" by Mrs. GLOVER, assisted by J. RUSSEL; and "*Tact*," in which the latter performer introduces some very good imitations of popular performers, are all of them deserving the success which has attended their production. We cannot speak so highly of the melo-drama; the managers should avoid the *heroic* altogether.

Madame VESTRIS has concluded a most successful season, and the ADELPHI has closed its doors. Great preparations are making at all the Summer establishments, for the production of the *Easter Novelties*, which will be fully described in our next.



*Newest Fashions for April 1831
Ball, Morning, & Evening Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for April, 1831.
Evening Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for April, 1831.
Evening & Opera Dresses.*

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of rose coloured *gaze de Soie*; the *corsage* is cut very low, and in crossed drapery; the *béret* sleeves are covered by a triple fall of rich blond lace. A fancy silk trimming intermingled with flowers is disposed *en tunique* round the border, and up the front of the dress. The head-dress is a toque of rose coloured gauze, trimmed with white ostrich feathers; it is put on so as to display a richly wrought silver bandeau. Diamond necklaces and earrings, gold bracelets.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of Chinese green *gros de Naples*; *corsage à revers*; the *revers* is formed of dark green velvet. Sleeves *à la Médicis* with velvet cuffs. The trimming of the skirt consists of a velvet band, from which depends large leaves. The head dress is a white *gros de Naples* hat trimmed with rose coloured ribbon, and birds of Paradise plumes.

EVENING DRESS.

A gold coloured satin dress. The *corsage* is cut very low and in crossed drapery. *Béret* sleeves, partially covered with blond lace, and adorned with knots of gauze ribbon on the shoulders. The trimming of the skirt consists of gauze ribbon, arranged in festoons, each festoon adorned with a knot; the one on the right side is brought very high and finished with a bouquet of flowers. A similar bouquet adorns the *ceinture*. *Coiffure en cheveux*, adorned with flowers and silver beads.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view, half length, of the ball-dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view, half length, of the morning-dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view, half length, of the evening-dress.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *satin d'Alger*, striped canary colour and white. The *corsage* is cut low, and made with a *revers en cœur* of plain canary coloured satin. A trimming of blond net intermixed with knots of ribbon adorns the bust. *Béret* sleeves surmounted by pointed epaulettes. The skirt is trimmed at the knee with a white satin *rouleau*, finished at the upper edge by narrow pointed blond lace. The hair, dressed in full curls on the forehead, and high bows behind, is adorned with three white *aigrettes*, tipped with small white flowers, made of the down of ostrich feathers. Diamond earrings. Gold bracelets.

OPERA DRESS.

A white gauze dress over a white *gros de Naples* slip; *corsage uni*, finished with a row of narrow blond lace, which stands up round the bust. The sleeve forms a single *bouffant*, and terminates *en manchette* with one row of blond lace. The skirt is trimmed with bouillons of blue gauze, inter-

mixed with bands and *nœuds* of gauze ribbon to correspond in colour. A blue gauze drapery disposed *en echarpe* crosses one side of the *corsage*, and terminates in a knot of ribbon, with very long ends. Head-dress, a blue gauze *béret* adorned with a bird of Paradise. Bandeau, necklace, earrings, and *ceinture* of silver.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape spotted with gold, *corsage à la Grecque*; *béret* sleeves, surmounted by a trimming of superb blond lace, which goes from the point of the shoulder in front, round the back of the bust; the trimming of the skirt is gold lama mixed with a light embroidery in green floize silk. The hair is divided *à l'enfant* on the forehead, and dressed in high bows and braids behind. A bouquet of white ostrich feathers, intermingled with silver ornaments, complete the *coiffure*. Diamond earrings, necklace, &c. gold.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the fourth figure.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the opera-dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the second evening-dress.

FIG. 4.—A hat composed of lilac satin, the crown is very low, it is quartered by *rouleaux* to correspond, the brim is of the usual size, open behind, and turns up a little on each side in a point. The trimming consists of figured gauze ribbon, and a bouquet of black feathers.

PLATE THE THIRD.

FIRST EVENING DRESS.

A dress of canary-coloured satin, *corsage uni*, trimmed round the bust with blond lace *à la Louise*. *Béret* sleeves. The front of the dress is trimmed with festoons of ribbon, placed horizontally, and terminated at each end by a *nœud en tulipe*. Head-dress a blue gauze *béret*, striped with silver; it is ornamented with a gold bandeau in the centre, and an *esprit* put far back. Ear-rings and necklace gold and sapphires.

SECOND EVENING DRESS—GRAND COSTUME.

A dress of pink crape over satin to correspond, *corsage en cœur*. *Béret* sleeves, surmounted by pointed *manchettes*, which, as well as the *corsage*, are trimmed with blond lace. The skirt is ornamented round the border with a row of white ostrich feathers, disposed in festoons. The hair is dressed full at the sides of the face, and arranged in a large bow on the crown of the head, round the base of which a plaited band is twined. Six golden arrows traverse the band, and a bouquet of white and rose-coloured feathers, placed behind, droops over the bow. Gold necklace *à plaques*. Diamond ear-rings.

THIRD EVENING DRESS.

A blue gauze dress over a *gros de Naples* slip to correspond. The *corsage* has a little fulness at the top, and is

drawn down a little in the centre, which shews a *chemisette* of rich blond lace. Sleeve à *la belle Paule*, of white satin; blue gauze and blond lace. The skirt is trimmed with satin *rouleaux* to correspond with the dress; there are three rows, and three in each row. *Coiffure en cheveux*, ornamented with a single large knot of blue gauze ribbon, placed between two bows of hair behind.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1. A back view of the first evening dress.

FIG. 2. A back view of the second evening dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A pea-green crape dress over satin to correspond, the *corsage* is in crossed drapery. *Beret* sleeves partially covered by *nœuds*, composed of ends of satin ribbon, darker than the dress. The border is trimmed with detached *nœuds* of ribbon, each fastened in the centre by a silver *agraffe*; two of the knots ascend on the right side above the knee, and a bouquet of flowers issues from each. *Coiffure à la Marie*, ornamented with a half-wreath of delicate flowers.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress composed of lilac *gros de Naples*, *corsage uni*, sleeves à *la Médicis*. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a band of the same material, corded with satin, and disposed in zig zag. The *chemisette* is of cambric, small plaited and finished at the throat by a double frill. Bonnet of grass green *gros des Indes*, lined with satin of a darker shade, and trimmed in a very light style with green gauze ribbon. Scarf of black lace.

SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A dress of claret-coloured satin, *corsage* made up to the throat, and sitting close to the shape. The sleeve of the usual size at the top, but tight to the arm at the lower part, which is finished with folds. Ornaments of cut ribbon, are arranged down the front of the dress in festoons of different sizes, each being formed by a small gold buckle. The hat is of canary coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed in the cap style, with blond lace, and ribbon under the brim; a few light knots of ribbon, and two white *aigrettes* decorate the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the evening dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of figure three.

FIG. 3.—A white crape dress, the *corsage* cut low, and round, is trimmed at the top with five satin folds, which form a pelerine round the shoulders, and end in a point, to which a knot of ribbon is attached in the centre of the bosom. *Beret* sleeves decorated with *nœuds de Page*, of pale lemon-coloured ribbon to correspond with the satin. The hair is dressed in plain bands on the forehead, and in plaited bands mixed with bows behind; ornaments of cut ribbon are inserted in the latter. Necklace and ear-rings of silver finely chased.

FIG. 4.—A back view of the second walking dress.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-colour and white figured *gaze de soie* over white satin, *corsage uni*, trimmed round the bust with a wreath of cut ribbon. *Beret* sleeve. The skirt is trimmed round the border with festoons, half of white, and half of rose-coloured ribbon, with knots at each point to correspond. The head-dress is a *beret* composed of puce colour-

ed gauze, figured with gold, and of plain rose-coloured gauze. Ear-rings of gold and pearls.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *bleu de roi gros des Indes*, *corsage à revers*, the *revers* is composed of blue satin, and trimmed with blond lace. Long sleeves of white *gaze de Paris*, over short ones of the material of the dress. The skirt is trimmed with blond lace, raised in the drapery style on one side by a gold *agraffe*, to correspond with the one that ornaments the *revers*. Head-dress à *chapeau beret* of vapour crape, trimmed under the brim with the same material, intermixed with blue satin, and a superb plume of blue ostrich feathers.

THIRD EVENING DRESS.

A dress of canary-coloured satin, *corsage* to cross in front. Short *beret* sleeves, both trimmed in the most novel manner with swansdown, disposed *en rayons*. The border of the skirt is trimmed with three rows of swansdown, placed at some distance from each other above the hem. The hair is dressed low at the sides of the face, and in one large round bow on the summit of the head, in which are inserted two *aigrettes* of cut ribbon. Necklace and ear-rings gold and topazes.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1. A back view of Figure 3.

FIG. 2. A back view of the second evening dress hat.

FIG. 3. A blond lace cap; the front is arranged in two wings of the usual size, but having very little fulness; one side is sustained by a bouquet of blue fancy flowers, the other by knots of ribbon. A wreath of cut ribbon goes round the back of the ears, the ends of which surmount the wings.

FIG. 4. A back view, half-length, of the *corsage* of the third evening dress, with a *chapeau à la Reine*, of rose-coloured crape, trimmed with *nœuds en pivotine* of rose-coloured crape, and a white ostrich feather.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1831.

It is to princely halls and regal banquets that our Sovereign Lady and Mistress now calls her lovely and loyal subjects; there to do homage to another QUEEN—a Queen whom all good minds delight to honour. To drop metaphor, it is principally to the splendour of court costume that we must this month direct our attention; but before we enter upon that subject, we shall briefly notice some elegant spring novelties which Mrs. BELL has already introduced.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Hats, in carriage dress, are now generally of silk; *gros de Naples*, or *gros d'Orient*, are the favourite materials. We have not as yet any decided change to announce in the forms of bonnets, but the trimmings offer considerable novelty and elegance. Morning carriage bonnets are generally made *en capote*, with drawn brims and crowns; they are trimmed with gauze ribbons only, cut to resemble flowers, and arranged in sprigs. Hats are generally trimmed with flowers intermixed with gauze ribbons; all the early flowers are fashionable; they are arranged in sprigs; those of blue are the most employed; a tuft is placed obliquely at the bottom of the crown; a second tuft surmounts the first at a little distance, and bending in the same direction.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Within a few days after the appearance of this number, Mrs. BELL will introduce all the Longchamps' novelties that bear the stamp of elegance and originality. Dresses actually worn at this moment are similar to those described last month, with the addition of



*Newest Fashions for April 1831.
Walking & Evening Dresses*



*Newest Fashions for April, 1831.
Evening Dresses.*

white cachemire mantles, which will very probably continue in favour for some time: a palm border of the most superb description adorns both the mantle and the pelérine.

COLOURS AND MATERIALS OF HALF-DRESS.—*Gros de Varne* and *drap d'Alger* are new and very fashionable materials; the former is, as its name implies, a silk; the latter material, composed of silk and wool, is extremely light and brilliant, and likely to continue in favour during the spring. Chaly, the ground white, thickly strewn with small blue, or blue and pink flowers, is also much in favour. The only new colour yet adopted in half-dress is *terre de Pologne*, a deep shade of yellow bordering on brown.

MAKE OF DRESSES IN DEMI TOILETTE.—*Corsages drapés* are this month most in favour; there is considerable variety in the arrangement of the draperies. Three plaits, forming a *cœur*, part from the shoulder before and behind, and fix at the *ceinture*, the rest of the *corsage* is plain. Another style is a plain *corsage*, with seven or eight gathers at the shoulder. The skirts of dresses are made a little longer than last month.

COURT DRESSES.—The late drawing-rooms afford the most triumphant refutation of all the calumnies which have been so industriously circulated against the cleverness and taste of our English dress-makers and milliners. We had the satisfaction to hear ladies, who during their sojourn on the continent, have appeared repeatedly at the French court, declare that the dresses which they then considered could never be surpassed in taste and splendour, were upon the whole very inferior to those that have recently appeared at St. James's. And it is a curious, but an undoubted fact, that the few dresses made by foreigners, were precisely those whose general effect shewed the least knowledge of that most important of all arts to a dress-maker, or milliner, the art of suiting colours and ornaments to the figure and complexion of the wearer. It is a thing that French women never study, they do not even *appear* to understand it. It may be said also that court-dress does not afford much opportunity for displaying this talent; but that we deny. Our countrywomen shewed on the late occasions, by their skilful adaptation of trimmings and other ornaments to the figure, that court costume could be rendered extremely becoming or quite otherwise, according as its accessories harmonized with the proportions and complexion of the wearer. The graceful cut of the *corsages*, the art with which they were adjusted to display the shape, with a proper regard to delicacy, will not be soon forgotten.

The materials of dresses were velvet, particularly Terry velvet, satin, blonde tulle, crapes, a variety of the richest and most beautiful silks, and gauzes, and though last not least, that superb material Irish poplin. Blessings on the lovely wearers! They are true patriots, and might with honest pride, call upon the French and Italian looms to shew any thing that could compete with those of Spitalfields, or the Dublin Liberties.

The trimmings which we considered most elegant, were those of gold or silver embroidery, or blonde lace. Those also that presented a mixture of gold or silver, and coloured silk in embroidery, were very tasteful; some light and pretty trimmings were composed of *tulle* and satin. The *torsades* and fringes of gold and silver were remarkably magnificent, and in some instances disposed with much taste.

Feathers and diamonds were of course the prevailing style of head-dress. There were, however, some *toques* and

bérets of the lightest and most graceful form, and trimmed with a magnificence worthy of the occasion. We have no hesitation in saying that the vaulted *magarins* of Herbault, never produced any thing to equal them.

MAKE, MATERIALS AND COLOURS OF EVENING DRESS.—*Mousseline de Soie*, *tulle*, crape, gauze, particularly a new kind, called *gaze-illusion*, are all fashionable. Lilac, rose colour, *blue-Adelaide*, and white, are the colours in request.

Corsages are cut square, of a delicate height in front; some are plain, others in crossed drapery. Some satin dresses are trimmed with a crape drapery; it is formed of seven or eight light folds, which cross in the scarf style in the centre of the bosom. Similar draperies were arranged upon the back of the *corsage* in such a manner as to form a V. Some are trimmed round the bust with a *riché*, others with blond in the mantilla stile.

EVENING DRESS TRIMMINGS.—Blond lace, and gold and silver embroideries, still continue in favour for grand parties, as do also trimmings of marabout and ostrich feathers, the latter are particularly *distingué*. Except for grand parties, trimmings are of a simple description; *rouleaux* of satin, placed three together, and forming either two or three rows, are very fashionable; as are likewise ribbons, disposed in a great variety of ways.

HEAD-DRESSES IN FULL DRESS.—Crape *bérets*, embroidered in gold, or bordered by gold *galons*; turbans of crape or gauze *lama*, adorned with birds of Paradise, are very much in request. Some of the most elegant turbans are à l'*Indienne*, trimmed with a *torsade*, half of velvet and half of the material of the turban. A very elegant *béret* is composed entirely of blond lace, sustained by satin, disposed *en rayons*. A bouquet of white feathers, fastened by a diamond *agraffe*, is placed under the brim.

HEAD-DRESSES IN EVENING NEGLIGE.—Crape and white satin hats are much in favour; they have not altered in size. The most novel style of trimming is an ornament composed of coloured gauze ribbon, resembling a very large tulip, in the cup of which is placed a bouquet of yellow heliotrope, *mauget* and forget-me-nots. This ornament is placed at the top of the crown, and droops forward to the front brim; a row of blond lace serpentine lightly round an ornament of this kind, has a very becoming and graceful effect.

Some hats of white watered silk have the crown composed of five pieces in the form of a *calote*; three ostrich feathers are attached at the bottom of the crown behind, something in a style of a knight's plume upon a helmet, or else a bouquet composed of five kinds of ostrich feathers, is placed upon the right side of the crown.

Many *bérets* of crape or gauze have no ornament whatever, others have a single ostrich feather placed near the top of the crown, and turning round in a spiral direction. There is something extremely graceful in this style of ornament.

Blond lace caps continue to be much worn, particularly those with an open caul. Some of the most novel are composed of several rows of blond lace of different breadths, so arranged that the blond intermixes with the hair; they have no flowers, but the blond itself forms the most becoming of all ornaments.

Fashionable colours are *terre de Pologne*, emerald green, rose colour, and various shades of lavender and citron for half dress. We have already mentioned the colours for evening dress.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The most novel *capotes* are composed of white citron, or green *gros de Naples*, with large drawn brims and low crowns. The crown is trimmed with rosettes of gauze ribbon; one or two are placed near the top in front, and one behind close to the brim. A single very full knot adorns the inside of the brim.

White, lilac, and citron, are the favourite colours for hats; they are composed of *gros de Naples*, either plain or watered; the brims are round and wide in the front, but close at the sides. The crowns are low and placed rather on one side.

We see already several hats trimmed with sprigs of lilac, both white and lilac; these flowers are disposed in two *bouquets*, the stalks are long, and the flowers play in the style of feathers. One *bouquet*, placed at the top of the crown at the right, is surrounded by cut gauze ribbons; the other on the left at the bottom of the crown, and falls upon the brim; it is attached to the crown by a rosette of gauze ribbon, with cut ends.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Mantles are now very little worn; they have been replaced by cachemire shawls. Satin pelisses are still in favour. We see also a few *redingotes* of *gros de Naples*, which are worn without any envelope, but are still accompanied by a boa tippet. The chemisettes worn with them are of embroidered muslin. The collar is sustained round the throat by a cravat of *satins moiré*, edged with party-coloured *effilé*.

HOME DRESS.—*Chaly* and plain *gros de Naples*, are the materials in favour in home dress. The gowns are usually half-high; some are made with pelerines of the same material, with pointed ends, which cross in front under the *ceinture*; those dresses not made with pelerines are worn with *colliettes* of embroidered muslin, there are three deep rows disposed in large round plaits, which form a pelerine, it is finished round the top by a *ruche* of *tulle*, and tied at the throat by a knot of broad gauze ribbon.

HALF DRESS.—The *redingote* form is that generally adopted. Some very pretty ones are of watered *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is nearly covered with a large pelerine, trimmed with blond lace. The skirt is trimmed above the hem with very small *liserés* of satin. Others are of figured silk with velvet pelerines the colour of the dress, and a single *liseré* of velvet placed immediately over the hem.

Caps of embroidered *tulle* trimmed with gauze ribbons, arranged in *aigrettes*, are much worn in half-dress. A prettier and more novel stile of *coiffure* is composed of a small plain or embroidered *tulle fichu*; it is cut in points and trimmed round with very broad blonde lace, which is so arranged that the lace does not fall over the hair. These handkerchiefs can be worn tied under the chin, or brought round the head, forming a rosette in front.

COIFFURES DE SPECTACLE.—Velvet hats are still in favour for the opera, particularly black ones, trimmed with light blue or cabbage green ostrich feathers; the inside of the brim is trimmed with gauze ribbons, corresponding in colour with the feathers.

Hats of watered silk or satin, are trimmed with ribbons arranged in *aigrettes*, garlands, or double *bouquets*; sometimes a row of blonde lace is introduced into these ornaments which serpentine on each side of the brim as far as the *brides*.

Bérets are also very fashionable for the *spectacle*, the prettiest are composed of crape or figured gauze. They are

ornamented with tufts of ribbon cut in *aigrettes*, or arranged in the shape of a feather; in order to make them play gracefully, they are mounted on a wire, each end of the ribbon is cut in four or five very sharp points.

EVENING DRESSES.—We select the following *ensembles* of dresses that have lately appeared at a very brilliant *soirée*, given by one of the ministers.

A dress of emerald green *gros d'Orient*, trimmed with three rouleaus of satin ascending on one side as high as the knee, where they fastened under a tuft of satin leaves, corresponding in colour with the dress, and divided in the centre by a golden *griffe*. The *corsage drapé* before and behind, shewed an under dress of white satin, trimmed with a double *ruche* of blond net. The sleeves were of white blond, with very large *jockeys* formed by seven green satin leaves. The hair was dressed in the *demi Chinoise* fashion, and ornamented with a wreath of green leaves, mingled with gold *pommes de pin*. The jewellery was of gold, richly, but very lightly wrought.

BALL DRESSES.—Some robes of *tulle* in imitation of blond, are trimmed with twelve very small *liserés* of satin, which fasten on one side of the skirt, and always as high as the knee, by a gauze knot of four ends. Two are long enough to traverse horizontally the bottom of the skirt, and to fall over the hem; the two others float upon the skirt.

A simple style of ball dress, but one very generally adopted, is a robe of white crape, without any trimming on the skirt, but decorated with a double fall of blond lace round the *corsage*, which is made to sit close to the shape; the *ceinture* is coloured, very broad, and of a rich silk ground, ornamented in relief with velvet.

BALL AND CONCERT HEAD-DRESSES.—Feathers are decidedly the most fashionable *coiffure* for balls and concerts. At that given for the benefit of the Poles, nine head-dresses out of ten were adorned with them; they were all white, rose, or blue. They were equally adopted at the ball given for the poor of Paris, at the *Hôtel-de-Ville*; and in both instances the *coiffures* were ornamented with *à Ferroniere* on the forehead. The *Ferroniere* is a small plait of hair, adorned in the centre of the forehead by a large brilliant, from which depends another brilliant of the pear shape.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES.—Turbans of gold or silver gauze, adorned with a bird of Paradise, an *esprit*, or a very long ostrich feather, are now more fashionable than *bérets*, though we still see many of the latter composed of gold or silver gauzes, but of a very simple form and without any ornament.

JEWELLERY.—The most fashionable trinkets are composed of gems of different colours, the mixture of which has a very beautiful effect. The most elegant pearl necklaces are formed of different rows, united at intervals by a *rosace* or a cameo. Some superb necklaces, worn at the late brilliant balls, were ornamented with a row of pear-shaped diamonds, falling over the coloured gems, which composed the necklace.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Within the last few days, enormous cockades of satin ribbon or of *gaze satinée*, have come into favour in evening dress, particularly with very young ladies, as an ornament for the hair; they are composed of fifteen, eighteen, or twenty bows united in a circle, and placed one against another; they are fixed on the summit of the *coiffure*: their extraordinary size renders them very unbecoming.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."

LXXVIII.—English Earls.

THE EARL OF GUILDFORD.

"Nay, he is one much famed for ancestry;
Since those who went before him have in deeds
Inscrib'd their names upon fair History's page,
In characters which mock scythed-Time's sharp spite,
Or dare the change of climates. Leaves may fall
Struck by the Autumn breeze. Towers topple down
From the hot haste of war, or Age's arm;
But NORTH and GUILDFORD in our country's heart
Must hold a deathless seat."—MS. Drama.

FRANCIS NORTH, *Earl of Guildford*, and *Baron Guildford*, of Guildford, in the county of Surrey, was born on the 17th December, 1772, and succeeded to those honours and titles thus enumerated as *sixth Earl*, at the decease of his cousin, on 14th October, 1827; consequently he is now somewhat beyond the 59th year of his age, and the third of his earldom.

We will commence to trace the *lineage* of this distinguished family from SIR EDWARD NORTH, who was a lawyer of very distinguished eminence, (and many of his descendants, it will be found, have inherited the skill and acuteness which it was his fate to display in that intricate profession), in the reign of our *eighth Harry*; and subsequently became one of the executors to that bluff monarch's "last will and testament." In the succeeding reign his talents were permitted to enjoy an additional range for their exercise; since he was called, by writ, bearing date 17th February, 1553, to sit in parliament, as *Baron North, of Kirtling*, in the county of Cambridge. In 1564 his loyalty and his learning, however, availed him nothing, save to be left as legacies of a rich example for posterity, together with the riches of this world, which they and industrious integrity had produced him; since in that year, Death summoned him to his dwelling, leaving his son ROGER as his successor to his titles and his property. *This gentleman* seems also to have inherited talents of a superior order, and endowments which fitted him to undertake an office of peculiar responsibility; for we are informed that he filled the station of ambassador extraordinary to Charles the Ninth of France, from our renowned, even if vain and passionate, Elizabeth of England. It appeared also that he was full of application and ability, and Camden, an authority unquestionable, said, "He was a person of great business and vivacity, with a head and heart fit for the service." He died on 3rd December, 1600, and was succeeded by his grandson DUD-

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LEY, the third baron, who proved to have been of a gayer turn than his predecessors; giving in for awhile, in other words, till the wild crop of youth was sown and weeded of the thorns and tares which threatened to destroy, or blight, as it were, the produce, to considerable excesses. He was, wrote the same wise discriminator of character, we have a few lines back quoted, "a person full of spirit and flame; yet after he had consumed the greatest part of his estate in the gallantries of King James's Court, or rather his son's (Prince Henry), retired and lived more honourably in the country upon what was left, than ever he had done before." On January the 16th, 1666, he was

"Stretched a corse within the hall
That own'd his honour'd name,
And winding-sheet envelop'd all,
Save never deathless fame:
Tears hung on cheeks that used to smile
When DUDLEY would the hours beguile."

His *successor* we find to have been his eldest son, DUDLEY, K. B., and the fourth baron. This nobleman united himself to Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Charles Montague, knight, and niece of Henry, Earl of Manchester. By this excellent lady he had six sons and four daughters. Of the most celebrated of these were CHARLES, his *immediate successor*; and FRANCES, whose application to the profession, that of the law, which he adopted, was as honourable to himself and as beneficial to those who employed him; as it holds out encouragement to those who would also advance their fame and fortunes by study and integrity, to go and do likewise. He employed himself, in fact, to the understanding of the laws in England with such a determined assiduity, that it was his glory to become one of the luminaries of his native country. For example, he was, in 1671, appointed solicitor-general, receiving at the same time the honour of knighthood. Scarcely two years had attained the measure of their days, but he was selected to succeed Sir Heneage Finch, in the next step of advancement—namely, the attorney-generalship; and in the following twelvemonth he became the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Nor had well-directed patronage yet become tired to do him homage; honours still flowed in upon him, for upon the decease of the Earl of Nottingham, SIR FRANCIS was appointed Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and created, on 27th September, 1683, *BARON GUILDFORD, of Guildford*, in the county of Surrey; and, consequently the *first* of that precise title. This great lawyer dying in 1685, was succeeded by his son FRANCIS, the *second* baron.

From him we carry down the pedigree to his heir FRANCIS, (who inherited the ancient barony of *North*, at the decease of William, the sixth of that title), who, in his turn was succeeded by his son CHARLES. This nobleman had been summoned to parliament in the life-time of his father, and by the 25th of Charles the Second, as LORD GREY, of Rolleston in the county of Stafford. He died in 1690, and was followed by his eldest child, WILLIAM, the *sixth* Baron

I

Guildford, *second* Lord Grey; a soldier—a ripe and brave one—who dared the battle and the breeze to advance in victory the flag which had fluttered so triumphantly amidst the turmoil of each. He had the honour of serving under Marlborough at Ramilies, Oudenarde, Blenheim, and all his glorious campaigns and victories. At the latter battle he lost the good right hand which he had so often raised for

“The weal of dear Albion, her rights and her fame,
‘Midst the fury of foeman, the fight’s fearful flame.”

Dying in 1734 without issue, the barony of Grey ceased, but that of North continued, in the person of FRANCIS, brother of the great lawyer described above, the *third* Baron of Guildford. This nobleman was twice married; his second wife, Elizabeth, Viscountess Dowager of Lewiston, daughter of Sir Arthur Kaye, left him two surviving children. Of these, we must next come to speak of his (Francis’s successor) in the person of the REVEREND F. BROWNLOW, who, as his predecessors marked the family with honours gained by the law, and intrepid soldiery, was the means of stamping it with the more sacred ones of the Church also; since we find that in 1771 he was made Bishop of Lichfield, in 1774 Bishop of Worcester, and in 1781 was inducted into the still more valuable See of Winchester. In 1771 he married Henrietta Maria, daughter and co-heiress of John Barnister, Esq., by whom he had seven children. Created *Earl of Guildford*, by letters patent dated 18th April, 1752; and dying in 1790, was succeeded by his son FREDERICK, R. G., the *second* Earl, and Eighth Lord North.

The character from the responsible political situations in which he was placed, of this very celebrated nobleman, if not in the memory from personal observation of the majority of our readers, must have been impressed upon their minds through the instrumentality of the historical records of our country, and the reading propensities of the age. It cannot but be known, that from 1759 to 1790, he filled the highest situations in political life, and was prime minister of England; nor will his celebrated “coalition” with his, for a good while, most violent parliamentary opponent, (of which, however, he it remarked, we give no opinion, for the grave has closed over inconsistency and animosity,) escape the grasp of recollection. That he was clever none could doubt, that he was witty many have attested, and that he was good humoured his bitterest opposers were compelled to confess; in fact, the words quoted are Burke’s,—“he was a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding, fitted for every sort of business; of infinite mirth and pleasantry; of a delightful temper; and with a mind most disinterested.” He married Anne, daughter of G. Spike, Esq., by whom he had issue, George Augustus, his successor, and five others. He died the 5th of August, 1792.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS, who did not approach to the greatness of his father’s public character, however he might have rivalled him in the graces of his private capacity, was succeeded by his brother FRANCIS, the *fourth* Earl, who never mingled a great deal in the bustle of the great world; but who departing from his place upon earth, and laying his honours down, gave place to FREDERICK, his brother, the *fifth* who held the earldom. He was somewhat known to fame, having held the situation of Chancellor of the University of the Ionian Island, and being a Knight Grand Cross of the Ionian Order. At his decease (unmarried) the 14th October, 1827, the honors reverted, as

we have at the commencement of this article, clearly substantiated, to his *cousin*, the Reverend FRANCIS NORTH, the *present* peer, thus establishing another eminent churchman in the family.

The life of a *clergyman* ought to be of that description which scorns to challenge the pompous praises of the world, by ostentatious exhibitions. Still less should such an one seek to obtain notice, or achieve greatness by displays political, worldly, or of any description, which calls for exertion to be made in a field where the cassock might by possibility be soiled by the vain uses of the jostling crowd,

“He who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never stain the marble with his name;”

in other words, he who is truly a disciple of that Redeemer whose truths he should promulgate; who would allure to brighter worlds and lead the way; who would *practise what he preaches*; would never let his left hand, in the cause of charity, know what his right hand doeth; but feel it his greatest glory to imitate the conduct of his Saviour; in short, to “visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world.”

Now it will at once be comprehended, however sadly instances to the contrary may abound, that with reference to the EARL of GUILDFORD, we can have nothing of the indiscreet, and inconsistent part of the character upon which to build for the purpose of swelling our details. On the contrary, he has so prosecuted the duties of his high calling, so followed the better and holier maxims we have laid down; so “did good by stealth and blush’d to find it fame,” that we discover it would be but to show ourselves officious panegyrists were our pens to be employed in painting in prose, what Cowper and Goldsmith have so enthusiastically painted in verse, namely, the conduct and actions of a good clergyman—

“A man to all the country dear,”

though not now a days, for your curates are not half paid with the sum—

“Passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

HIS LORDSHIP, then, besides being in holy orders, is a prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, and Master of Saint Cross Hospital, an ancient institution of charity, and somewhat picturesque in its appearance, about a mile on the road to Southampton, from that episcopal city. He married first, Esther, daughter of the Rev. John Harrison,—this event took place 20th February, 1798,—who died in 1823; and secondly, 4th May, 1826, Harriet, daughter of Sir Henry Wade, K. C. B.; in short, the more especially as he appears never to be swayed by unchristian asperities, as many are, towards those who dissent from his creed, he illustrates in his own character the doctrines which the mottos (for there are two) of the family inculcate.

These are to the effect that—“*Virtue is the sole nobility.*” (*La vertu est la seule noblesse.*) a singularly appropriate affirmation for one who preacheth of the vanity of worldly distinctions, and the worthlessness of things of this earth, compared with the treasures that are, where no thieves break in and steal, and no moth doth corrupt; and next, “*Animo et fide,*” which it will not be too free to translate, (and thereby again illustrate the pastor’s creed,) *By faith and works*. Were all to ponder on and follow these pithy but wholesome advices, there would then be less of envyings amongst us, and the storms of life, which come occasionally

when least expected, would not leave upon our minds those impressions of their scathing power, which they must now occasionally do.*

KITTY OF THE CLYDE.

A TALE.

"I plunged into the silver wave,
Wi' Cupid for my guide;
And thought my heart well lost to save,
Sweet Kitty of the Clyde."—*Scottish Ballad.*

Gaily—gaily row the boat,
Along the flowing tide;
Merrily thus the fishers float,
By the banks of the bonny Clyde.
Friendship's bands our hands entwine,
Our hearts united too,
By day we toil with the net and line,
But at eve are a merry crew;
And joyously float the shore along,
For the stilly and silent gloaming,
And banish our cares with the laugh and the song,
While the moon in the heavens is roaming!
And gaily—gaily row the boat,
Along the flowing tide;
For merrily thus the fishers float,
By the banks of the bonny Clyde.

This was the merry glee of a social band of fishers that were rowing their little bark upon the silent waters of the Clyde, when the labours of the day were o'er, and the cares of toil and industry, absorbed in the recreations which the party were accustomed to enjoy, when the moon reigned in the stilly sky, and the waves of the river sparkled in its lustrous beams. The appearance of the Clyde upon such a night is truly splendid; the varied and picturesque beauties not only of its banks where woods and orchards spread themselves to the water side, diversified occasionally, by the appearance of villas and mansions, but of the river itself running between high rocks, and through thick glades of intertwining trees, and in its course falling in grand and majestic cataracts, proffer an invaluable source of gratification to the admirers of nature in its most imposing aspect. The moon rippling the waves, in one place calm and tranquil, and in another tumbling and foaming over high rocks crowned with thick heavy branched trees, and dispersing the silver spray upon the surrounding objects, is powerfully impressive of the beautiful upon the imagination; and to such enthusiasts as the individuals, natives of the wild and majestic region which the Clyde, among the many other stupendous works of nature adorns, the varied scene is full of beauty, and these beauties are indulged in with a zest, or we may say, a passionate devotion, that is peculiar to Scotland alone.

At the conclusion of the fisher's glee, one of the party accosting a melancholy youth that accompanied them, but who had remained gazing upon the scene as they passed, wholly abstracted in the intensity of thought, exclaimed, "Laddie Donald,—laddie Donald, what ails thee, youth,

thou'st been sad and grievously discontented during our song;—cheer up man, cheer up, 'tis a long night indeed that sees no day, and whatever your sorrows may be, throw them all into the river till the morrow."—The youth to whom the above observations were addressed, replied only with a sigh,—he motioned with his head, negatively, and relapsed into his former abstraction.—"The boy will never be wise," exclaimed an old jolly fisherman of the party, "he's struck man, struck with a pair of blue eyes and the white face of a pretty girl! Out upon thee boy, take a sup from the flask, and be merry;—the flask is a mighty cure for the disorder, as I have often found myself, in my youth," and he struck up an old air in praise of liquor, and quaffed again at the flask.

The previous observer having expressed a desire to know the cause of Donald's sorrow, the other drew him to his own side of the boat, and thus replied. "One night last Summer we were indulging ourselves after our accustomed manner, and singing and laughing as our little boat floated in the moonlight over the Clyde, the chill of whose waters we craftily qualified with a proper portion of regular brandy,—the proper beverage for a moonlight night upon the Clyde; Donald was with us, a merry, waggy youth, as bold and as rosy as the best of us,—(who would have thought then the child had so much foolery in him) just as we approached within sight of Coralin and its cataract, a smart breeze sprung up, and we presently saw a little cockle shell of a boat floating to an fro like a cork, till it went over, and a shriek from the waters told us that a girl was drowning. At the instant, Donald (blessings on his bravery for that good christian deed) wanting no urging,—sprung into the river, and swimming towards the cataract, rescued the pretty Kath'rine Grahame from perishing in the bonny Clyde. But the boy was struck, the first glance from the wicked eyes of Kate, darted an arrow through and through his heart, and every succeeding look only served to rivet the bolt more firmly there. The maid was not unmindful of her victory, and I truly believe the eyes of Donald did as much execution as her own; but then Walter Grahame is a high proud man, and Donald but a humble fisher,—Kath'rine too has a suitor, the old Duncan Stuart, the Laird of Ecclesfechan, with a power of lands and gold, and Grahame will have the maid to have him for her faithful Jo." Out upon the miserable carle for such unnatural desire!"

By this time the boat had arrived under the mansion of Walter Grahame; every window was closed except one small casement, from which a little taper beamed, like a beacon to direct the course of the wanderer there; the boatmen instantly rested upon their oars, and Donald raising his face towards the window from whence the light proceeded, sung in a soft melodious tone.

"My Kitty is a high born fair,
A lowly name I carry;
Nor can wi' lordly thanes compare,
Who woo the maid to marry;
But she nae scornful looks gives me,
And joy may yet betide,
For hope dares flatter mine may be,
Sweet Kitty of the Clyde."

The voice was recognized, immediately the casement opened, and the beautiful Kath'rine Grahame appeared in the greatest mental affliction; she leaned from the window, and in a low quick tone, enquired, "Donald?"—

* The principal seats of the Guildford Family are Wroxton Abbey, in the county of Oxford; and Waldershawe, Kent. But his lordship necessarily travels into Hampshire to attend occasionally Cathedral duties there.

"'Tis I," was the instant reply of the enamoured youth, "Oh, Donald," replied the agonized girl "the hour that decides my fate, and that tears me from all the earth holds dear to me, approaches rapidly,—the old Laird has arrived; and to-morrow it is my father's command that I should wed him! "Never!" exclaimed the astonished lover; "It is his will, Donald, and I dare not disobey."—"Then one thing alone remains; say, will you quit your parent's home, and partake with me my lot of weal and woe? I cannot proffer you a home of equal splendour to that which you now adorn,—mine is but the humble fisher's cottage, its bread the produce of the fisher's industry, yet there is the endearing charm of happiness,—the voice of content sweetens the humble fare, and the hours pass swiftly by, because no discord overclouds them.—Come with me then—fly from the scene which hourly becomes more agonizing, and take refuge here, while in the face of heaven, before men and angels, solemnly I swear, to prove all that your kind heart promises, all that your fondest wishes can desire."

"Dare I believe those vows?"

"Believe!" immediately rejoined the merry old fisherman of the party, "I will stake my whole life upon the boy's honesty,—though he never will drink brandy with me."

"Hush!" interrupted the lover, "you may be heard. My beautiful girl, depend on my fidelity——"

"I will believe!" impressively ejaculated Katherine, "any fate must be preferable to that to which my inexorable parent would consign me. Donald, do not deceive me. I come to you for safety."

"And I will prove a faithful refuge," exclaimed the youth, as Katherine quietly closed the casement, preparing to depart from a home that circumstances had rendered so dreadful, from a parent whose authority had been exerted to force her to an union with decrepid age, from friends who had proved faithless,—from all that had once been endeared to her, but whose endearments had gradually vanished away like the snow-drops before the sun,—and now one dear object alone remained to lighten the heart of the afflicted girl. A dark and heavy cloud, that was passing across the orb of night, shadowed all the surrounding objects, while this scene of interest occurred; and which, while it shut out the fisherman's boat from observation, also prevented the party from discerning any thing around them. Another vessel, however, was close beside, and the individuals therein were hearers of the passing scene;—it was the boat of Dugald Dalrymple of the Brig, a young and reckless libertine, returning from a festival to Bothwell, at the moment when the young and lovely Kitty was about to fly from the home of her father, to a stranger's arms,—a young and humble stranger, but that stranger was her lover and her friend,—the only friend that the poor girl had now upon the earth.

"Lay to—lay to," whispered Dalrymple, "there's game in view!"

"Master, what would you do?" was the enquiry of the boatman.

"Secure the prize,—'tis Grahame's lovely daughter, the coy girl of the Clyde,—I long woo'd unsuccessfully; now she *shall* be mine!" exclaimed the reckless *roué*, and all his passions seemed excited, and himself bent upon the project of intercepting the girl. "Put to the shore," rejoined he, and instantly his boat was against the bank, and himself and two servants sprang to the land. In a

moment the door of Walter Grahame's was opened, and the trembling Kitty, glancing a last look to her childhood's home, from which she now seemed to be departing for ever, emerged therefrom. Donald was immediately struck to the earth by one of Dugald's minions, whilst the libertine, snatching the girl in his arms, hastened with her into his boat.

The moon emerging at this moment from the dense mass of clouds in which it had been enveloped, disclosed to the astonished fishers, the boat of Dalrymple a head of theirs, while Donald lay stretched upon the shore. "Treachery!" cried the fishermen, and the shrieks of Katherine evinced that she had discovered the fatal error. A shot was instantly fired from the fisherman's boat, while Donald was conveyed therein, but Dalrymple, aware of his superior lightness, avoided returning the fire, but rapidly made way with his prize; by the exerted energies, however, of the fishers, who appeared one and all excited with additional strength in the cause of their young associate; their boat was soon upon that of Dugald, and the old fisherman instantly demanded the girl, or that blood should be spilled in her cause. "Away, old fool!" exclaimed the *roué*, "or thou'lt have a brace of slugs whistling through that head of thine!" and without waiting for a reply, the blunderbuss was discharged into the fisherman's boat. The good old man was struck in the shoulder,—the fishermen were in consternation; and Dalrymple was thus enabled to make way faster. Donald, had by this time, from the attentions of one of his associates, recovered, and upon discovering the distressing situation of his beloved, his agony gave instant place to a determination of rescuing her. Throwing himself into the water, he swam with the rapidity of lightning along the Clyde, and in a few moments was by the side of the vessel that held the treasure he so dearly prized. With maddened emotion he jumped into the boat, and with a broken oar, which was the only weapon he could seize upon when he quitted his own boat, he felled the two servants that were rowing, to the bottom of the vessel, and their oars sank into the water. Dalrymple, who had been endeavouring to restore the fainting girl, ere he could be fully aware of the presence of the lover, was caught fiercely by the throat, and there held by the infuriated Donald,—his eyes flashing fire, while the tightness of his grasp, proved that his physical powers had not forsaken him. There they stood, the ruthless tiger caught within the paws of the angry lion, both young and powerful, both with their desires fixed upon one object, that object the beautiful Kitty of the Clyde,—for whom one burned with a faithful, true, and undying affection, the other with the sanguine appetite of a demon. For a moment they both stood gazing upon each other, fury flashing from their eyes, and both appearing conscious of strength and power, and both determined to possess the treasure at every hazard. Dugald then made a fierce exertion to extricate his throat from the grasp of his rival, and seized him also by the neck, but Donald only held the tighter, and in the struggle they both sunk to the bottom of the boat, which rolled to and fro, and the waters came in over the sides, fast filling the vessel. Donald was undermost, and the weight of his rival, added to the exhaustion attendant upon his powerful efforts, compelled him to relinquish his grasp;—the water had now filled the boat, and it was sinking. Dalrymple, finding his throat disengaged from the hands of his rival, sprang from him, and seizing the poor girl in his arms, swam with her from the sinking boat, whilst Donald was

only rescued from a similar fate by the arrival of his own boat upon the spot. "It is the villain Dugald of the Brig!" cried he, as he sunk powerless into the arms of his old friend and associate, "Heaven protect the girl!"

The morning came, and, with the morning, the friends that had been invited to the bridal of the Laird of Ecclesfechan with the young and blooming Kitty of the Clyde; the breast-knots and the ribbons, and the happy looks of the youths and maidens, bespoke the interesting ceremony that was to be celebrated, and though many pitied the lovely girl's fate at being consigned to age and decrepitude, yet all rejoiced, for it was a marriage festival, and who is there that is not gay upon a wedding-day? Youth puts on its fairest appearance, and even age welcomes the celebration with a smile; the voice of sorrow is stilled, and a temporary balm infused into the breaking heart of the mourner; the most afflicted one dwells upon the scene with a joyful feeling, for it is a glimpse of happiness, so pure, so undisturbed, that cold indeed must be the heart that can withstand its cheering influence. Little do we think at that moment, of the bitter disappointment of the fondest wishes, that may ensue from an event that can apparently produce nothing but good; little do we think, that the faithful heart, which reposes all its happiness in the fidelity of another, may be broken, and all its feelings, all its impulses destroyed, and scattered to the winds of heaven;—that a blast may come from the desert of the world, and perish for ever the joys that now seem to blossom so brightly. But a truce to reflection. The youths and maidens assembled in honour of the wedding of Katherine Grahame; the mansion of Walter was thrown open; and the merry pipes resounded in its noble hall,—the sheep and the fattened ox had been killed, the strong beer broached, and the grateful dependants shovelled their thanksgivings in plaudits to the donor and his lovely child. *But where was she?* The sun-light streamed into her chamber, but the chamber was still and lonely; the servants come to 'waken the tarrying bride—but Katherine is not there. The house is alarmed,—enquiry set on foot;—the parent in dismay hears of the flight of his darling child, and unable to account for the mysterious disappearance; he sinks upon his couch to give vent to his agony in tears.

Upon a pointed rock, hanging over one of the most stupendous and picturesque portions of the Clyde, a solitary tower reared its rugged form; alone and desolate, it appeared the chosen spot of villany, and where the work of fraud and guile might be consummated unobserved by the jealous eye of man, and unmolested. At times of flooding, both the tower and the rock shook in so evident a manner, to render the situation a fearful one, but to the bold and enterprising spirits of the hardy. This tower was the property of the Dalrymples, and had often been the scene of Dugald's villany; hither Katherine Grahame was conveyed, and when his minions forwarded to the reckless libertine intelligence that his victim was safely immured therein, he exulted in the accomplishment of his work of treachery, and, believing his person unknown to the lover of Katherine, deemed discovery impossible.

But what will not true affection effect?—The treasures of distant lands quit their native soil at its powerful command,—the hidden gems of the deep rise at its imperative bidding,—and no hand can control its force. The clue to a labyrinth of darkness, and perils once gained, it is followed with persevering ardour, even though its termination should be death, and the attainment of the object involve

the penalty of the grave! Thus thought Donald,—thus he loved! Dugald was not, as he believed himself to be, unknown, once before had his rival been in collision with him, and bore a scar upon his arm, inflicted by the young villain, when Donald had rescued a lovely peasant girl from his ferocity; the tower of the rock was not unknown to him, and thither he believed his Katherine to have been conveyed. Decision, however, was requisite, or the innocent lamb might perish under the tortures of the wolf, and in the midst of the consternation occasioned at the mansion of Walter Grahame, the humble lover of the proud man's daughter, ventured to appear therein. A sudden thought, at the instant, possessed the parent, and he rushed upon the young fisherman, exclaiming, "Villain, you have stolen my child! Restore her, give her back to me the same as when you robbed me of her, or by high heaven——!"

"Stay, stay," interrupted the youth, endeavouring to extricate himself from the hands of the parent,—"Katherine is the victim of villany,—but I am not the villain."

"Disclose, disclose the mysterious meaning of those words, or force shall compel the truth!"

"Mr. Grahame!" rejoined the indignant Donald, "I bring you dreadful tidings of your child, and you'll not hear me. She is writhing in the grasp of villany, and you will not save her!"

"Who is the villain?"

"Dugald of the Brig!"

"Ah!" shrieked the father in a burst of agony, "then, then indeed my poor, poor girl is lost!"

"No, she may yet be rescued," impatiently exclaimed the youth.

"How, how?" was the enquiry of the agonized Grahame. "You know the high influence of the Dalrymples, and that Dugald lords it with a high hand over all the lesser gentry; and also that his schemes of villany are so artfully contrived, as to elude discovery."

"I will discover them," impetuously exclaimed the youth, "and though the father of Katherine shrinks from the encounter of the villain;—though Walter Grahame, the great, the high-minded Walter Grahame would tamely see his child despoiled by a wanton ruffian—a humble, lowly youth ventures to beard the tiger in his den, and rescue Katherine, or perish in the attempt! Laird of Ecclesfechan, will you assist me?"

"Hoot awa' mon, hoot away! ye dinna think that a body would go for to thrust his precious head i' the lion's maw! Hoot awa' wi' you, the man's 'mazed!' and the faithful bridegroom turned upon his heel with a sneer.

"Laird of Ecclesfechan, you were to have married Katherine; Walter Grahame, you were to have bestowed your only, your darling child, upon this soulless apathetic fool, who mocks that child's distress; this being you would have made her *husband*, to him you would have consigned her youth and beauty, regardless of all her prayers, her agonized tears, her fervent supplications! To evade this fate, she fled from you; father, home and friends were by, her forsaken, nay even the blessing of that father who would have condemned her to such a state of existence was despised, and all forsaken! There was more mercy to be found in the cold world, more charity in the winds of heaven than in her childhood's home, and the tender offspring of Walter Grahame, who had been nursed in the lap of kindness, and nurtured upon the bosom of affluence, would rather brave the storms of fate, and the pitiless sneers of the cold-hearted, in the humblest station of exis-

tence, than live in splendid misery in the halls of Ecclesfechan ! In retreating from this affliction, she was ensnared by Dugald of the Brig ; what his motives are, you need not be told, but this reflection remains to you, that the ruin of Katherine, the beauty of the Clyde, was urged by her own father, was induced by his cruel resolve, and that he now stands tamely by and beholds the consummation of the crime ; he hears the shrieks of the maiden, and will not strive to relieve her ; he hears her last appeal ; the agonized appeal of his own, fond child, without a groan, while her destined lord turns upon his heels with a sneer ! *But she shall be saved !* And glancing furiously at the individuals whom he had been addressing, Donald rushed from the hall.

There is a particular state of feeling, in which excitement rises to sublimity, and throwing aside all the superabundant dispositions, remains alone and unsullied in its majesty ; the devotion of friendship occasionally inspires this sentiment, but it is more frequently found to characterize the passion reciprocally entertained by individuals of the opposite sexes, whose minds have that inherent nobility which characterizes the purity of human nature. It is seldom that we meet with so beautiful a trait of humanity, and even in the majority of cases, the heart and mind capable of entertaining it, are often found clothed in the humblest attire ; it was this sublimity of feeling that induced the lover of Katherine Grahame to sacrifice every thing upon earth to the rescue of the one object of his affection, to stake all things, even life itself, upon a venture perilous in the extreme, but the reward of which would be the most inestimable treasure that his noble imagination could conceive.

The state of feudal tyranny which the rich maintained at this period, while it accounts for the irresolution of Walter Grahame, also exalts the character of the youth Donald. A contest with such a powerful foe, might involve his utter destruction, and, without rescuing the maiden have ensured the deadly vengeance of Dalrymple ; every consideration, however, sunk to nothing in comparison with the duty he conceived to be enforced from him, and scorning the fears that attended the project, he hastened to the rescue of his beloved.

The little band of fishermen that had witnessed the abduction of the beauty of the Clyde, alone ventured to accompany Donald in his bold endeavour ; the latter had conjectured rightly, and Dugald had proceeded to the tower ; when the boat of the fishermen arrived beneath it, the tide had risen to an extreme height, and the banks of the Clyde were flooded, the cataract beneath the rock gushed with impetuous fury, and the thick bursts of spray, scattering therefrom, fell in large drops around and about the spot ; the night was dark and dreary, heavy masses of clouds intercepted every ray of moonlight, and not a star was visible ; the aspect of nature was changed,—on the preceding night every thing was arrayed in shining beauty ; the gardens, the orchards, the sky, the waters, all shone in their brightest glory, but the gardens and orchards now lay beneath the troubled river, the sky was tempestuous, and the waters rolled and foamed and tore down the cataract with overpowering fury. It was a perilous task to anchor upon the brink of the torrent upon such a night, but the efforts of the fishermen were effectual, and the boat was stilled amidst the commotion which surrounded it.

It was now endeavoured to throw a line upon the rock, but from the darkness of the night it was impossible to effect that object ; in the desperation of the moment, Donald taking the line in one hand, endeavoured to climb

the rock ; he was strongly dissuaded from the attempt, but he was resolute, and began to ascend amidst the fears and aspirations of his associates ; and to the surprise of the whole assembly, he succeeded in attaining the summit ! The triumph of Donald, however, was but short, for his progress had been observed, and at the moment of accomplishment, when he fondly imagined the beautiful object for whom he was encountering such perils, within his grasp, he was roughly assailed by a party of Dugald's minions, and instantly precipitated from the rock into the foaming waters of the Clyde.

Donald must have been carried down the foaming cataract, had not the boat interposed to arrest his progress ; he sustained no injury from the fall beyond that fearful rush of thought which seemed to destroy the possibility of rescuing his beloved one, who now seemed fated to destruction. The victory of his rival appeared secure. Walter Grahame, however, had awakened to a just sense of the situation of his daughter, and the weak imbecility of her destined bridegroom, who, with a very prudent and philosophic equanimity, turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, sighed, and sat down contented. The father, however, had not progressed so far in that school of philosophy, and the natural affection of the parent overcoming every other feeling, he mounted a fleet steed, and, accompanied by some of his dependants, set off for the tower on the rock, whither he arrived but to behold the expiration of all his fondest hopes, beneath the despairing conviction, that Dugald Dalrymple would yield his life rather than the accomplishment of his wishes. A stern denial was the only reply of the porter to the enquiry of Grahame for the owner of the tower. "I have business of the deepest interest, and which will not bear a single moment's delay," was the rejoinder of the distracted parent.

"I dare not disturb him," replied the porter, and the gates of the tower were immediately closed upon the little party.

"He is here,—and my child within his power,—a moment's delay, and all may be lost," cried Grahame, addressing his vassals, "force shall compel the restitution, though we perish in the attempt !"

The orders of the master were all that the faithful servants required, and instantly their entire efforts were directed against the door ; the alarm spread within the tower, and the turret-bell rung to call the minions of Dugald to arms ; loud cries were audible within, in the midst of which, the agonized parent heard the shrieks of his child ; they were at first loud and frequent, but speedily grew fainter and fainter ; the exertions of the assailants increased, but the door sustained the heavy shocks, and yielded not. Grahame's impatience rose to madness ; large drops chased one another fast down his burning forehead, and he raved in the vehemence of despair ;—his dependants entreated him to wait the issue calmly, as they were confident that the door must presently yield to the repeated and heavy assaults, but the distracted parent listened not to their suggestions ; all his thoughts were upon his child ; all his soul planted upon her safety ; he struck his sword upon the door in frantic fury, but the sword shivered into atoms ; he struck his hands madly upon the unyielding portals, but they remained inflexible, when the exhausted father sunk senseless upon the ground, with a groan.

Silently and sullenly, the fishers remained in their boat upon the same spot, under the rock, not wishing to quit a

scene so importantly associated, but still deprived of every hope of rescuing the poor victim immured within the tower. Donald reclined his head despondingly upon his old associate's shoulder, and spoke not, but his burning forehead, and the deep sighs that burst from his heart, too plainly spoke of what was passing there. All pitied him; every one lamented the fate of the lovely girl of the Clyde, but no one breathed a word to interrupt the gloomy meditations of her lover. At length Donald raised his head, and in a calm voice of decision, exclaimed, "My friends, you are aware that the poor victim whom we ventured hither to rescue, encountered what she is now suffering, for *my* sake. For me she sacrificed a splendid home, where affluence and luxury attended her: for me she forsook that home, father, friends,—the world's esteem; she put her honour and her life within my keeping, and I, in the face of heaven, swore to protect that honour and that life, even to the grave! My oath is registered, and I will keep it! Withhold me not, attempt not to dissuade me,—for Katherine Grahame shall be saved, or I will perish!"

"What do you purpose doing?" enquired the old fisherman.

"Ascend the rock again, and with a brace of pistols to encounter any villain that dares to interrupt me in the cause of innocence,—of heaven!" cried the intrepid Donald, and fastening the pistols to his waist, he again commenced the ascent of the rock.

At this moment a scream was heard from one of the casements of the tower, and by the dim twilight, a female figure could be seen, with outstretched arms, endeavouring to escape therefrom; the deep tones of Dugald's voice was then heard demanding her to desist; but the girl was resolute, and stood upon the extreme edge of the casement.

"Leap—leap!" cried the whole of the fishermen, with one accord, "Leap, and you are saved!"

Katherine instantly clasped her hands, and, heedless of the result, sprang from the casement. Dugald, evidently not expecting the resolution of the girl, when he found her falling, stretched forth his arms to save her, but her descending weight overpowered his balance, and he fell violently from the window. Katherine was allowed to sink into the waters, but, as immediately, Donald sprang from the rock, and raising her fainting form, lifted her into the boat. A shout rose from the fishermen, who hastily cut the rope that held their vessel, and away it floated over the boisterous Clyde. Dugald, in falling from the casement, had clung to a portion of rock, which he held, loudly exclaiming for assistance, till the energies of nature failed him; his hands refused to cling to the knotty fragment, and he sunk into the cataract, and was buried in the rush of waters. A shriek rose amidst the noise of their foaming, and in a moment, not a trace remained of Dugald of the Brig!

Katherine was conveyed safely to her father's mansion, and speedily Walter Grahame pressed her to his paternal bosom, murmuring thanksgivings to heaven, and to the youthful preserver of his child. Kneeling in grateful adoration to the divine ruler of the heavens and the earth; the faithful Donald received from Walter Grahame the reward of his perils,—the hand of her whom he had loved so truly and so well, the beautiful *Kitty of the Clyde*.

I WANDER, LOVE, IN THE STILLY NIGHT. A SONG.

I wander, love, in the stilly night,
When the idle world is dreaming;
When the woods and the waves shine in silv'ry light,
And the stars from high heaven are gleaming;
All my hopes, they have sunk in the dreary night,
The night of the endless tomb;
They have fallen 'neath the canker of fate's blighting
breath,
And despair is my only doom!

I wander, love, in the gay sun-beams,
Where the butterfly loves to dwell;
Amid the radiance of joy's best dreams,
'Neath the magic of beauty's spell;
But no ray of light ever reaches to me,
No warmth ever glows in my breast;
A pilgrim forsaken, for e'er doom'd to be
A wanderer, ne'er finding his rest!

I yield,—I must yield to the power,
That crushes my heart in its bloom;
Like the death-wind that withers the flower,
The graves that the fairest entomb;
For one star directed my life's thorny way,
One beacon beam'd o'er life's rough sea;
That beacon and star have both sunk in decay,
That beacon and star, love, were *thee*!

HENRI.

THE FIERY SWORD, A TRADITION OF HUNGARY. (From the German.)

In the year when Duke Charles of Lothringen defeated Count Tokoly at Pressburgh, and destroyed the Turkish army before Vienna, a youth named Gottschalk, who had been studying in the High School of Olmutz, journeyed back to Kasmark in Zips, his native town. As the war had spread far, and made it unsafe to travel in Hungary, the young wanderer took his way through Silesia, and part of Poland. Except arms, which he considered necessary for his protection, he carried nothing about him but a lute, which was hung on his shoulders by a silken string; and as he proceeded with his melodious instrument and clattering arms, he might well have been taken for one of the nightly Minnesingers of the olden time.

In this fashion, he arrived at Neumarkt, a small Polish town on the frontiers of Hungary, which was at that time a very poor place. Entering the inn, he found it already occupied by a large party of German carriers, who were on their way from Hungary to Cracow, with a cargo of wine. Our traveller, fatigued, withdrew into a corner of the large room, ate his supper in silence, and took no part in the noisy conversation of the carriers, except as an involuntary listener.

"Yes," exclaimed one of them, "it was good luck that we had arms, and looked so determined, else our wine would not have been stowed so safely in this inn yard."

"It would have been a shame," said a citizen of Neumarkt, "if the silly robbers had drunk the good tokay intended for the cellars of the Cracow nobles."

"Pshaw!" replied the carrier, "silly as you may think them, they did not look so; and for my part, I should think that many a good drop of Tokay had found its way

down their broad throats, and that they know pretty well about the different sorts of wine."

"So I should suppose," said another of the carriers, "they are not exactly common sort of people that live up in the mountains; they are folks that belonged to the dispersed army of Count Tokoly, that our brave Duke of Lothringen knocked on the head at Pressburg."

"And the rascally fellows still live about the mountains, and annoy poor travellers?" asked the citizen.

"Nothing more usual," replied the carrier; "but these outrages will soon be at an end: the imperial troops are on their march, and will restore order to the country."

"God grant it!" sighed the burgher of Neumarkt; "for I have business in Zips which must be attended to, but what you have told me terrifies me from the journey. No, no; I shall wait here for better times."

The carriers now recounted many adventures with the robbers, which had occurred to themselves and others, and presently rose to look after the accommodation of their horses, when, stretching themselves on a quantity of clean straw spread for the purpose, composed themselves to rest.

Gottschalk likewise sought his couch; and although the robber stories had a little disquieted him, fatigue soon closed his eyes, and when the sun, early the next morning, shone brightly through the green window panes, he rose briskly to resume his wanderings, and proceeded without much reflection on the terrifying anecdotes he had heard. When he had left the town, and the peaks of the Tatragebirge gleamed before him, at the sight of the well known mountains so near his home, he forgot the dangers which lurked in their deep ravines. He clearly distinguished the Elsthalberg (the mountain of the ice valley) next to the Finsterwald (dark forest) over which rose, like lofty watch towers, the summits of the Riegelberg, Kourgnase, and Kasmarker. The recollections of his home, which lay at the foot of this hilly chain, filled him with such delight, that he seated himself on a flowery hillock, and, taking up his lute, sung the following ballad:—

Oh land of the grape, that is ripen'd to wine,
All ruddy and sweet, by the sunbeams alone!
Hungaria! a cot in some valley of thine
Were dearer to me than the foreigner's throne.

Throughout the fair world, happy hearts may be met;
Some wand'ers from home neither sicken nor sigh:
Thy vales, oh Hungaria! I cannot forget,
If absent I pine, and if banish'd I die.

While Gottschalk, gazing on his beloved country, sung with all the enthusiasm of feeling, a traveller appeared in his road, who had stood beside him, and listened with visible satisfaction to his song. The appearance of this person was uncommon; his dress was black, and resembled that worn by the mountaineers: over a large ruff, his hair fell in snow white locks; and his beard, equally white, covered his breast. His forehead was deeply wrinkled, indicating extraordinary age; but his eyes still sparkled with the fire of youth, and a sweet smile was on his lips. Gottschalk did not observe him, until at the end of the ditty he said, "you have arranged the old Hungarian adage, '*Extra Hungariam non est vita, et si est vita, non est ita*,' in excellent German verse, and set it to a good tune, accept the thanks of an old countryman."

Gottschalk turning, observed him, not without some surprise. "From your dialect," said he, "I should think you to be from Zips, aged sir."

"Truly, I do belong to Zips; but I have been long absent thence," answered the old man.

"I had nearly guessed as much," replied Gottschalk, "for although your speech denotes you of Zips, yet the fashion of your dress is foreign."

"The fashion was not foreign in the days of Count Raynold; but you know that Count no longer," said he, with a melancholy voice.

"What!" said Gottschalk, "not know the pious old Count Raynold? I was no Zipser, then. How often, when I was a child, have my mother and my grandmother related to me those old histories. He was the protection of the Germans established in Zips, when, four hundred years ago, the Tartar bands invaded Hungary. They advanced even to our mountains; and as it was impossible to resist their superiority, Count Raynold providently withdrew to a steep and almost inaccessible mountain, not far from the present town of Kapsdorf, and surrounded the fort with strong walls; and here our forefathers dwelt three years. From the heights they could see the enemy approaching, and hastened to repulse them. The ruins of a church, and the walls of the old bulwarks are still to be seen; and Count Raynold's name is, amongst us, immortal!"

"Even so it should be," said the grey wanderer; "old histories, and the heroes of past ages (especially beneficent ones) should never be forgotten. You, who have so loved and praised your native place, are probably returning to it?"

"To-day, aged sir, I trust once more to lay my head in my own home."

"In the mean time," said the old man, "it is an adventurous undertaking to wander among these mountains; Gypsies and Wallachs harbour there, and the war has destroyed security."

"I will answer you with a proverb:—'A traveller who carries nothing, can sing the robber a song.'"

"That may not be your case; the wild military who wander up and down the mountains, if they do not meet with travellers provided with money, endeavour to indemnify themselves by other means. A young man of your appearance would be a most desirable booty. If it should so unluckily fall out, they will take you over to Weissenburg, and there sell you to the Tartars."

"The prospect is by no means pleasant," said Gottschalk, "but come what will, home I must and will go, and have already taken a circuitous road in order to arrive there the more safely."

"Far be it from me," said the old man, "to depress your courage; my intention is only to render you cautious. Look to yourself, and may God preserve you!"

Gottschalk thanked him, and again set forward. After a few paces, when he looked round, in order once more to salute his aged companion, he was no where visible. Mindful of his advice, to choose the safest road, he proceeded towards Schorstein, a fortress on the Polish frontier, and soon perceived the little river Donau. Beyond it shone the high peaks of the Zipsor rocks. The road to Kasmark led from hence through the defiles of the Finsterwald, by steep overhanging rocks, and thick forest-land, where human habitations are to be found only at considerable distances.

Gottschalk was acquainted with a mountain-surveyor, near Altenburg, whose dwelling he hoped to reach before night, intending to request a lodging till the morning. But

notwithstanding his haste, the evening closed before he arrived at the little valley where it lay. Twice he had missed his way, among the intersecting paths of the forest, and found himself obliged to retrace his steps. He now thought he had found the right road, but the shades of the forest and of evening spread around, and he had wound into the depths of a thicket. Treading cautiously, lest his steps should be echoed by the rocky walls, and thus draw upon him unwelcome attention, he saw, at a distance, a light shining from the valley. He remarked his situation, and believing himself to be very near the dwelling he sought, concluded that the light proceeded from it. On this supposition, he cheerfully hastened forward, but soon discovered that the fire which he saw burnt not on a hearth.

In a small hollow, around a heap of blazing wood, sat or lay several armed men of wild appearance. Of their profession he could not for a moment doubt, but as they were not aware of his approach, Gottschalk hoped to escape them. Turning aside, he warily descended into the valley, and was more than ever convinced that he was very near his friend's dwelling. The night favoured him, and leaving the watch-fire unobserved, he soon reached a little mountain stream, whence the house was but a gunshot distant; there he would find shelter, and warn the careless or unsuspecting inhabitants of their danger. But horror seized him, when he found, instead of the hospitable roof which he expected, a mass of ruins. He gazed on the place where he stood: it was no mistake—but there lay only the charred and half burnt beams. The rocks of Ofere rose drearily over the scene of horror, and their white masses shone through the darkness like gigantic tombstones.

(To be concluded in our next.)

I LOVE MY LOVE !

I love my love—I love her true,
As faithful as the star
Yields its steady light,
In the darkling night,
To the ocean's mariner.

I love my love!

I love my love—I love her true,
I love her fondly,—well:
And eyes, though weak,
Yet language speak,
And her own pure hearts' thoughts tell,
She loves as well.

I love my love—ah! should I e'er
Forsake her radiant shrine,
May misery,
Await on me,
Sweet peace be never mine.

I love my love!

I love my love—no idle flame,
No soulless passion ours;
But holy truth,
Enshrined in youth,

Whose path is strewn with flowers;
Our hopes and our joys mount on life's buoyant wave,
Together arise, and both sink in one grave! *.*

FINE ARTS. BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The Gallery this year presents the usual intermixture of subject, dignified with few, indeed, of historical magnitude and interest; but, taken according to the standard of our pictorial exhibitions, the display is honorable to the easels of the artists, and gratifying to the eyes of the spectators.

Many of the works have been submitted to the test of criticism, and do not call for a second edition of analytical remarks; we are not sorry for this, as it affords space to dwell more particularly upon the productions of the rising school, which are fully entitled to a share of that golden notice, perhaps *too bountifully* accorded to established favorites. Those who shine in the meridian blaze of day, do not require a torch to be held up to their features, and a herald to proclaim their names, their achievements, and their deserts; yet, it is the unfortunate, and we must say enforced practice of reviewers to occupy their narrow limits with observations upon well-known painters, to the necessary slight or exclusion of aspiring students. The injurious tendency of this custom must be fairly estimated, when it is remembered *that more than two-thirds* of the public are influenced by the press, and that, in consequence, years of noble enthusiasm but fruitless exertion, may pass over the head of the unfriended artist before, if ever, he receives the just reward of his labours. Gems of genius thus return *unpurchased* to their mine, because *unnoticed by the critics*, and, alas! overlooked by the *connoisseurs*; whereas a quarter of the space assigned to eulogiums upon the sleek, contented, and, of late, careless and indolent "*favorites*" of the public, would prove as beneficial to the youthful candidate for patronage, as the beams of the sun are to the fruits of the orchard. Indulgence too frequently engenders confidence, and confidence, in turn, creates insolence and disregard; thus it is that many of the pictorial "*stars*" exhibit less radiance than formerly, or shine with such eccentric light, that, poor gazers as we are, we are puzzled to know the meaning of a "*lustre*" that strangely borders on an *eclipse*. The petted child, warped by caresses, gives vent to every little wayward humour, *mais au contraire*—the timid novice looks cautiously around, and seeks to obtain favor by a vigilant desire to deserve it.

We must here interrupt the stream of our eloquence, for while proceeding to replenish our pen with *vinc*—hem—*ink* we should say—a fugitive glance has revealed to us the editorial intimation lying upon our table like a snake in the grass, "*so much pressed for space*;" then adieu! to ye for the present gentlemen stars in the hemisphere of art—peace to your rays!

Opening the catalogue and commencing our survey, we find that the leader of the pictorial van is no less than the "*lovely young Lavinia*," from the pencil of the accomplished President, Sir MARTIN ARCHER; but "*Lavinia*" is no longer a trembling *debutante*, she made her courtesy last season, and we will, therefore, take the liberty of passing her with a nod. Proceeding in our research, we pause before

2. "*Too Hot*," by EDWIN LANDSEER, A. R. A.—A *morceau* every way worthy of his fame. It represents an interior, with an urchin in ragged costume and uncombed locks, spoon in hand, repressing the juvenile impatience of three or four terriers, who are anxiously and somewhat indiscreetly prying into the contents of a smoking skillet,

placed upon the ground, the savoury steam of which appears to be endued with the paradoxical power of attraction and repulsion. The boy is finely painted, and of the animals it is needless to say more than that they are Landseer's.

3. "*A subject from the lost Pleiad of Miss L. E. L.*," HENRY HOWARD, R. A. Poor indeed for an "R. A." and a miserable illustration of the lines of the poetess. "Away with it, good masters."

25. "*Cottage Industry*," by EDWIN LANDSEER, represents a rustic maiden occupied in knitting. Sweetness of character, purity of colour, and mellowness of touch are the features of this little *bijou*.

29. "*A Nutting Party*," W. COLLINS, R. A. A cluster of village children seated on the grassy carpet of a woodland shade, is busily engaged in the division of spoil. The subject is simple, and calculated to awaken pleasing reminiscences of childhood in the bosom; but the execution is not worthy of the painter; there is a deficiency of aerial tone in the middle distance, which considerably impairs the effect.

31. "*L'Allegro*," A. CHALON, R. A.—Elegant and coquettish, with an air of Gallic sprightliness. *L'Allegro* is portrayed under the figure of a fair fashionable, touching a guitar, and looking archly at the spectator. A roguish sparkle in her eye, and an answering smile upon her lip, identify the character; the roses fancifully placed in her dark tresses have an agreeable effect.

59. "*Titania, Puck, and Bottom*," JOHN PARTRIDGE. Singular richness of colour, depth of effect, and raciness of touch are evident in this picture. The recumbent figure of the slumbering Titania is poetically conceived; the ass's head imposed upon the unconscious Bottom is capitably drawn, and the mischief-loving sprite, the wayward elfin Puck, peering gleefully from his leafy covert, is very felicitously imagined. This picture was exhibited, last season, at *Somerset House*, but want of room compelled us to postpone a notice of its merits. Verily, this Partridge is a game bird.

67. "*The Sister of Viola*," R. WESTALL, R. A.—This design has been rendered popular by the print engraved from it for the most exquisite of the annuals, the "*Souvenir*," and that it is a favourite with the artist we presume from his having again selected it for exhibition. To us, however, it has always been a grievous disappointment; the attitude is constrained and awkward, the drawing feeble and ill-defined, and the colouring far from agreeable; the features of this "*Sister of Viola*" are not to our taste; they are ennobled with little of the *beau ideal* of feminine loveliness, and decidedly fall beneath those that we could wish to gaze upon as forming the countenance of the drooping bud. We have at this moment beaming on our "mental vision," as some one says, a slender *coz.* of ours, just blushing into womanhood, with a mass of auburn tresses falling upon her fair neck, a pale and oval face, a lip of dewy sweetness, and an eye of tender thought and melancholy, "shining like the evening star," who would have made a divine model for this beautiful imagining of Shakspeare. Certes, did we handle the pencil like some of the R. A.'s we would essay her resemblance in this love-lorn character, and "*enhrine it in your heart*," the ladies rather mischievously whisper.

76. "*Sketch of a Subject for an Altar-piece, martyrdom of some of the early Christians*," W. ETTY, R. A. A magnificent conception, rapidly brushed in, but exhibiting skill-

fulness of grouping, gracefulness of form, and splendour of tone worthy of the schools of *Lombardy* or *Bologna*. That church would be enriched indeed, which could claim an altar-piece painted by the artist from this brilliant sketch; but alas! the genius of historical painting, like the genie in the tale, sealed cabalistically in the brazen vessel, with the signet of "*church exclusion*," lies buried beneath the waters of *prejudice*, and it is vain to hope for her delivery.

81. "*The young devotee*," A. G. VICKERS. A young female, bending reverentially before a shrine; her features are concealed by the long loose tresses of her hair; the attitude is graceful and eloquent, the colouring rich and shadowy, and the whole indicates considerable promise. We almost forgot to notice an old monk, of rather repellant aspect, who is stationed in the back-ground.

105. "*Landscape, moonlight*," T. C. HOFLAND. We touch upon this, merely to advise the artist's forbearance of such effects, while he feels under a persuasion that they should be represented in those leaden hues. Let him duly contemplate a moonlight of *nature's creation*, and surely he will never wander from it so materially again. Dewy freshness, clearness and transparency, are not to be met with in No. 105.

106. "*The Culprit*," T. WEBSTER. An urchin, born, as the astrologers would say, under some unlucky planet, is here violently brought before the village pedagogue, for that in evil hour he was unable to resist the ripening temptation of the neighbouring garden. The memorials of his guilt and frailty in the shape of a few rosy-cheeked apples are seen rolling from his satchel upon the floor, and the vindictive appeal of the plaintiff is answered by the portentous and withering acidity of the schoolmaster's visage, and the awful extension of his cane. A minor scape-grace placed within reach of the switch, seems to be labouring under lively recollections of its influence, and shrinks in terror from further familiarities. Under the desk is seated, book in hand, a timid little rogue of some seven years standing, who in bodily fear of changing the studious inclination of his head, has cunningly elevated his eyes, and, with much wily management, gratifies his curiosity without exciting the suspicions of his master. This is a happy, although trifling stroke of nature, and forcibly reminds us how often we have secretly feasted our imaginations upon the romantic wonders of "*Beauty and the Beast*," or "*Aladdin and the wonderful lamp*," curiously and dexterously inserted amidst the leaves of our primer. A hapless little votary of dulness decorated with that fanciful insignia the dunce's cap, is exhibited to the right, mounted upon a stool, and a perfect absence of all intelligence in the bloated and blubbered countenance establishes his title to the appendage. There is much comic feeling in this picture; the colouring is bright and transparent, the *chiar-oscuro* effective, and the pencilling firm and mellow.

113. "*The Catholic Question*," by the same, portrays the triumphant commemoration of the 5th of November, by representing a party of waggish little school-boys bearing their melancholy effigy of the arch-conspirator—the *po-pish* Guy—before the dwelling of "one 'Mrs. O'Connell,' a very decent sort of body, and a washerwoman may, it please you." The scoffs and halloos of the Protestant ascendancy are met by the upraised arm, the virulent looks, and menaced birch of the same "Mrs. O'Connell," who is depicted upon the threshold of her door, screaming out

revenge and giving protection to an affrighted child that startled at the appearance of the youthful rioters, is clinging to her knees. Admirably treated.

122. "*Bull terrier puppy annoyed by a wasp.*" STEPHEN TAYLOR. Full of character; the tantalized little animal seems vainly snarling at its winged tormentor. We believe a print has been just published, from this picture.

147. "*Cavalry attacking a battery of guns.*" 158. "*Cavalry attacking and retreating.*" T. BARKER. Sketchy and spirited, with much of the bold dash of *Salvator's* pencil.

149. "*Petrarch's declaration to Laura.*" 160. "*Abe-lard's first word of love to Eloise.*" H. FRADELLE. That the tame, cold, artificial and insipid designs of this painter, should have risen into fashion, is a marked censure upon the taste of the day. Without energy, dignity, or feeling, the productions of a lifeless and formal pencil, have been, capriciously transferred to the copper-plate of the engraver, and placed in the port-folios of our principal publishers, while many of the genuine works of genius are continually passing from the eyes of the public without any such commemoration. To us the pictures by *Fradelle* are barren of one particle of interest; frozen personifications of passion and sentiment, of grandeur and beauty, they serve, only to excite in us a painful regret that the subjects which they are intended to illustrate, have been so unworthily embodied. If it be imagined that we speak with national prejudice, and undue severity, let the discriminating reader examine either of the paintings in the present exhibition, and we feel assured, that the truth of our remarks will be, immediately, subscribed to. Cold and watery in colour, frigid in action, meagre in expression, and poor in conception, they fall, completely, in that appeal to the senses without which painting is shorn of her glory.

163. "*The ring. 'That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,' Milton.*" G. F. JOSEPH, A. R. A. Here is a subject for the ladies, for the bright and the fair, which if not equal in point of merit to "*the Bridesmaid*," by *Parria*, is at least commensurate in interest. Seated in a leafy shade a pair of turtles beguile the noon-day hour in tender communion. The lady, who lays claim to a face of considerable latitude and longitude tastefully adorned with some half-dozen of corkscrews, seems listening, with sweet simplicity to the bland and persuasive sophistry of her *Romeo*, a tolerably bulky, curly-headed cavalier of mature age; a spaniel lap-dog the licensed witness, and watchful guardian of their interview is sporting before them. Verily Mr. Joseph we would have you consign your fair couple to "the tomb of all the Capulets;" we like them not.

171. "*The signal.*" H. P. PARKER. Two fishermen are here represented, stationed upon a jutting cliff upon the shore; one of them with a telescope in his hand, announces the approach of the distant vessel to his companion, who waves a handkerchief towards it. A masterly production; admirable in execution and design.

172. "*The Presepio; a simple piece of domestic devotion.*" T. UWINS; a very fantastic piece of simplicity indeed.

183. "*The Widow.*" C. HANCOCK. Touching and beautiful: a sportsman's widow, habited in the weeds of affliction, is beheld prostrated in an agony of grief, and clasping the arm of the chair so lately filled by her departed companion; her face is buried in her hands, and her heart is evidently charged with bitter thoughts and memories. Her husband's dogs are crouching near, and with mute but eloquent sorrow, seem to participate in the

destitution of their mistress. A picture full of domestic interest, and, in consequence, appealing to every heart. The animals, by this young artist, are given with a spirit, accuracy, depth, and finish equal to *Landseer*; their merits cannot be too highly appreciated, and this painter's productions are brilliant, which would reflect honor upon any cabinet of art; we sincerely trust that they will meet with the admiration they deserve. Let *Master Edwin* look to them, and learn betimes to "*brook a growing rival near the throne.*"

184. "*The sleeper.*" ANDREW MORTON. An Italian wanderer fatigued with his employment as performer upon a *hurdy-gurdy*, is represented sleeping upon the steps of a door; the expression, drawing, and pencilling are capital, and remind us of some pictures by *Murillo*.

185. "*View in the back court of a Dutch habitation.*" ALBERT BRONDGEEST. A singular and very admirable piece of elaborate detail.

197. "*Chapel on Mount Veuvius.*" 202. "*The Camaldoli Convent of Capucins on Veuvius.*" W. HAVELL. Vivid in colour, but coarse in execution.

215. "*The Pedlar.*" J. P. KNIGHT. An itinerant merchant with his wares invitingly displayed in a box borne upon the back of an ass, roguishly recommends a rattle to the attention of a young country girl, who with an odd mixture of pleasure and bashfulness, is gazing at a ring, eagerly placed before her eyes by her ardent wooer. One, whom we judge by the resemblance to be her sister, with a milkpail upon her head, is looking on with an air of complacency, while an old dame, with spectacles on her nose, and a somewhat younger gossip with upraised hands, are intently and rapturously prying into the treasures of the Pedlar's hoard. To the right a village Rufus, leaning against a sign-post, is calling up his resolution to lay out the long hoarded sixpence which, with hand in pocket, he is about to release from confinement: the pewter vessels, emblems of his calling and objects of his care, lie unregarded on the ground before him. A picture finely conceived and executed.

224. "*Landscape.*" J. A. O'CONNOR. A wild and rocky scene, boldly imagined, and forming a favorable specimen of the artist's *forte*.

229. "*Teniers painting the Temptation of St. Anthony.*" A. FRASER. A picture of the most exquisite detail, combined with richness, transparency, and sparkle. Seated at an easel, in his painting room, the artist is represented with his back partially turned to the spectator, and his face averted, gazing upon the fair model of the temptress, who is beheld stationed upon an elevated chair, with a wine glass in her hand. The usual accessories of a painter's studio are richly and felicitously grouped; the bottles, jars, gallipots, pigments and pencils, the oils, varnishes, and spirits; the quaint and curious carvings, skulls, bones and weapons, the armour, books, parchments, &c. &c., not omitting the plate of delicious fruit, the decanters, and long-stalked drinking glasses, with the superb parrot, and the petted spaniel, are presented to the eye with an accuracy of character bordering upon illusion, and a raciness of touch truly inimitable. But while the artist has succeeded in producing the most wonderful effect in the subordinate portions of his work, he has not proved so fortunate in the figures: a miller's sack is quite as symmetrical as the body of Teniers, and few, indeed, will be deceived into an idea that there is much of allurements in the features of the enchantress. It is evident that the figures have been introduced merely to give currency to the accessories of the

design, which are, certainly, painted with magical effect, and may safely be compared with the happiest productions of a similar description by *Teniers* himself. This picture forms one of the most important efforts of the Artist's pencil, and we cannot but congratulate Mr. Fraser upon his success.

248. "*Low Life and High Life.*" E. LANDSEER. A.R.A. In the former a butcher's dog, white and rough haired, fat and lethargic, with a blinking air of contentment, looks out upon the world from the door of his master's shambles. A pewter quart pot, the end of a tobacco pipe, a wooden block, and the fragments of a bone upon which the animal has feasted, form the appropriate accompaniments of the scene. "*High Life*" is, indeed, in a very different sphere, and the favorite of fortune, with a mien of aristocratic pride and indolence, is depicted in a room, carpeted, and sumptuously furnished; while a table, covered with a green cloth, and strewn with the costly litter of a man of rank, serves to indicate the quality and pursuits of his master.

290. "*The Trumpeter.*" 291. "*Ware Hare!*" A. COOPER, R.A. Spirited *morceaux*.

302. "*The Bitter Morning.*" R. W. BUSS. An admirable scene, in the interest of which all may participate, who, reconnoitring from the covert of their bed-clothes, in the depth of December, have beheld the windows encrusted with a fairy forest of frost-work. The inner room, with its blazing fire and seasonable comforts, affords a cheering reflection.

303. "*Mercury in the disguise of a Clown, playing Argus asleep, in order to release Io from the shape of a Cow.*" See *Ovid*. B. R. HAYDON. A strange prostitution of the Artist's energies. *Mercury* has more the appearance of a Jew salesman from Holywell-street, playing the pastoral, than that of the disguised messenger of the Gods. As to *Argus*, he is beneath criticism. The landscape is rich, broad, and shadowy, with a picturesque gleam of sun-set shooting through the stems of the trees.

337. "*Departure for Waterloo.*" R. EDMONSTONE. A very touching and unaffected picture, representing a Life-guardman taking leave of his wife and family, at the door of his habitation; the youngest babe is placed in his arms to receive his parting benediction, by the young and tearful mother; a fine boy, with an aspect of subdued sorrow, is stationed near his father's charger, and a fair girl, standing by her mother, shares in the grief of the event.

345. "*An interior of a Picture Gallery, with Portraits.*" P. C. WONDER. The back ground is the best portion of this singular work; the figures being badly conceived, drawn and coloured. There is much *self-satisfaction* in the features of "P. C. WONDER, Esq." (!) it seems to say "*I did it,*" and so far brings to our recollection the classical tragedy of "*Cock Robin*," where the serious interrogation of "*Who killed Cock Robin?*" is triumphantly answered by the feathered assassin in the following strain:—

"I" said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
"And I kill'd Cock Robin."

353. "*A Fruit Piece.*" G. LANCE. A superb specimen of art; exquisite in colour touch and detail, and not to be surpassed by any *chef d'œuvre* of *Rachel Ruysch*, or *Van Huysum*. In truth, *Pomona* might gaze on these delicious fruits, and fancy her ripest offerings before her.

367. "*Lucentio, Hortensia, and Bianca. Taming of the Shrew.*" Miss ALABASTER. A very beautiful composition,

by a young Artist, whose first exhibited production came under critical observation last season. The one now before us is considerably higher in the scale. *Bianca*, listening to her lover's lesson, is an exquisite representation of tenderness, chastened by reserve; her head is gently inclined, as if to hide her features from the ardent glances of the enamoured student, and an air of

— "feminine delight shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes"

softly and timidly illumines her countenance; the action is simple, and correspondent with her presumed emotions, and the leaves of a rose, which, in a sweet abstraction, she is destroying, are seen falling from her dress. Seated at her side, before a table scattered with scrolls and papers, *Lucentio* is agreeably construing his Latin text according to his own peculiar conceptions, and his expression and attitude are in unison with the task upon which he is so absorbingly engaged. Standing at a distant balcony, *Hortensia* is striking a guitar, and constitutes a figure of much elegance and picturesque grandeur: a romantic snatch of landscape, bright and shadowy, terminates the scene. There is much play of imagination, united with delicacy of execution in this production, which, as the *second picture* submitted to the eyes of the public by this young paintress, we view with feelings of particular interest; the costume and accessories are faithfully and judiciously introduced; the colouring is warm and mellow, the drawing correct, and the character happily sustained; but there is a slight want of sparkle in the tone, probably created by an over anxiety to produce high finish in the parts. The picture is, however, an encouraging proof of genius, and we cherish sanguine anticipations of the Artist's future performances. We are glad to perceive that, in common with many others in the gallery, it has met with a purchaser.

489. "*The Casket.*" G. LANCE. Truly any proud and titled fair one might, pardonably, covet the possession of the unrivalled gems and pearls enshrined within this casket.

501. "*Margaret and Faust in the Garden Cottage.*"—G. WAPPERS. Tastefully designed, but rather too *lachrymose* to answer our ideas of even "*love's despair.*"

521. "*The adoration of the Wise Men.*" *Mother*—we beg pardon, MATHER BROWN. A very great picture.

534. "*The Chase.*" C. HANCOCK. In the agonizing terrors of pursuit, poor puss has, blindly, fallen over the edge of a quarry pit, and is lying half lifeless upon a mossy ledge below, while the swiftest of her enemies is seen tumbling headlong after her; his companions, with instinctive horror cower back on the stony summit, and looking wildly down, appear paralyzed by the fate of their predecessor. A brilliant production, delicate and sparkling in touch, beautiful in detail, transparent in tone, and perfect in colour. Again we say, "Master Edwin behold!"

SCULPTURE.

"*The Falconer,*" by J. CAREW. A very noble specimen of this sculptor's abilities; we must, however, object to the want of muscular boldness in the arms.

There are still numerous pictures worthy of remark, but we are obliged to conclude with earnestly exhorting the patrons of British art to stimulate the progress of its professors, by a just appreciation of their works.

C***y.



PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

ambassador from France to England.

THE WORLD OF FASHION, AND CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 85.

LONDON, MAY 1, 1831.

VOL. VIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE THIRD.—AN EVENING DRESS, A WALKING DRESS, A MORNING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—A RIDING DRESS, THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A WEDDING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, A MORNING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

MAY!

"Among the changing months *May* stands confest,
The sweetest, and in fairest colours drest;
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field,—
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield,—
Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints
On virgin flowers, free from unodorious taints!
To rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,
Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud!"

THOMSON.

Hail to the new-born *May*,—the month of flowers,—
Of buds, of blossoms, and of beauty's bowers;
Spreading sweet incense over heath and grove,
Hail to thee, *May*,—the radiant month of love!*

Now spreads the sun his warm and cheering beams,
And all beneath with joy and rapture teems;
The rose-leaf bursts its bud, and springs to life,
Charming each sense, with sweets and splendours rife;
Whilst other gems, the florist's choicest care,
Vie in proud rivalry and court compare:
The stately dahlia, deep and glowing red,
Like a rich queen, springs from its mossy bed,
Waving its splendour in the ambient air,—
Whilst the soft lily, delicate and fair,
Courts its disdainful glance, though modestly,
As if abashed, turning away its eye;
Both lovely, both admired, beneath one sun
They rise to life, their course together run.

* "The month of *May*
Is called the *month of love*—two lovers stray,
(In the old wood-cuts) in a forest green,
Looking their love into each others eyes,
And dreaming happiness that never dies;
And there they talk unheard, and walk unseen,
Save by the birds who chant a louder lay,
To welcome such true lovers with the *May*."

HOMER (*Every Day Book*.)

VOL. VIII.

The tulip, cold and formal bachelor, displays
Its courtly grandeur in the smiling rays;
Splendid, but still a lonely isolate,
Admired, yet pitied, in its lone estate:
We pass the fopling by, and enter bowers,
Arrayed with rich and costly tinted flowers;
Flowers of varied grace and varied hues,
Whose bosoms fragrance pure and full diffuse,
Cheering each sense with qualities divine,
Sacred to *May*, and spring's delicious time.

Now songsters warble on each leafy spray
Melodious notes, so tuneful and so gay;
Now soars the lark, with pinions firm, on high,
And wings its flight up to the deep-blue sky,
Dashing through clouds, still warblingly elate,
To pour its orisons at heaven's high gate!
And at soft eve, the sweet and clear-toned bird,
Than whose notes, "finer music ne'er was heard,"
The lonesome love-bird, beauteous Philomel,
Tunes its fond melody from grove and dell.
Trees, birds, and flowers their choicest beauties wear,
And each the radiant trace of spring-time bear:
Man, too, adopts again the cheering smile,
For *May's* bland influence his cares beguile;
And lovely woman joins the gladsome throng,
Whilst to her praise resounds the tribute song!

Now beauty reigns,—and in her choicest pride,
With regal pomp, borne on the flowing tide,
And vot'ries fall and bow before her shrine,
Beauty—the month and all its joys are thine!
For thee we quit the many-pleasured field,
Eager our homage at thy feet to yield;
For thee diversions, sports, and plays forsake,
Joying our home within thy smiles to make;
Speeding to where thy brilliant banner waves,
Eager to serve,—and proud to be thy slaves!
For thee, for thee, the world is bright and gay,—
Beauty, thou art the sov'reign *Queen of May*!

Now Fashion's circle beams with brightest fire,
And all its train to higher deeds aspire;—
Now noble dames, enshrined in loveliness,
Wear looks of splendour, smiles to joy and bliss;

K

And floating proudly through the sun-lit day,
 Claim lawful homage, and bear potent sway.
Honneur aux dames!—Joy to the bright-eyed fair,
 Praised be the smiles, the *May-smiles* that they wear;
 Joy to the soft and beaming eye of blue;—
 Joy unto others of a darker hue;—
 Joy to the roseate cheek and ruby lip,
 From whence the bee might sigh its stores to sip:
 Honour and joy, beauty, to thee belong,
Honneur aux dames!—the graces of our song!

Fair LONDONDERRY,—lovely, good, and great,—
 Honour to thee in all thy pomp of state;
 To thee we breathe the tributary lay,
 Fashion's bright queen, and brighter *Queen of May!*
 Honour to thee, not less admired and high,
 JERSEY and LYNDHURST,—PEEL and NORMANBY;
 Stars of our world, our bright and radiant sphere,
 WARWICK and LIEVEN,—FOX and COMBERMERE.
 The younger beauties, too, like rose-buds bright,
 Springing at once to radiant life and light,—
 The season beams, we welcome thee, as well,
 To scenes endeared by thy all-powerful spell;—
 CADOGAN, SMITH, and BRANDLING, fair BURDETT,
 Stars long to shine, ere they in darkness set;
 Sweet peace and blessings may they long impart,
 To cheer the lonesome, charm the drooping heart,—
 To strew life's paths with incense-breathing flowers,—
 To render happy life's fast fleeting hours;—
 Honour to thee, and homage thus we pay,
 With songs, and tributes of the blooming *May*.

May,—soft and gentle *May*,—the month of spring,
 When life's best joys are brightly blossoming;
 The heaven's their fairest, choicest gifts dispense,
 Fill all the mind, and gratify each sense:
 The earth is lovely, and the bright blue sky,—
 Fields, waters, air,—all blend in harmony;
 The charm of Nature mutually combine,
 Breathing a spirit perfect and divine!
 'Tis *May*,—the month of love,—'tis beauty's own,—
 Haste, then, and pay your tributes at her throne;
 Haste, and at beauty's feet your offerings lay,
 The first rich blossoms of the new-born *May!*
Eve of May, 1831.

PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

"O thou whose virtues sanctify thy state,
 O great, without the vices of the great;
 Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
 To think, to act, with elegance and ease!
 Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave,
 Loyal, yet free;—a subject, not a slave!"

BROOME.

"Beauty's a theme that ever warms his heart!"—GAY.

A few months ago, we embellished our Magazine with a slight sketch of Prince TALLEYRAND,—we have now the pleasure of offering our distinguished readers a finished engraving of that important and celebrated individual, whose

fame will not be confined merely to the period in which he exists, but, associated with the histories of nations, will descend to latest posterity, as proudly as that of the most eminent personage that figures in their pages. Devoted as well to the circle of female worth and loveliness, as to that of political controversy, TALLEYRAND has been ever characterized by a steady attachment and adherence to the duties of both situations; and while exciting pleasure, and by his bland demeanour and spirited conversation, his wit, and gallantry, commanding admiration in the drawing-room and the *boudoir*—great and powerful nations have acknowledged the vastness of his talents and intellectual capacities; grappling with the strongest political difficulties, and working a path through obscure and intricate mazes of difficulty and apprehension. It is not our province, however, to trace the political transactions of the last half century, for the purpose of illustrating the character of TALLEYRAND in the cabinet; we have merely to consider him as a man of gallantry, devoted to the world of female loveliness, and ever the first in sacrificing at its shrine. Elegant, accomplished, and unassuming, he readily attained a superiority in society, which his wit and pleasantry enable him to sustain without a fear of being outshone by any of the rival luminaries, that were dimmed or eclipsed by his invincible power. "Witty himself, and causing wit in others," he spread gaiety and pleasure wherever he went,—there was not an assembly that did not court his presence,—there was not an individual unamused by his conversation; and, addicted himself to the pleasures of society, he speedily became its most determined votary. Whether in *bon mot*, epigram, or repartee, his wit displayed itself in a neat and playful manner; and though, occasionally, his pleasantry may have been tinged with acerbity, those occasions were unfrequent, and served merely as foils to exhibit, in a more favourable light, the elegance of his general demeanour.

From that period to the present, TALLEYRAND has maintained the same high estimation; and even now, when "full of years and honour," the same spirit of gallantry is evident in his actions,—the same courteous and spirited demeanour characterizes him. Though in the "winter of his days," his eyes sparkle with almost all their pristine playfulness, and the same influence, as hitherto, influences him in his attention to the female portion of society. Honoured, respected, and esteemed, he maintains the high position which his genius and talents first exalted him to, and in his declining years he has the gratification of beholding his reputation "bright as in its brightest greatness," and descending with him to the tomb without a spot upon its glory;—to be enshrined upon the sacred page of history for the admiration of after ages.

We presume that no embellishment could afford more satisfaction to our subscribers than that which we are now enabled, and have the honour to present. The estimation in which TALLEYRAND is, at the present moment held, in the most distinguished circles of this country, independent of the interest attaching to him as an individual, must render his portrait of powerful, as well as of permanent interest.

"Here shall his semblance, when no more appears
 Its great original, shine a thousand years;
 By age uninjured, future times adorn,
 And glad the hearts of millions yet unborn,
 Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
 Shall grieve so great and good a man could die!"

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL.

"Now by our loyalty, it seems not meet
The deeds of those, *the mightiest in the land*,
Should pass away, as meaner pageants do,
When drops the scene upon them."

S. T.

As their MAJESTIES have transferred the place of their now nearly general but temporary sojourn from the Pavilion of Brighton to the more noble and kingly Castle at Windsor, which, from its proximity to some of the most beautiful forest scenery and foliage canopied rides in the kingdom, it is very natural should for awhile be preferred to the built-about and sombre massiveness of St. James's (misterned a palace,) it was not to be expected that London would, in April, be honoured with a great deal of the company of its King and Queen. Nevertheless, the capital and its interests have neither been forgotten nor neglected, for those visits have been awarded it, and those celebrations of courtly splendours have been enacted, if so we may speak, which, whilst they vindicate the influences of royal stations, advance at the same time the interests of the community. Let such continue. His MAJESTY, for instance, has held a *levee* every Wednesday, at which the presentations, especially on the 13th and 20th of April, were particularly numerous; and the attendance more especially of Foreign Ministers, Plenipotentiaries, &c. &c. among whom Prince Talleyrand was most conspicuous for his gaiety of liveries and costume very considerable. Upon the first of these occasions, Lord Foley was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Leicestershire, in consequence of the demise of the much-esteemed Earl of Coventry, who, for many years had borne up with an undaunted spirit under that "total eclipse," which, Milton with reference to himself, so pathetically describes; and a new gold coinage was commanded by his MAJESTY.

There are certain arrangements or appointments in the circles of our most distinguished societies, which, though they may be but of brief continuance, and restricted to the select of *Ton*, were nevertheless intended to advance the interests of the general weal, and better the condition of those who labour to get their own living. Of these may be especially considered *Drawing Rooms*, consequently not only much credit, but great gratitude is due to her MAJESTY,—a truly good and gracious Queen—that she has revived in a spirit commensurate with good sense, and regal consideration, these assemblages of the wealthy and high-bred of the land. We have already recorded the features of some of these celebrations, and have now again the gratification of adding that, upon *Thursday, April the 14th*, another was held, which certainly surpassed in splendour and attendance those which had preceded it. It was more characteristically *English* in its character, there was less of *foreign interference* perceptible; and these we take to be decided indications that a better spirit towards a wiser and more compassionate conduct is being adopted towards our native industries and home sprung talents, by those whose smiles are encouragements, and whose commands are, (if with no parsimonious hand awarded) bounties. True to her determination, her MAJESTY was tastefully arrayed in a dress entirely the produce of the British soil and home manufacture. Her robe being presented to her by Lord Rolle, who was proud of thus proving the beauty of the production of his native country, that of Devon,

and the train, which was truly elegant, was an offering from Spitalfields. The Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Peel and others, "gems which do ornament gay Fashion's shrine," followed this admirable, this amiable, this one-would imagine not to be slighted example; and, as we have just now observed, the Drawing Room certainly manifested circumstances leading to a belief that the good old days of consistency and love of country, are not forgotten like an enthusiasts dream.

The following evening, thus evincing their preconceived determination not to relax in their patronage of those amusements which advance the influences of the English character, and give the means of life to thousands, visited the Italian Opera, where ample and splendid arrangements had been made by the management to receive its august auditors in a style befitting their rank and goodness. A box for themselves, and others for their suite, which was distinguished and numerous, were fitted up in a style at once becoming and splendid; so that the general effect of the house, which was filled with an assemblage rarely equalled for rank and fashion, and gaiety of costume, was really superb and gratifying. Besides their MAJESTIES, there were present the Duchess of KENT, the Princess VICTORIA and suite, the Duchess of CUMBERLAND, the Landgravine of HESSE HOMBURG, and several attendants. The Princes of CUMBERLAND and CAMBRIDGE were with the KING and QUEEN. Both without and within the house, the reception given to the latter was such as Englishmen feel a heartfelt satisfaction in giving to their rulers who study by their acts to ensure the affections, and deserve the reverence of their subjects.

"What to a nation's weal and strength
More ample aid can bring,
Than that which leads a people on
To hover round their king?"

Her MAJESTY has also countenanced several Exhibitions by her presence; that in Soho-square in particular, the labour of a widow of an officer in the army, and which, for effect and ingenuity, has had, and has few rivals. It consists of pieces of various coloured cloth, sewed and arranged as paintings after the old masters, Rembrandt, Teniers, Schneiders, Gainsborough, &c. and which produce an effect nearly equal to the originals. The labour and ability exercised upon these efforts are almost incredible. Miss Linwood's display of art in Leicester-square has also been countenanced by her MAJESTY, who, whilst we are committing this to the various conveyances which post our greetings to our numerous friends, is presiding at another drawing-room, of which, from the cause stated, we are necessarily precluded from giving any particulars. We know it ought to be splendid, and such as England has a right to expect, and *the Queen does expect*, of her nobility. In our next, we may state if the Court of St. James's has vindicated its title of being the first in Europe. *En passant* here, his MAJESTY's birth-day being appointed to be celebrated the 28th of May, the drawing-room proposed to be held by his Consort upon the 26th of the same month, has been postponed to the 23rd of June. Beside these cheering notes of preparation, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to the QUEEN has received her MAJESTY's commands to issue cards of invitation to a full-dress ball (this ought to effect much for trade, ingenuity, and talent) at St. James's Palace, on Monday, May the 9th. The hour appointed for the commencement of this, no doubt to be, particularly splendid entertainment, is 10 p. m.

On the 19th of April, the KING gave a particularly elegant banquet to the officers of the first regiment of grenadier guards, at which he presided; the Duke of WELLINGTON as Colonel, and Colonel WOODFORD as second in command, possessing the situations next in honour at the hospitably covered, and richly strewed feast-board. All the Royal Family have in turn given entertainments during the April month; giving decisive proofs of the truth of the Duke of SUSSEX's assertion, that though, upon some points, there must necessarily be differences of opinion in so large a family, yet, in a desire to serve a good cause, and in the affections of relationship, they were unanimous,—undivided.

Although parties and politics are not suffered to sway us in regard to the production and composition of this Magazine, yet as a public and prompt public act of his Majesty, it becomes a portion as we imagine, of our journalising duty to state, that on Friday the 22d of April, the Sovereign very unexpectedly to many, and to the astonishment of more, went in state to the House of Lords, and personally prorogued his Parliament with a view to an immediate dissolution, which has since been Gazetted as a Royal Ordinance. As our gracious Sovereign passed along he was most enthusiastically cheered, especially on his return from what he considered a patriotic duty, since the crowds assembled were immense. The effect was truly animating, and afforded another demonstrative proof that the acts of WILLIAM THE FOURTH have been such as, at all events, to elicit the plaudits of his people.

ON DITS OF FASHION, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE BEAU MONDE.

COURT OF ST. JAMES'S—The remaining *Drawing Rooms* will not be held upon the days that were originally announced, in consequence of His Majesty's birthday having been appointed to be celebrated on the 28th of May. Agreeably, therefore, to the new arrangement, the two last drawing rooms of the season will be held by Her Majesty upon May 12th and June 23rd.

Cards have been issued for a splendid ball at St. James's Palace on the 9th of May.

"Kingdoms are but cares!" was the poetic exclamation of an English monarch, who found kingly power to be but an idle dream,—the immediate cause of *personal* suffering and regret. We have reason to believe, that there are individuals now in the world, who experience the sad truth of their predecessor's words, and even in the possession of all that royalty and a nation's love can confer, nevertheless, "feel the weight of regal power;" and that in exchanging the calm and quiet scenes of domestic life, for those of courtly splendour, they have sacrificed the happiest portions of their lives. The royal lady, in particular, to whom we allude, finds that the monotonous magnificence of *power*, unworthily supersedes the still and peaceable enjoyment of domestic life, and homely comfort; fashioned by time to the retired habits of family duty, the contending and conflicting interests and prejudices, wherewith she has to encounter in her new station, necessarily inspire comparisons between the quiet felicity of a life from which she has emerged, and the *turbulence* of that station which has never been filled with greater dignity, or with more satisfaction to a people, whose daily prayers are breathed for her prosperity, and in whose hearts her name is indelibly engraved! We have considered it necessary to offer these observations,

from the possibility of the pensive demeanour of the royal lady alluded to, (which is sometimes apparent) being *misinterpreted* by interested individuals, who are accustomed to search minutely the actions of royalty, for the purpose of promulgating the most ridiculous opinions. The statement respecting an amiable young Princess, that we felt it our duty to condemn in our last number, and some others that have been prevalent during the month, have originated in similar feelings, and it is necessary that we should at once repudiate such unworthy stories.*

We have been told, that "envy doth merit, as its shade pursue;" and the eagerness which has been displayed in discovering, and industriously circulating, the particulars of a domestic squabble relative to the late splendid *fête* at Holderness House, compels us to acknowledge the truth of the remark. We are happy, however, to find that the conduct of the Noble Marchioness of LONDONBERRY, with respect to this ridiculous affair, was truly correct and proper, and that, notwithstanding garbled statements were at first circulated, the whole truth has at length been revealed; and the discredit that was sought to be attached to the noble Marchioness, recoils upon the individuals who so industriously endeavoured to sully the glories of her late *fête*, by a false representation of a trivial domestic affair. The facts were simply these. THE QUEEN attended the christening of Lady LONDONBERRY's child, and left a packet containing 45*l.*, addressed "*For the Nursery*." Fifteen sovereigns were immediately given to the principal nurse, with fifteen more to be distributed to the other nurses, the remainder being divided among some of the servants, that were considered to deserve a share of the royal bounty. The head-nurse, however, thought she deserved the whole of it, and retained the 30*l.*: she was immediately remonstrated with upon the impropriety of her conduct, but persisting in keeping the money, her mistress was imperative, and the nurse at length resigned the other servants share, and was dismissed the service.

We cannot sufficiently condemn the introduction of *foreign games of chance* into this country, and beg respectfully to remonstrate with our fair readers upon the eagerness which is too frequently displayed by them in adopting such pursuits. Foreign manners, by their too profuse introduction, have vitiated English society; we know that there is *more than one* foreign lady at present mingling in high life, whose manners and habits are *inconsistent* with English delicacy, and whose company is not at all adapted for young English ladies. Parents and guardians cannot be too careful of their childrens education, and in pointing out a fearful evil in society, we trust that our observations may have the good effect desired. We have alluded to the foreign games at cards, for the purpose of expressing our regret at the great losses which a lady of distinction has experienced during the winter season, and which we are afraid will have the effect of causing her retirement from public life. We deeply regret to find foreign habits thus destructive to society, and sincerely hope, that all such unworthy customs may be banished for ever from this

* We have been assured, that when this beloved lady heard of her exaltation to the throne, she gave vent to her excited feelings in tears, and that for days she continued in this state of sorrow; her only exclamations being those of regret,—anticipating the destruction of that quiet enjoyment she had so long experienced, by the pomps and splendours of her regal station.

country, with the ridiculous foreign style of dress, which is now so justly despised.

It is true, that the QUEEN has caused a remonstrance to be conveyed to a lady of high distinction, respecting her general indelicate style of dress. There was but this intimation wanting, to complete the downfall of that inconsistent style of costume, which, of late years, has been so prevalent in the fashionable world,—to the destruction of English beauty, and the benefit of nobody else but the arrogant foreign dress-makers. The pointed remonstrance of royalty, must now, we think, cause ladies of fashion entirely to discountenance this unworthy style of dress; Adelaide, the LADY Queen, has pointed to an example of impropriety, and to the refinement of the English court, the indelicacy of the continent must yield,—its impropriety be sacrificed at the shrine of England's Queen!

We are to have Paganini! We are to be enraptured with the display of this wonderful fiddler, and Laporte is to give him *six hundred pounds per night for his pains!!!* This is "out-heroding Herod;" and we are rather inclined to think, that M. Laporte will soon be sorry for his "bargain." We are not so *enthusiastic* as our Parisian brethren; and though the new comer may "*fiddle as man never fiddled before*," he will not cause us "to stand in an attitude of paralysed silence for some minutes after his display, perfectly unconscious of our actions, and lost in the rhapsody of his spirit-stirring passages!" like the poor infatuated people of Paris have lately done. Really this is very ridiculous;—and the French people will be taught a lesson by our reception of their "lion." If he has merit, he will receive the *just reward of merit* at our hands; if he is a *charlatan*, we shall return "the article" to our "enthusiastic" friends, "without the least damage or detriment!"*

One of the forthcoming novels professes to shew, in *three volumes*, "how a young nobleman is ruined." We would take an individual into St. James's Street, and explain the same thing in *three minutes*.

PAGANINI was discovered in the gardens of the Tuilleries on Easter Sunday, and speedily surrounded by a bevy of admirers; of course, he hastily retreated, followed by the mob. Three charming English ladies, however, that intervened, directed most of the attention from the "*charming violinist*," and he was left to make his way, *mob-less*, to his hotel.

Mrs. OPIE is delighting the Parisians, her Quaker-style of costume is received with their characteristic enthusiasm; and we should not be at all surprised, to find them adopting similar dresses, out of compliment to the fair friend of their hero, LAFAYETTE. Fashions have sprung from less causes than that of the devotion of a lady to a style recommended by a lover, but by whom she was afterwards forsaken.

Our fair friends are complaining of the indecorum of a dashing young nobleman, who had the temerity to enter a ball-room *in boots!* We have heard many *peculiarities* ascribed to the noble dandy, which we should be happy to find reformed. Though opposed to that of the political world, we sincerely trust that he will not object to the *reformation* of manners. *Of course*, no lady could dance with him in his booted costume. The ladies *are* the best reformers after all.

* We shall give a finely-engraved portrait of PAGANINI next month, accompanied by some very interesting particulars of his life and manners.

Our fashionable friends will be pleased to learn that TALLEYRAND, and his amiable niece, have determined upon taking up their permanent abode in England. Negotiations are on foot for the purchase of a town mansion, as well as a country retreat, for those interesting foreigners.

It is said that Mr. SUTTON will certainly be raised to the peerage in the course of the present year. We understand that his title will be Lord LEXINGTON.

We cannot but regret the unworthy *taste* which continues to inspire that foreign air which is so perceptible in the entertainments of an individual of high distinction, whom we should have supposed would have been one of the *first* to promote the interests of the people of England. At a late splendid musical entertainment, given by the distinguished individual alluded to, the performers were, without an exception, *foreigners*, and far *inferior*, in point of talent, to our own professors!

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity,—pity 'tis, 'tis true."

LONG CHAMPS—PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

Every body knows that on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy Week, the Parisians flocked in crowds to the *Champs-Élysées*: the great folks to display their new carriages, liveries, and elegant dresses; the lower class to admire the finery of their superiors, and to sport also their own holiday clothes. This year Long Champs has been little more than a name. Nobody braved the cold and rain of Wednesday; Thursday was a bright sun-shiny day, but very windy,—there was, however, a file of carriages, and, from time to time, a good many equipages, and some cavalcades, appeared upon the *chaussée*.

Friday was cold and gloomy; however, there was a tolerable shew of carriages, and a good many dandies on horseback. There were some equipages on the *chaussée*, but there were only three with four horses, two with postillions à la *Francoise*, dressed in round jackets of blue cloth, with pockets, and bordered with silver galon. A single *calèche*, with four horses, two footmen behind in brown liveries, trimmed with gold galon, and flowers in the cockade at each horse's head.

Instead of new coaches and splendid liveries, there were not more than three newly-painted carriages to be seen, the one light *bleu de roi*, the others light *vert d'eau*. These, with one or two new cabriolets, of a construction more light and elegant than common, were the only equipages worth notice.

All the dandies on horseback had their button-holes ornamented with roses of the four seasons, or camillas. Some stylish horsemen carried small switches; the dandies had whips of the smallest possible size, with very short handles, enriched with gold hoops.

Two years ago, one-third at least of the equipages were English; not a single one was seen this season, and not more than one or two phaetons.

The most elegant ball lately given, was that at the *Varities* on the 4th of April, for the benefit of the poor of Paris. A bouquet of flowers was presented to each lady on her arrival. The orchestra was conducted by Musard, head musician of the court balls, and the refreshments were in the first style.

All the world eat, said a wit, but it is only rich people who dine. There are in Paris baths, like dinners, of all prices; that is to say, from six-pence halfpenny to nine shillings. For the first price you have a bath of water only: for the last,

your bath is perfumed with Eau de Cologne and almond paste; afterwards, when you come out of the water, you are rubbed with scented soap;—you return for some minutes to the bath, after which you are rubbed with liquid almond paste, and at last perfumed with Eau de Portugal: the operation thus terminated, you repose for some moments in an elegant bed. Can the luxurious baths of Asia offer any thing beyond this?

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

The memory of the Right Hon. Lady CHARLOTTE LUDLOW, fourth daughter of the late PETER EARL LUDLOW, and sister of the present Earl, who expired on the 4th ult. at Cople House, Bedfordshire, lives imperishable in the hearts of the afflicted relatives and friends; and those also of the Earl of COVENTRY, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Worcestershire, High Steward of Tewksbury and Evesham, and Recorder of Worcester, mourn for that noble lord's decease. His lordship was in his 73d year; he met with an accident in the early part of his life, which deprived him of his eye sight, and he since lived in retirement, at his seat Croome Court. GEORGE WILLIAM Viscount DEERHURST, born Oct. 16, 1784, has succeeded to his lordship's titles.

The young and the beautiful, still are the victims of the destroyer, and the Lady JANE FLORENCE COLE, the amiable daughter of Lord ENNISKILLEN, and niece to the Marquis of ANGLESEA, has, in the 20th year of her age, been snatched from a world of which she was a brilliant ornament, to the association with the spirits of the righteous.

EARL MULGRAVE,—the venerable, the esteemed EARL MULGRAVE, has, at length, after a severe and tedious illness, gone to his eternal rest. His lordship was a General in the army, and Colonel of the 31st Regiment. In the American war, he served with great credit, and particularly distinguished himself in 1793, in the expedition against Toulon. He was also a member of several administrations. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by the highly-talented and popular nobleman Lord NORMANBY, author of several esteemed novels, and who arrived from the Continent but two days previous to his noble parent's decease.

To these sad instances of mortal dissolution, we regret the necessity of adding the name of the truly amiable, and much-lamented, Duchess of WELLINGTON. Society must deeply regret the loss of this noble lady, whose memory will live imperishable upon the hearts of her dependents and her friends.

Having thus discharged the melancholy portion of our duty, we turn to the brighter page, and advert with joy to the well-assorted union that has just been solemnized between Captain FOX MAULE, late of the 79th or Cameron Highlanders, and nephew to the Earl of DALHOUSIE and the Hon. Miss ABERCROMBY, niece of Lord MELVILLE, at the residence of another uncle of the beautiful bride, the Right Hon. JAMES ABERCROMBY, *Lord Chief Baron of Scotland*.

We entered next a stately hall,—

The young and the gay were at festival;—

The cheek of rose flushed a redder dye,—

Flashed the wild light from a full dark eye,—

Laughed the sweet lip with a sunny glance,

As the beauty went through the peaceful dance!

The beauty was the Hon. FRANCES HESTER POWYS, fifth daughter of the late Lord LILFORD, and sister to the present nobleman of that name, and the *festival* was inspired by her

happy union with the Rev. T. H. CAUSTON, A. M. The same high spirit of rejoicing, characterized another hymeneal solemnity, that of his Excellency the Baron de CETTO, the Bavarian Minister, and the amiable Miss BURROWES, only daughter of the late Colonel BURROWES, and grand daughter of the late Lord DECIES.

Miss MARIA FOOTE late of Covent Garden Theatre, has become Countess of HARRINGTON, by her union with the noble Earl of that name, which was solemnized at his Lordship's seat, Elvaston, near Derby, on the 7th ult. The lady's children, we understand, are under the protection of their father, to whom they were resigned, upon the separation; but, we believe, Miss FOOTE has always been allowed an unlimited intercourse with them.

The most prominent of the "projected unions," is that proposed to be celebrated between Miss ELPHINSTONE, daughter of the late Lord KEITH, who *rejected the press* CHARLES DE MORNAY some months ago, and Mr. VILLIERS. Miss ELPHINSTONE is in her twenty-second year, and will ultimately be possessed of an income of seven thousand a year. There is some talk of HORACE CLAGGET marrying the daughter of DAY, the eminent blacking merchant in High Holborn, and also of a popular singer, who has been lately brought before the public in a very particular manner, and a noble lord. The Marquis of LOTHIAN is engaged to a daughter of Earl GREY.

Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE's son, a highly-talented young man, will shortly lead to the altar, the daughter of a wealthy Tuscan nobleman.

THE DRAMA.

"Where justice calls we praise,—where it commands we strike!"
COLERIDGE.

We never knew an EASTER more prolific of novelties than the present; a new spectacle at each patent theatre; a tragedy, a farce, and an opera at Drury Lane, SPOHR's *chef-d'œuvre* at Covent Garden, and MERIC LALANDE and TAGLIONI at the Opera. Of these, the last shall be first in our critical record—the delightful, the unparalleled TAGLIONI. Of all the dancers that have ever displayed their powers upon the opera stage, not one has ever excited such feelings of admiration as those which the performances of TAGLIONI inspire; and this high eulogy we offer, with the achievements of the finest *artistes* fresh upon our memory. We, last season, fully described the powerful talents of this performer; and as our limits forbid any farther observations, we pass on to the other *debutante*, MERIC LALANDE. We think Madame L. has much improved since we last had the pleasure of hearing her; her tones have acquired more decision, and her lower ones are much more perfect. Her representation of the *Assyrian Queen* was particularly successful, and attracted a full house. We were happy to renew our acquaintance with SANTINI; he is one of our especial favorites, and is deserving of more encouragement than he meets with. He delivered the music of *Assur* with fine and powerful effect. Madlle. BECK was a very inefficient *Arsace*.

Il Barbiere has introduced LALANDE in *Rosina*, and SANTINI again in *Figaro*. Madame LALANDE supports the character of *Rosina* with great credit; the various airs are delivered with considerable sweetness, and in the concerted

pieces her voice is heard to much advantage. SANTINI's *Figaro* is humourously hit off; it is a lively performance, and deserves unqualified praise.

La Gazza Ladra was played to their Majesties on the 19th ult. The house was crowded in every part, and the performance went off with complete success.

The *Easter Spectacle* at DRURY LANE, *The Ice Witch*, is one of the most effective pieces of the kind that has ever been produced at that theatre. The story is well adapted for the nature of the drama, and affords fine scope for the display of the powers of the *machinist*, who must always be considered the principal *author* and *performer* upon these occasions. Such pieces are not amenable to criticism, and we must, therefore, pass over the language of *The Ice Witch* without comment. The scenery is beautiful, the acting is good, and Mrs. WAYLETT sings a very fascinating song.

Mr. WESTMACOTT's farce of *Nettlewig Hall*, would be worthy of much commendation, from the circumstance of its being *perfectly original*, if its dramatic merits were less humble than they really are. We have been so long accustomed to the wretched translations from foreign stages, that any thing truly English is perfectly *refreshing*. The farce of *Nettlewig Hall*, however, has other merits, it has great humour, and some very laughable situations. FARREN has a good part, which he plays with great ability; and Mrs. WAYLETT sings two songs, one of which, in particular, we think, will become exceedingly popular.

VICTOR HUGO's tragedy of *Hernani*, adapted to the English stage by Mr. KENNEY, has been produced, under the title of *The Pledge*. Notwithstanding the success of this new drama, our expectations have been much disappointed; its plot is hacknied and common place, and it lays claim to approbation by possessing a few tolerable situations, which the actors make the most of. It is an interesting play, but it has no higher merits, and its popularity cannot possibly survive beyond the season. WALLACK plays *Hernani* with considerable force and discrimination, and ably supports MACREADY in his powerful assumption of *Don Leo*. We scarcely remember seeing those two popular actors to greater advantage. COOPER's character is just in the style of that actor, and is rendered by him very prominent. Miss PHILLIPS has added another leaf to the wreath that graces her brow, by her exquisite performance of *Donna Zanihe*; it is one of the most chaste and natural delineations of character that we have ever beheld. The other performers are not above mediocrity.

The French piece of *Le Centenaire* has been produced here under the title of *The Legion of Honour*. FARREN playing *Philippe Galliard*, with all that truth and power which so forcibly characterize his delineations. DOWTON and HARLEY also play with great spirit, but we dislike the sentiment which is placed in the mouth of LISTON. It is much to be regretted that this humorous actor persists in sustaining characters for which he has not a single qualification. Little Miss POOLE is deserving of our most favourable notice. The other performers are creditable and clever. Mr. LEE's music is very pleasing and agreeable, but it strikes us that we have heard *some of it* before.

MADAME ALBERT, who has appeared in the *French performances* at the Haymarket, is a water-colour copy of Miss KELLY. She has all the artifice and trickery of the French school, but there is little of genuine nature in her assumptions. Her husband is respectable.

COVENT GARDEN.—The adaptation of SPOHR's music to the English stage, has been masterly accomplished by Sir GEORGE SMART, and the opera of *Azor and Zemira*, rendered by him one of the most effective pieces that we have lately seen. Miss INVERARITY has proved herself to be in possession of first rate vocal abilities; her execution is not so finished as Miss PATON's, and there is, at times, a degree of tameness evident, but with these exceptions, her performance is complete. In the concerted pieces her voice is heard to great advantage; and in a bravura in the last act, she achieves a vocal triumph. We were surprised, too, at the manifest improvement in this highly gifted performer's dramatic talent: she acted the character with the greatest spirit and effect. Mr. WILSON is not heard to so much advantage as in the adaptation of *Cenerentola*: the music is not at all calculated for his voice. G. PENSON, MORLEY, and the Misses CAWSE, sustain their respective characters with considerable ability and effect.

"*Neuha's Cave, or the South Sea Islanders*," is an interesting melo-drame, founded upon Lord BYRON's "*Island*," and MARINER's Account of the Tonga Islands: the story is well sketched, and the situations are good. Mrs. VINING, Miss TAYLOR, and Mr. BENNET, sustain the principal characters with powerful effect, and little KEELEY relieves the serious portions of the drama with his irresistible drollery.

MASSINGER's *Maid of Honour* has been revived for FANNY KEMBLE; it is a dull and tedious play, and affords Miss K. but few opportunities for the display of her powerful abilities.

ASTLEY's has commenced its summer season with a terrific scenic representation of BYRON's *Mazeppa*. The "getting up" of this piece reflects the greatest credit upon the manager; the whole of the stage arrangement, the intricate situations, &c., being faultlessly executed. The flight of the Wild Horse of the Ukraine, is a *chef d'œuvre*; nothing could be more faithfully, nor more vividly represented. The performers are respectable, but the horsemanship, upon which this establishment mainly depends, is truly wonderful.

We are sorry to find the QUEEN'S THEATRE enjoying so small a share of public patronage. Some excellent little pieces have been produced there, and played with corresponding talent. The house is comfortable and elegant, and the greatest attention is paid to the visitors. *The French Spy*, a new melo-drame, is a spirited piece, very ably represented; the dancing of CELESTE and CONSTANCE is not exactly to our taste, but the histrionic talent of RUSSEL, GREEN, SMITH, Mrs. GLOVER, and Mrs. HUMBY, is of the first order, and calculated to afford the highest gratification.

The Easter novelties at the SURREY are a melo-drame called *Predestination*, and *Michael Boai*, the chinchopper. The former is upon the old melo-dramatic story, full of noise and confusion, innocence and tyranny; the latter has been at some of the other minor theatres, and also exhibits in New Bond Street. The theatre continues its unabated attraction, and is well attended.

The ADELPHI has re-opened with *The Comic Annual* of MATHEWS and YATES. It is a very lively and laughable representation, and attracts crowded houses. The *Mr. Waglington*, and the *Nicholas Nagg* (a grumbling footman), of MATHEWS are irresistible; his songs are, also, excessively droll.

NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE FIRST.

EVENING DRESS.

A crape dress, the colour, a peculiar shade of red; it is called *Caroline*. The *corsage* is low, the front is covered with longitudinal plaits; the bust is trimmed with broad blond lace, which nearly covers the body, and the *bèret* sleeves. A *nœuds de page* of gauze ribbon, the colour of the dress, is affixed to each shoulder. *Satin rouleaus*, bordered by narrow blond lace, go in waves round the border, above which is an embroidery in floize silk, the colour of the dress. The head-dress is a white crape *bèret*, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, and a blond lace drapery. The jewellery should be of gold.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress composed of white *gaize de laine*, over white satin; the *corsage* is cut low and square, and arranged on each side of the bust in deep folds; it is trimmed *à revers* with the same material, very narrow at the bottom of the waist, but broad towards the shoulders, and embroidered in lozenges of canary coloured floize silk. *Bèret* sleeves. The trimming of the skirt consists of an embroidery in lozenges above the hem. The head-dress is a white crape hat, trimmed under the brim with *palmettes* of Canary coloured gauze ribbon; a *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers, tipped with Canary colour, and falling in different directions, adorns the crown: a *nœud* of ribbon is placed at its base. Canary coloured gauze scarf, with rich ends. Pearl bracelets and ear-rings.

THIRD EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *tulle* over satin, *corsage croisée*, trimmed round the back and shoulders with a superb fall of blond lace. *Bèret* sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with a wreath of green and rose coloured ribbon, cut in the form of rose leaves; it is drawn up a good deal on the left side of the skirt, and terminates in a *bouquet* of roses. The hair is dressed in bands, intermingled with a silver *bandeau* on the forehead, high bows, and a plaited braid behind. A *chaperon* of roses surrounds the bows. Diamond necklace, &c. &c.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1. A back view of a *bèret*, composed of gold tissue, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers.

FIG. 2. A back view, half-length, of the third evening dress.

FIG. 3. A front view of a blue and silver tissue *toque*, ornamented under the brim with a single white ostrich feather, at the base of which is a knot of white and silver gauze ribbon. A *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers, falling in different directions, adorns the crown.

FIG. 4. A dress of white *mousseline de soie*; the *corsage* is of crossed drapery, and the folds trimmed with narrow blond lace. The sleeves are *à la Médicis*. The *coiffeure* is a blond

lace cap, trimmed with grass green gauze ribbon and fancy flowers. Fancy jewellery.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *mousseline de laine*, the colour is *poussière de Paris*. *Corsage uni*, trimmed with blond lace. Long sleeves of white transparent gauze, over short crape ones. The front of the skirt, and the border, is adorned with an embroidery in vine leaves. The head-dress is a blond lace *bèret*, ornamented with *aigrettes*, composed of ears of green and ripe corn, and a band and *nœud* of green ribbon. The jewellery is gold and emeralds.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of lilac *gros de Naples*, *corsage en cœur*, the *cœur* is formed by white blond lace and *rouleaus de gros de Naples*; falling collar also *en cœur*, trimmed with blond lace. Sleeve of the usual form. The front of the pelisse is trimmed on each side with a row of ornaments formed of *rouleaus*, with a gold *agrafe* in each. White crape hat over a blond lace *cornetté*; the hat is trimmed with gauze ribbon, disposed in *palmettes*, and bunches of lilac. The *collerette* is blond lace.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of Chinese green *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is square and draped horizontally in front of the bust. The blond lace *chemisette* rises above it. Long sleeves of *gaze de Paris* over short green ones. The *mancherons* are blond lace. The trimming of the skirt consists of *nœuds* formed of the material of the dress, and corded with satin. They surmount the hem at regular distances. Blond lace cap trimmed with province roses, and *cogues* of rose-coloured gauze ribbon. White and green gauze scarf.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the evening dress *bèret*.

FIG. 2.—A back view of figure three.

FIG. 3.—A front view of a half dress blond lace cap, with a round low caul profusely trimmed with *nœuds*, and *rouleaus* of blue gauze ribbon, the trimming of the front is turned back in the usual manner, by *nœuds* of gauze ribbon, lightly intermingled with flowers.

FIG. 4.—A back view, half-length, of the morning dress.

PLATE THE THIRD.

RIDING DRESS.

A habit of *vert de Saxe* cloth, the *corsage* is pointed before, very little open on the breast, with a small lappel and long collar. The sleeve is much larger than habit sleeves in general at the upper part, and quite tight from the elbow to the



*Newest Fashions for May 1831.
Evening Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for May. 1831.
Evening, Walking & Morning Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for May, 1831.
Riding and Morning Dresses.*



*Latest Fashions for May, 1831.
Evening & Wedding Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for May 1831.
Morning & Evening Dresses.*

wrist. The body is adorned *en cors* with braiding, the lower part of the sleeve is also braided *en biais*. An embroidery *en losange*, also in braiding, goes down the centre part of the skirt. Cambric *chemisette* cravat of canary yellow *foulard*. Small black beaver hat and gauze veil.

MORNING DRESS, (centre figure.)

A dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, high *corsage*, crossed in deep folds, sleeves of the usual form. Cambric *chemisette* with a ruff *à la Marie Medicis*, it is small plaited, but of moderate size. Bonnet composed of grass-green and white satin, and lined with the latter. A *nœud* of white gauze ribbon is placed on the left, inside of the brim, and an *aigrette* formed of green satin decorates the crown.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

A dress of straw-coloured *gros d'été*, *corsage à revers*; the *revers* forms a pelerine behind, and is lightly embroidered in lilac silk. Sleeve *à la Marie Mignot*. The front of the dress and the border is embroidered in sprigs of lilac, with their foliage in the natural colours. Blond lace *chemisette*. Hat of lilac *gros de Naples*, trimmed with *bouquets* of lilac, and *barbes* of lilac and white *gaze de soie*.

THIRD MORNING DRESS, (centre figure front view.)

A dress of tawney orange *foulard du Bengale*, *corsage uni*, and partially high. Sleeve of the usual width at the top, but not quite tight at the lower part. The pelerine is black velvet, it is pointed behind, turns over *en schall*, the ends which are short, cross under the *ceinture*. Cambric *chemisette* and ruff *à la Marie Medicis*, small plaited, and of a large size. Bonnet of green *gros de Naples* trimmed with a mixture of the same material, and white gauze ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A front view of a pink *gros de Naples capote à l'Anglaise*; the brim is lined with white satin, and trimmed on one side with a *nœud* of pink gauze ribbon; *nœuds* of gauze ribbon and light sprigs of foliage adorn the crown, the *mentonnières* are blond net.

FIG. 2.—A half-length back view of the second morning dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of figure one.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *gros d'Orient*, *corsage uni*, finished round the top by a narrow tucker of blond lace, which stands up, and a *chef d'or*, under which a superb fall of blond lace is disposed *en mantille* around the bust and shoulders. *Beret* sleeve. The *ceinture* is composed of two *chefs d'or*. The trimming of the skirt consists of a fall of blond lace headed by two *chefs d'or* placed at regular distances. The hair is dressed low, and in loose curls at the sides of the face, and fall low on the crown of the head. A *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers, and a gold *aigrette* ornaments the *coiffure*.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of lilac *gros de Chine*, *corsage en guimpe*, and short sleeve, with the fulness arranged in compartments, which are ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon to correspond with the dress. The hair is disposed in bands on the forehead, the bows of the hind hair are brought very forward, and a full blown rose, with its foliage, is placed at the back of the head. The jewellery is burnished gold.

WEDDING DRESS.

A dress of British blond, over white satin, *corsage uni*, trimmed round the bust with a single fall of blond lace, *béret* sleeves, over which are long ones of blond lace. A flounce of the same material, and of the richest description, surrounds the border, and is placed close to the edge of it. The hair is ornamented with a blond lace veil, disposed in the drapery stile at the back of the head. A sprig of orange flowers is inserted in one of the bows of hair, and a wreath of white roses is brought low on the forehead. The jewellery is gold and diamonds.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A back view of a *capote Anglaise*, composed of Leghorn straw; the *bavolet* and ribbons which trim it are of green gauze ribbon.

FIG. 2.—A front view of number three.

FIG. 3.—A *capote à la modest*, composed of striped canary and green *gros de Naples*; it is lined with white, and trimmed in the inside of the brim with lical ribbon. Sprigs of lilac, full and half blown, and *nœuds* of green ribbon adorn the crown.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—Carriage dress; a plain high dress, composed of French grey silk; blond lace *chemisette*; bonnet of canary coloured *gros de Naples*, lined with French grey, and trimmed with a *bouquet* of violets and *nœuds* of canary coloured *gros de Naples*.

FIG. 2.—A morning visiting dress, of green *gros de Naples*, *corsage uni*, over which is a *canesou* of blond lace. The head dress is a *capote Anglaise*, of straw coloured crape, lined with rose colour; it is trimmed with bands of rose coloured gauze ribbon, and a large cockade placed near the top of the crown, and is worn over a little *bonnet posté*, composed of *tulle* and rose coloured gauze ribbons.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white silver striped gauze, *corsage* cut low, squared and draped in the Grecian stile; *béret* sleeve, with a *mancheron à trois rangs*. The train is composed of pink figured *gros de Chine*, and bordered by a *chef d'argent*. The head dress consists of a blond lace scarf, arranged in the stile of a veil at the back of the head, at the base of a bouquet of pink and white ostrich feathers, which surmounts the bows of hair. A diamond *tiara* is brought low on the forehead. Jewellery of coloured gems.

MORNING DRESS.

A high dress of jacconot muslin, embroidered down the front, and finished with a full *ruche* round the throat. An open pelisse, of lilac *gros de Naples*, is worn over this dress; the *corsage* is *à schall*, embroidered, as are the fronts of the dress, in sprigs of lilac, at regular distances. The upper part of the sleeve is similarly ornamented. The bonnet is of rice straw, trimmed with *bouquets* of lilac, and lilac gauze ribbons.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape over satin; *corsage à la Princesse Marie*. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a twisted *rouleau* of lilac gauze ribbon. The *ceinture* fastens on one side in short bows, and ends which reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt, and form a knot upon the trimming,

in which is inserted a *bouquet* of lilac. A *bandeau* of silver, and sprigs of lilac, ornament the hair. Necklace and earrings turquoises and silver.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

FIG. 1.—A carriage bonnet, of an entirely new form, composed of straw coloured silk, lined with pea green satin, and trimmed with straw coloured ribbons, and a single ostrich feather to correspond. The brim is finished with a curtain veil of blond lace.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the preceding head dress.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the morning dress bonnet.

FIG. 4.—A back view, half length, of the second evening dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1831.

Come fair vassals of our ABSOLUTE QUEEN, and read in her ROYAL ORDONNANCES for this month, new proofs of her maternal tenderness to her lovely lieges: it is in light and graceful costume, in dresses of simple elegance, and what can be better calculated to display British beauty that she orders them to appear. While the materials to which she has set her seals are sufficiently various to permit the indulgence of diversity of taste, and what is better, to give bread to our own industrious artisans. Let us, then, her chosen ministers, hasten to proclaim her edicts. But, hold! First a word. Fair daughters of Fashion you have gained the vantage ground of your neighbours; will you keep it or not? In plain English, you have set the fashion of the summer bonnets. The first order of a French lady to her milliner, is to let her *capotes* be the exact shape of an English cottage bonnet. They have hitherto often copied your fashions, but till now they never openly acknowledged it; arouse then from your dream of fancied inferiority; invent your own fashions, or employ your own milliners to invent them for you, and English taste will soon be as proudly pre-eminent as English virtue, or English beauty. Meantime, till this revolution can be achieved, we present you with the *veritables capotes Anglaises*, as well as a variety of out-door and other novelties, which Mrs. Bell has received from the magasins of Herbault, Minette, Rousselet Vanlout, and other distinguished *Marchandes des Modes* of Paris.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The most elegant, as well as fashionable, of the morning bonnets, are the *capotes à la modeste*; they are composed of watered *gros de Naples*, the crown is of moderate height, the brim not so short as that of a hat at the ears, and not so long as bonnet brims are in general; is slightly arched in front, and cut square at the corners. It is ornamented, on the inside, with blond lace in the cap stile, but in a manner perfectly novel. The trimming consists of a large cockade of gauze, or satin ribbon, or else a very large *rosette* of ribbon.

Carriage bonnets of a more dressy description, and particularly those worn for morning visits, are of rice straw, crape, and watered *gros de Naples*; white is considered most elegant; many are trimmed with a large round bouquet of flowers, composed either of a camellia, surrounded by violets or hyacinths, or of a white rose in the centre of a bouquet of red rose buds; this bouquet is either attached near the summit of the crown on the right, by a ribbon cockade, or else it is inserted in the centre of a cornet of blond lace, disposed in deep plaits.

We see also several half-dress bonnets, whether of rice straw or silk, lined with coloured crape, trimmed with a broad ribbon to correspond with the lining, crossed in front of the crown; and three short ostrich feathers, either white or to correspond with the lining, attached on the right side by a large cockade.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Gros de Naples*, of various new colours, and of uncommon beauty and richness, is the material most in favour for spring pelisses. Dresses are composed of a variety of new spring silks, as *Gros de Naples*, *Bayaderes*, *Thesaliennes Chines*, *Persees*, and *Foulard du Bengale*, a mixture of silk and thread, and a perfect imitation of Indian materials.

A good many of the new pelisses are open in front, with *corsages à schall*, and sleeves *à la Medicis*; they are lined, in general, with white sarsenet, and the trimming consists either of *rouleaus* disposed *à la Grecque* round the *corsage*, and down the front of the dress, or else of a *biais* of satin, cut in irregular *dents*, which are edged with a narrow *effilé*.

Others are fastened up the front with knots, composed of the material of the dress, and corded with satin; they are of various forms. A third stile, and that by far the most elegant, is that we have given in our print; it is exceedingly fashionable, both for carriage and public promenade dress, and is tasteful and original in a very high degree.

Several of the new dresses are made with a *corsage uni*, and to lace behind; they are to be worn with embroidered *fichus*, which fall over and form jockeys on the shoulders, and shawls round the *corsages*; these *fichus*, which must be put on underneath the dress, have several rows of trimming; some are half high, the others reach to the throat. Long sleeves for silk dresses are in general of the form called *demi gigot*.

LINGERIE.—Cambric trimmings, festooned in cockscombs and small plaited, are very generally employed to trim *canezous*, *chemisettes*, and *pelerines*. These trimmings are put above a second trimming of clear muslin, edged with narrow lace, and quilted. Cambric *pelerines*, with long pointed ends, which cross in front, are very fashionable. Some are embroidered just above the trimming, with a wreath in feather stitch.

Morning *collerettes* are composed of five rows of the trimming that we have just described, two stand up round the throat, and three descend; the space between is embroidered; a button attaches the *collerette* in front.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HALF-DRESS.—Printed and quadrilled *gros de Naples*, *Murier de Chine*, and different articles of the silk barege kind, flowered and figured in a variety of patterns are all fashionable. Dresses are mostly made with the *corsage* half high, and draped in general horizontally; the jockeys, and the tour of the pelerine, are sometimes edged with narrow white blond lace and amazons of gauze or blond lace are very much in favour. Several gauze ones are trimmed with blond net, arranged *en crête de Coq*, and placed above a row of blond lace, set on rather plain; others are trimmed with a single fall of pointed blond lace.

Some of these *canezous* are buttoned on the shoulders, and are made with the sleeves *demi large* at the bottom, and enormously wide at the top. Others have the sleeve quite tight from the elbow to the wrist.

Dresses begin to be trimmed with the same material,

arranged in *nauuds* formed of ends. *Rouleaux* are also employed in a variety of ways.

HALF-DRESS COIFFURES.—*Capotes Anglaises*, caps and hats are all worn in half-dress. Besides those of the first kind, that we have already spoken of under the head of carriage costumes, we have to announce some very elegant ones of the same form, but composed of bands of rice straw and figured gauze ribbons; the brim is composed of five bands, each about an inch in breadth; they are placed longitudinally, and the ribbons are set in between with a little fullness; a band of straw edges the brim, another the top, and the bottom of the crown, which, like the brim, is composed of alternate bands of straw and ribbon. A very broad gauze, in band, turns round the crown in a spiral direction, and forms near the top of it a large rose *tremière*.

Caps are smaller, lighter, and less trimmed. They continue to be composed of blond lace, and are adorned with *aigrettes*, either of ribbons or flowers.

Half-dress hats are of rice straw and white, or coloured watered silk, but the colours must be light. The new ones have the brim certainly smaller, but still very wide across the forehead; they are trimmed with light sprigs of flowers, frequently intermingled with blond lace draperies.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF FULL-DRESS.—Grand costume has, as yet, lost none of its splendour. Gold and silver gauzes, white watered silk, trimmed with blond lace, and several very rich new kinds of gauzes, trimmed with embroidery in coloured silks, are all fashionable.

The most novel *corsages* are crossed, but without any drapery. The sleeves, plaited in large *bouillons*, are surmounted by round jockeys, gathered and disposed in deep plaits. These sleeves are called *manches en dalmatique*.

COIFFURES IN FULL DRESS.—The most elegant of the new turbans are of white gauze, with a border of an Arabian pattern in vivid colours. A bouquet of silver roses adorns it on the right side, and is placed at the base of two *esprits*.

Another much admired *coiffure* was *à la guire*; it was formed of a gold net, coming from the back of the neck, and united on the forehead by a jewelled arrow. A knot of hair surrounded the top of the wreath, and formed a very low crown. The hair was in bands on the forehead, with a single small curl on each temple.

Several *coiffures* were ornamented with *epis* of gold or silver, and with large lions; the stalks were long, flat, and flexible, so that these ornaments had the graceful effect of a feather.

The most novel *dérets* are of gauze, flowered in different colours; those of green, pale citron, and rose colour, are preferred. A bouquet of *marabouts panachés*, of the same colours as the flowers, are placed under the brim, and the crown is adorned with an *esprit*, mounted as a bird of Paradise.

Besides the flowers of the season, all of which, and particularly lilies, are fashionable; there are some new ones, named *agliare*, *virgum*, and *lathera*.

The colours most in request are morning and evening primrose, lilac, green, pale citron, rose colour, blue, and the palest shade of fawn colour.

We see a good many dresses of coloured muslins, but the only ones fashionable are those of very large patterns; stripes of different colours, and very full of varied patterns, are preferred. All those of the Persian kind are considered out of date when they present too many colours mingled together.

Such are the muslins for robes; many of those for *redingotes* are of small delicate patterns, as leaves or very small flowers, or else Chinese or Grecian patterns thickly covering a white or light coloured ground.

ENGLISH HAIR DRESSERS.

We have received the following spirited address from a meritorious body of individuals, whose interests have been severely injured by the unworthy patronage, which we regret to find still bestowed upon vain and ignorant foreigners, of the same profession. Advocating, as we have done, the cause of our suffering countrymen, we beg to call the serious attention of our fashionable readers to this important subject, and we feel assured, that, upon reflection, they will perceive, not only the *propriety*, but the absolute *advantage* of employing *English hair-dressers*, to the exclusion of those of foreign nations. We unhesitatingly assert, and challenge contradiction, that there is as much *taste*, *talent*, and *refinement*, to be found in *English professors*, as in any of their inflated foreign rivals. Why, then, the latter should be employed, is to us a mystery; it is notorious, that they are arrogant, impertinent, and extravagant, not only in style but in manners:—it is also ridiculous to say that their charges are *less*, for though *Monieur* may demand only a trifle for his services, he is sure to produce some little French article,—*flowers*, or *shoes*, or *Eau de Cologne*,—which he wheedles and cajoles his patroness into the purchase of, and then, laughing at her credulity, leaves the house no little gainer by his morning's work. The Englishman is above such trickery,—he scorns to cheat his employers; and he beholds those with less honesty rising above him, and enjoying the favours of the great. Well may he complain, and justly may we second his remonstrance;—we respectfully beg to urge the consideration of this important subject, we entreat our fair readers to reflect upon the distressing effects of their present course of patronage, and to bestow upon honest merit that reward which it so justly deserves, and which we sincerely hope it will speedily receive.

TO THE BRITISH NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

It is with feelings of regret, that that portion of his Majesty's subjects, following the profession of Hair Dressers, feel themselves compelled to complain of the undue preference which is given to Foreigners of the same profession, by the nobility and gentry of England; by which preference they are instrumental in depriving their own country people of the only chance they possess, of making that little harvest which will enable them to meet the expenses, which, as constant residents, they are compelled to provide for; namely, rent, taxes, and necessities for themselves and families. Such undue preference (as may naturally be expected) also engenders in the breasts of their own country people, a degree of apathy which deprives them of all their stimulating powers; renders them indifferent to taste and style, which are the most powerful auxiliaries in business of taste and fancy, more particularly when the results of all their invention and study are looked upon with a prejudiced eye. Light as the cause of complaint may appear, (the business being considered of a trifling nature) we can positively inform the patrons and patronesses of foreigners, that if continued, such patronage will be the means of bringing almost to penury and want more than 30,000 people.

Surely, after such an avowal, it will not be necessary for the parties now complaining to express themselves more strongly. It may be asked, why so tardy in expressing what you have so long felt. The answer is, the English hair-dressers would have done so, but they were buoyed up with the hope, that they should have been supported by the protection and patronage of her Majesty; in which, they are grieved to say, they have been disappointed. They are, therefore, compelled, thus late, respectfully to call for the consideration of the Fashionable World.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—*Capotes Anglaises*, that is English cottage bonnets, are now quite the rage both for walking and half dress. Those worn in promenade dress are called by three different names,—cottage, modest woman, and *paquebot*. The latter resemble exactly those worn in England a few years back, except that they are a little deeper in the brim. The others have the upper part of the brim wide, but close and short at the ears; some are rounded at the corners, others square. All have small round crowns. A great many in walking dress, and even for morning visits, are trimmed with a large cockade of ribbon, which is placed only on one side. There are also several trimmed in a very showy style with *aigrettes* of gauze ribbons, in patterns that resemble blond lace; the favourite colours for these ribbons are marshmallows, green, and citron. Others are trimmed with a bouquet of flowers: violets are most in favour, placed on one side of the crown, or feathers arranged in the same manner. Many have the brims trimmed with a curtain veil of blond lace, and some have it ornamented on the inside in the cap stile, with blond lace, or *tulle*.

Leghorn, watered *gros de Naples*, and rice straw, are the materials of these bonnets in walking dress. Watered *gros de Naples* and crape, are most in favour for half-dress. There are also several of rice straw, which in *demi parure* are generally ornamented with blond lace.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Foulard du Bengale*, printed cambric, and jaconot muslin, and *mousseline de laine* are coming very much into favour. Silks also are greatly worn. The greater part of the new dresses are made with a high *corsage en guimpe*; the top of the *corsage* is ornamented with draperies that may be fixed at will, and are arranged in a very graceful manner,—they are cut in bias, and are of the material of the dress; they fasten on the shoulders, are crossed on the back and bosom, and descend under the *ceinture*. Other *corsages* are ornamented with jockeys of the shawl form, which descend *en cœur* before and behind. Many dresses have the upper part of the sleeve arranged in three *bouffans*, by bands of the material of the dress; the rest of the sleeve from the bend of the arm to the wrist is nearly tight.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HALF DRESS.—*Georgette*, *Jaconic*, and several kinds of fancy silk, as well as *Gros de Naples*, plain and printed in a variety of patterns; several of these last are in small *carreaux*, or in very narrow stripes. The patterns of figured silks have all the effect of an embroidery. Dresses are differently made in half dress; some with high *corsages*, draped *à la Sevigné*; others with plaits crossed in X, and several in the *redingote* stile. The most elegant of these last are of white *chaly*, embroidered round with sprigs of lilac, in different shades of lilac silk, and worn over under dresses of white *gros de Naples*.

Trimnings are, as yet, not very generally adopted in half dress. A few folds of satin, placed just above the hem, or a narrow trimming festooned in waves, and forming *niches*, are worn on silk dresses; those of other materials are trimmed above the hem with a row of *pattes* or *dents*.

COIFFURES IN HALF DRESS.—All other head dresses have, for the moment, given way to the *capotes Anglaises*. A good many are of watered *gros de Naples*, lilac, blue, straw colour, and rose colour are the hues in favour. The inside of the

brim is trimmed *en petit bonnet poupard* with blond lace, the plaits of which are festooned by bands of narrow satin ribbon. Some are finished at the edge of the brim by a small *rouleau* of ribbon. A large cockade, a *chou*, or a *rose tremière* of ribbons, are the favorite trimmings for silk bonnets.

Some of those composed of crape are trimmed at the back of the crown with a deep curtain of blond lace, and in front two *aigrettes*, composed of blond lace and gauze ribbons, plaited in the form of a V.

Several *capotes* of white crape are lined, both brim and crown, with deep rose-coloured satin; round the crown, which was large and very low, was a wreath of *muguet*, in flower, a little larger in front than behind. The inside of the brim was trimmed with blond lace, plaited *en éventail*; the plaits were fastened by small sprigs of *muguet*.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING AND FULL DRESS.—White watered *gros de Naples*, crapes, and gauzes are all in favour. Dresses of white watered *gros de Naples* are mostly made with a *corsage drapé à la Grecque*, and with long sleeves either of blond lace or *gaze de Paris*. A good many are finished round the border and the bust with blond lace.

TRIMMINGS IN EVENING AND FULL DRESS.—There is quite a rage for ribbon trimmings, but they have not altered in form. We see also a number of dresses trimmed with narrow folds of satin; there are sometimes as many as eight or ten. Full dress trimmings are either of embroidery, or else *chefs d'or* or *argent*.

COIFFURES IN EVENING AND FULL DRESS.—Head dresses of hair are much in favour. Crape hats, gauze and crape *bérets* and turbans are also fashionable. Some of the most elegant of the former have the crown arranged in three *bouillons*, which are separated by ribbons that descend to the edge of the brim, where they are united by a knot of ribbons, placed at the base of two ostrich feathers, which turn in a spiral direction towards the inside of the brim; a third feather, placed at the bottom of the crown, rises above the others.

BALL DRESS.—Crape, *crêpe lisse*, and gauze were the materials of the most part of the dresses at the late ball given for the benefit of the poor at the Opera-house. The *corsages* were either *à la Grecque* or *à la Sevigné*! sleeves of the *béret* form, but much smaller than those worn in the winter, and a good many ornamented with *nœuds de page*. A few were trimmed round the border with blond lace, but the trimmings in general were of embroidery or artificial flowers; many of the latter with a foliage of silver.

BALL COIFFURES.—One of the prettiest is composed of a *guirlande à la Ceres*; it was formed of green corn, intermingled with small diamond stars.

JEWELLERY.—The most novel bracelets are composed of large enamelled *plaques*, the setting of which is richly chased, with a coloured gem in the centre of the clasp. Ear-rings are smaller; some are *en girandoles*; others of the pear form. Fancy jewellery, set in wrought gold, and mingled with *plaques*, or *rosaces* of gold, is very fashionable in evening *négligés*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The new parasols are of a very elegant description, and the handles are ornamented in a very novel manner. It is no longer a *crosse*, a serpent, or an ivory hand, that adorns the handle; no, it is an eye glass, and it must be small enough to be concealed in the pretty hand that holds the parasol.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

*"Here for inquiring minds a field expands,
Which, reaped with industry, applause commands."*

LXXIX.---English Earls.

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

"If generous feelings, talent, and sound sense,
Advance to fame and lead to consequence,
If strict integrity supports mankind,
And illustrates a rightly judging mind,
Then must the name of HARDWICKE ever stand
Amongst the honour'd nobles of our land;
And his example to long ages be
A glory greater than proud pedigree."—S.

PHILIP YORKE (D. C. L. F. R. and R. S.) Earl of HARDWICKE, was born the thirty-first of May, 1757, and is consequently now becoming venerable in years, as he has long been venerated in character, and succeeded to the honours of the Earldom on the death of his uncle the 16th of May, 1790, being the *third* of the family who has borne them. His Lordship's other titles and distinctions are Viscount Royston and Baron Hardwicke, in the County of Gloucester, K. G. Lord Lieutenant of the County of Cambridge, High Steward of Cambridge University, and a Trustee of the British Museum. The mere mention of these very honourable posts, must prove their possessor to have been gifted with talents, and endowments above the common herd of men, and attest, even with more than the strength of history, which sometimes may depreciate or exaggerate facts, the truth of our motto, to the intent that

"The name of HARDWICKE must for ever stand
Amongst the leading nobles of our land,
And his example to long ages be
A glory greater than proud pedigree."

But to that pedigree, or as our title expresses it genealogy, must we now direct ourselves. We commence then, to trace the lineage of the house of HARDWICKE from Philip Yorke, Esq. son of a gentleman of that name, who followed the profession of the law, with much zeal for his clients, considerable credit to himself, in the town of Castle-crested Dover. PHILIP inherited, it would appear, all the talent of, and more influence than his father, for we find that at the early age of Twenty-nine he emerged from his comparatively confined office to a larger sphere for the exercise of his legal attainments, being appointed in 1720, Solicitor General to the Government. In this post of political necessity, he must have borne his faculties justly, for in four years more he was entrusted with the Attorney Generalship, which he held till

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1733, when he was further advanced to honour, being elevated to the Bench and Peerage, as Lord Chief Justice of England, and on the 23d of November, in the same year created BARON HARDWICKE, of Hardwicke.

But his distinctions were not allowed to halt here, on honours' head, honours accumulated, since in 1736-7, he was nominated Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and on the 2nd of April, 1754, advanced to a Viscounty and Earldom, by the titles of Viscount Royston and EARL of HARDWICKE, thus becoming the *first* Earl of that title.

It may increase the interest of our pedigree to add that he married Margaret, daughter of Charles Cocks, Esq. of the City of Worcester, by whom he had five sons and two daughters; (especially as it will give us an opportunity of mentioning that Charles his second child so far trod in the steps, and followed the career of his sire, as not only to prove himself very eminent as a lawyer, but entitled also to be appointed in succession, Solicitor, Attorney General, and Lord High Chancellor. Other distinctions awaited him, had not death, that leveller of all which beauty, wit, talent, power, or riches can array against him, stepped in to mar the intended promotion. At the moment that a patent conferring the title of Baron Morden was in progress of completion, he was summoned from earth and its vanities away. By his first wife he had issue Philip, who succeeded his uncle, and is the *present* Earl; and by his second, Charles Philip, F. K. and S. A., a Teller of the Exchequer; Joseph Sydney (Sir), a Vice Admiral, K. C. B. and M. P. well remembered for his gallant conduct in the performance of perilous duties when defending the red cross flag amidst the battle and the breeze; and a third son, an officer of rank in the army, and Aid-de-Camp to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy. He was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Dover, but died issueless, when the title ceased.

His Lordship, the father of these gentlemen, and the first Earl, died 6th March, 1764, and was succeeded by his brother PHILIP, the *second* Earl. This nobleman was born in 1720, and at the early age of twenty married Jimima, only daughter of John third Earl of Breadalbane, by Arrabel eldest daughter and coheirs of Henry de Grey, last Duke of Kent of that line. This lady upon the demise of her maternal grandfather, became Baroness Lucas, of Creedwell, and Marchioness de Grey. The Earl her husband, whose career was not sufficiently marked with character to interest in the detail, dying in 1790, without male issue, the honours and titles devolved upon his nephew, Philip Yorke, Esq. the present and *third* EARL of HARDWICKE.

Thus having traced from a sufficiently early source the lineage of this noble house, we must proceed briefly to illustrate some particulars of the life of the present much respected head of it; in doing this, however, the plan of our publication will necessarily exclude much that appertains to that life when the Earl was but a commoner, though a busy and by no means silent or ineloquent member of the "lower" house of Parliament. We say exclude, because the intrusion of politics and the collision of parties,

L

"When Whig and Tory make a Senate stare,
And opposition chafes the Minister;"

though they may amuse the newspaper world, cannot be part and parcel of the *World of Fashion*. Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, married on the 24th July, 1782, Elizabeth, daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarras, by whom he had issue, Anne, married to Viscount Pollington, Catherine Freeman, married to the Earl of Caledon; Elizabeth Margaret, wedded in 1789 to the Right Honourable Sir Charles Stuart, now Lord Stuart De Rothesay, for a long while our greatly approved Ambassador to the Court of France, and Caroline Harriet who united her heart, hand, and fortunes to Viscount Eastnor. But besides these "fair blossoms from affection's domicile," his Lordship had three sons, the fate of the eldest of whom was sudden and melancholy. Philip Viscount Royston, such was his name and title, was, in the 24th year of his age, lost in a storm, that "burst the stout ship on unyielding rocks" off Lubeck, on the 7th of April, 1808; and thus cut off in the pride of youth, and the promise of a graceful maturity, perished the heir to the honours of a noble family.

"Death thou art strange as ruthless;
Sometimes as quiet as an infant's tread,
Thou stealest on our joys; and then anon
We hear thee 'bove the trumpet's brazen voice
Amidst the roar of battle. Then again,
E'en whilst the sailor sings a song of home,
Thy breath doth chafe the ocean, and, alas!
The good ship parts in twain!"

But, it was decreed that no heir should live to bless the hopes of the Earl: for his second son died in his thirteenth year, and the youngest did not survive infancy.

As Mr. Yorke it will be well remembered, that the venerable personage who is now Lord Hardwicke greatly distinguished himself as an active politician, and a very effective, and occasionally impressive orator. These qualifications, added to great determination, yet suavity of conduct, soon attracted the attention, and won the patronage of the powers which were; so much so, that in 1801 he was selected to fill the very influential and responsible office of Viceroy of Ireland, and which, though in any thing but temperate times, he was deemed worthy of holding till 1806. The fact also of his being honoured with the Garter, made Custos Rotulorum of the County of Cambridge, and Steward of the noble University, which more than any thing else enobles that county, as well as a trustee of the British Museum, sufficiently attest, as we stated at the commencement of this article, that his character won him rewards, and that his conduct adorns them.

His Lordship till very lately attended not unfrequently to his duties in Parliament, where his learned and legal opinions of a serious order were listened to with attention, and rewarded with respect. Of late, however, we have not observed, and it is natural that we should not have done so, many such indications of undecaying spirit. Active participation in public life does not accord with seventy-four as it would with forty; but we think it still far from improbable but that the aged Earl's voice might yet be raised in the Senate, and we know, though death may, however he might shake his dart, long delay to strike, that depart from among the living when he will, like our Eldon's, our Grenville's, our Camden's, our Grey's, and our Brougham's, there certainly has

been enough effected by him to entitle his name to a place amongst those who have improved the institutions, enlightened the people, and adorned the history of our country.

"Be it his praise to cheer advancing years
He sowed not discord yet he's reaped some tears;
That though 'midst storms of parties he has sail'd
No tempest 'gainst his honour has prevail'd;
Nor wreck dissever'd 'midst the wordy strife
The friends in old age of his early life."

Nec cupias, nec metuas is the motto of the Hardwicke's. It is pithy but full of sound advices; its inculcations are redolent of warning, yet imbued with cheering encouragement; in fact this brief scrap from the language of the Roman, is worthy the consideration of every Christian. "*You must not grasp at too much, you must not* (in a good cause) *fear too much*;" in other words, press on towards honour, but let not avarice be the companion of your journey. To us, and to every enlightened Englishman, it would be a matter of just congratulation to find that our relatives, neighbours, friends, and the community had not only attended to the lesson, but practised its inculcations so nearly as the present EARL OF HARDWICKE.*

THE POLISH WIFE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1831.

"It was for this I loved him so,
And lavished hopes that brightly shone;—
My heart—my soul—my wail below—
My trust in heaven,—on Him alone.
All—all was given to retain
One so beloved,—not loved in vain!"—ANON.

The struggle between the brave Poles and their despotic masters, has been productive not merely of scenes of interest and import, but the main incidents of individual life have been produced with a colouring and effect, that only similar circumstances could give birth to. Men that had hitherto plodded on through the even tenour of their way, unbroken by any occurrence of import, have suddenly burst, as it were, into a new existence, and opened a career of greatness and of glory; others that have, in the "sullenness of despair," borne the heavy weight of the oppressors' chains with a mere sigh, now throw down the galling burthen, and clenching the avenging sword, uprear their heads, and shout for liberty! For liberty, the one darling idol that alone occupied their thoughts when groaning beneath the yoke of tyranny, and which alone possessed their souls, when they were forced to

* The creations of the family were that of Baron, 23d November 1733; Viscount and Earl, April 1754. The town residence of the present possessor of these titles is St. James's Square; his country seats,

"Removed from town, and fashion's dazzling glare
Their bustling changes and their built out air,
Fanned by the foliage of ancestral trees,
And sweeten'd by a flower-freshen'd breeze"

are Wimpole Hall, Cambridgeshire, and Tottenhanger Hall, Herts.

head and kiss the dust at their master's feet, and, with bursting hearts, to implore heaven's blessings on them! But the bondage is now burst, the lion is freed from his toils, and goaded to madness by the cruel torments which it has been forced to endure, rushes with deadly vengeance upon its oppressors, and liberty or extermination are its fixed resolve. In such a contest, widely must the stream of blood flow, and many must the patriots' hearts be that sink in the conflict, and yield their existence in the sacred cause for which their heart-springs have been so nobly drained. Many must be the incidents and anecdotes connected therewith, that deserve to be enrolled upon the sacred records of posterity, and many the names that should be carried down to latest ages, covered with glory and with honour. Among these, Nicholas Rolofski, and his little family, with the story connected with the period of their life at this important period, is deserving of particular notice.

Rolofski had been an officer in the service of Constantine, but had quitted it in consequence of a disagreement with a brother officer respecting a female, whose affections the former had succeeded in gaining, to the destruction of the hopes of Wreischoff; a continuance in the same regiment with his rival, after his marriage with Christine, Rolofski considered would not only be imprudent, but also hurtful to the feelings of Wreischoff, whom, notwithstanding the quarrel between them, he still respected, and sought to avoid occasion of again coming in collision with. He retired from public life to the cultivation of a little farm, and the enjoyment of domestic life, irradiated by the charm of happiness and contentment; and in which the smiles and endearments of an affectionate wife spoke a language of peace and contentment to his heart, and amply recompensed for the more noisy gratifications of society, and the business of the world. Where is the home that is not prized, which is hallowed by the spell of woman's love,—where is the abode that is not happy, sanctified by the purity of the affection of woman's heart, infusing its divine spirit into all our thoughts and feelings, and breathing a language of perfect enjoyment and unalloyed felicity?

Of all the gratifications of life, there is none superior, or holier, than the purity of a wife's affection; the other relative situations are mean in comparison, we may feel for the affliction of a brother, and support and guide the steps of a beloved sister, we may perform the offices of charity and benevolence, and become honoured and respected from our kind interference in the cause of sorrow and distress; the voice of gratitude may reach our ear, and the tear upon the eye-lid of the relieved may speak eloquently to our feelings; but where is the sympathy, where is the tone that is so irresistible as that breathed by the woman whom we love? It falls like the rich dew from heaven upon the barren plain of the human heart, and brings to light and life the hidden treasures that no lesser power could reveal. In the affection of a wife, we can repose all our sorrows, all our cares; *Aer* sympathy will lighten their weight, *Aer* voice will dissipate their power, and enable us to effect their dissolution. Are we happy?—then, too, is the beloved object at our side, sharing with us the height of pleasure, as she had experienced with us the depths of woe. Rolofski enjoyed this happiness,—loving and beloved by his faithful Christine,—the years of his life rolled on in an unbroken stream of brightness, and nothing interposed to break the beautiful charm that so tenderly endeared to him existence and all other things. The birth of a

son, who, as he grew in years, seemed to inherit the combined charm of his mother's beauty, with the noble spirit of his sire, more firmly knitted the bonds of affection, that had united Rolofski and Christine, and their happiness became the exemplar to which the aspirations of the youths of all the surrounding neighbourhood were addressed.

The bolt, however, at length burst; and the sacred banner of liberty was raised by the oppressed Poles, and patriots from all directions enlisted beneath it, and vowed to destroy the power that had bound them down in slavery, or yield their lives in the attempt. Rolofski beheld with joy the resolute steps of his countrymen, and his heart burned to enjoy with them the glory of redeeming the national character from the obloquy which had been attached thereto;—dissuaded, however, from his desire, by the entreaties of Christine, who implored him for her sake,—for the sake of his boy,—whom the chance of war might render fatherless and unprotected;—he yielded to the fascinations of home, and displayed his patriotic fervour merely by assisting, to the utmost of his power, the noble spirits that had devoted their lives to the redemption of their native land. He received the wounded, and instructed the young recruit, revealed to him the science of warfare, and all the manoeuvres of attack, which were so necessary for the contest,—and with prayers and blessings dismissed the young hero to the encounter. Exultingly, he beheld the banner of freedom floating upon the air, and the sons of liberty spreading death amidst the forces that had so long held their souls in subjection; exultingly, he saw the spirit of popular determination crushing the power of tyranny; and exultingly did he welcome the return of the young warriors who had succeeded in driving their oppressors from their seat of power. The first assault of the patriots had been crowned with success.

Too speedily, however, they resigned themselves to enjoyment and rejoicing;—heated with success, they beheld nothing but glory in the perspective, and in the confidence of future triumphs, gave themselves up to the gratification of the moment. In vain were the remonstrances of Rolofski addressed to them, in vain did he picture the, even then, perilous nature of their situation, opposed to such force and discipline;—their own power was considered ample, and the fears of Rolofski deemed chimerical and vain. He had conceived, however, too truly, for a band of the government forces burst suddenly upon those assembled upon this spot, and an action commenced, that terminated in the complete dispersion of the patriots, and the triumph of their oppressors. Rolofski's farm, where many of the retreating had taken refuge, was assailed, and fired; the flames spread with rapidity,—the shrieks of the affrighted and agonized wife and mother, were drowned in the absorbing tumult of the fight; Rolofski, beholding himself reduced to the last extremity, rushed upon the ruthless destroyers of his little property, and fought with that desperation which his sense of public wrong and personal injury inspired,—but his effort was vain, for, exhausted and powerless, he sunk beneath the overwhelming weight of superior numbers, and was, with his infant boy, made prisoner.

Morning dawned, and the sun blazed with its full splendour over the spot where, on the previous day, the beautiful cottage of Rolofski shone in its beams;—now they fell only upon a mass of smoking ruins, lonely and desolate, the fearful evidence of the destruction of the force of tyranny. One individual, alone, stood gazing upon the mournful scene,—one young and beautiful being, in the silent agony of sorrow,

stood gazing upon the smoking ruins of her hitherto happy home! It was Christine,—the wife and the mother,—yesterday in the enjoyment of the richest blessings of heaven, now reduced to the depths of anguish and despair; like a fairy dream her happiness had floated away, and she stood gazing upon the wreck, abstracted, pale, and motionless! Husband and child were torn from her,—that husband so tenderly endeared to her, that child so fondly loved,—both prisoners, taken in the very heat of rebellion, whose punishment was instant death! She shuddered as her imagination contemplated the fearful result, and turning from the scene of her burning home, she formed the resolution of following the band that were carrying away all that the world held dear to her, of throwing herself at their feet, of imploring mercy in the name of heaven, and trusting to her agony and despair for the relief of her husband and her child.

This was the natural resolution of an affectionate woman, of a woman whose soul was bound to that of her husband, not by the ordinary ties of law, but by that divine chain which should ever link the heart of wedded beings,—of a woman esteeming existence but for the enjoyment of her husband and her son, in whose happiness she lived, and in whose death she could die, nor wish to live when those should be torn from her. It was the natural impulse of a wife's affection, that induced Christine to follow the hasty march of the despoilers of her home,—that impulse which we see so often exerted, but too frequently without avail: too often is the heroism of woman despised, too often the dignity of her character contemned, and her intrepidity laughed to scorn. Christine arrived at the camp, she made her way through the revelling soldiery, and fell directly at the feet of the commanding officer, and stretching out her arms in supplication, exclaimed—"Mercy, mercy!—forgive my husband,—restore my unoffending child!" The officer gazed in astonishment at the agony of the woman, and immediately raising her from the ground, enquired the meaning of her supplications; but ere he could finish his enquiry, Christine had turned her languid eyes upon his countenance, and shrieking at the sight, shrunk hastily away. It was her husband's rival—Wreleschoff!

"Christine!" exclaimed the officer, as he recognized her,—*"Christine!"*

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the agonized wife, and again sunk in supplication at his feet.

"Nay, rise Christine," rejoined the officer, "so fair, so dear a friend, must not bend thus; repeat your griefs, tell me the cause of all this agony, and trust in my sincere desire to serve you."

"My husband and my child are prisoners!"

"Your husband, Christine! Rolofski a prisoner! The darling wish of my soul,—my first, best hope was, that I might one day repay the insult and the injury Rolofski inflicted in depriving me of my love; and now he falls a victim to the outraged laws, and is my prisoner!"

"Wreleschoff," exclaimed the wife, "you surely do not contemplate *revenge*,—you do not mean to punish my husband for the mere act of loving me, of being beloved! Oh no, you will not—cannot be so cruel!"

"Christine," rejoined the officer, "that I loved you, fondly, passionately, you well know;—you know the restless days and sleepless nights of my boyhood, when this romantic feeling possessed my soul, burned in my heart, and maddened even my brain;—you know that well. I might have won you,

had not this Rolofski come between us, and snatched away the prize, at the very moment I believed it truly mine! Years have passed since that time,—Rolofski has been a happy joyful bridegroom,—Wreleschoff a lonely soldier; in the intervals of military duty, the form of Christine has ever presented itself, and the enjoyment of Rolofski, my hated rival, perpetually recurred;—then, then, in these bitter moments, have I sworn, in the sacred face of heaven, to revenge the injury, if ever the chance of fate or fortune threw my rival in my power——"

"Oh God!—you do not mean——" interrupted the agonized wife of the patriot.

"Christine!" exclaimed the soldier, in a deep, low, and determined tone, "my feelings now, are as they were in my boyhood;—Rolofski's head is beneath the axe, and my vengeance is satisfied! You can save him,—I need not add the means."

She hastily turned from the officer in indignation, and in a proud, contemptuous tone exclaimed, "Christine is a Polish wife,—and knows her duty!"

"Aye," rejoined Wreleschoff, "but Christine is a Polish mother."

Christine hesitated a moment as she contemplated the power of the ruthless soldier, and its probable effects, but as instantly assumed her former attitude of resignation, and rejoined, "My trust is in heaven, to whose power I commend my husband and my child!"

A soldier at this moment announced that the prisoners had escaped; the sentinels had fallen asleep upon the watch, and Rolofski and his son had climbed to the grated window, from which they leaped into the open field, and had succeeded in effecting their escape.

"My prayer is heard,—I have not implored the protection of heaven in vain!" shouted the Polish wife, as the happy intelligence reached her ears of her husband's safety, and her child's. "Now Wreleschoff, where's your *vengeance*?"

"Even here," exclaimed he, seizing her hand, "the pretty Christine must be an hostage for her husband's return;" and he ordered her instantly to be detained.

Rolofski and his boy hastened with all their speed to the neighbourhood of their home, in order to ascertain the safety of the beloved wife and mother;—all that met their view, however, when arrived, was the mass of black ruins, here and there venting thin streams of smoke, and all around and about, still, lone, and desolate. The distracted husband called upon the name of Christine, but no voice responded to his cry; he shouted with all his might, and the boy assisted, but all their hopes expired beneath the despairing conviction, that the one object of their search and solicitude had fled the mournful scene. Afraid to remain upon the spot, they immediately hastened to the nearest rendezvous of the patriots, and the name of Nicholas Rolofski was enrolled in the list of those intrepid heroes, whose lives were devoted to the redemption of Poland from its state of slavery and oppression.

All endeavours to discover the retreat of Christine were ineffectual; until, at length, a soldier of the enemy's forces was brought in prisoner, from whom Rolofski ascertained, that his wife was in the power of his rival, Wreleschoff. Maddened with rage, he meditated an immediate attack upon the enemy, and was only restrained by the cautious interference of a veteran, who suggested the propriety of a more matured arrangement, previous to entering upon a contest in which the numbers were so unequal. Rolofski, however,

laughed his comrades fears to scorn, and intent solely upon the rescue of his wife, he besought an immediate attack. His appeal, however, was ineffectual; the number of the patriots was too small to admit of the probability of success against the enemy's overwhelming forces, and some days must elapse before a reinforcement of the patriot party could arrive;—but to Rolofski, that interval was pregnant with danger and destruction: unable to induce his associates to the attack, he ventured to quit their assembly with his young boy, in order to attempt the release of his wife.

He gained the vicinity of Wrelschoff's quarters, unobserved and unmolested, and paused to consider upon the many plans that suggested themselves, all of which, however, vanished upon consideration, while the bare certainty of Christine's confinement presented itself. While musing upon the probability of success, he was challenged by an approaching guard. "Friends," exclaimed Rolofski, "friends to the Duke!"

"Nicholas Rolofski!" rejoined the guard, "I know the voice."

"You are mistaken friend," immediately exclaimed Rolofski, in the apprehension of detection, "I know no such name."

"And yet," continued the other, "each word you speak, more forcibly convinces that I am not in error. If you are the patriot, you are safe with me."

"Aye!" exclaimed Rolofski.

"I see—I read Rolofski written in every feature of that expressive face. Rolofski, who dealt death so bravely in the attack upon his farm, and charmed even enemies by his daring valour."

"You are an enemy to freedom."

"No, no," rejoined the guard, "I have quitted for ever the service, and am hastening to enlist under the patriot's banner."

"Then heaven be with you," exclaimed Rolofski, pressing the soldier's hand, "I am Rolofski."

"And you seek your intrepid wife," said the soldier, "now suffering under the oppressive tyranny of Wrelschoff; but she bears her sorrows bravely:—never did man offer greater temptations to woman,—never did woman withstand them more nobly:—disdaining liberty and even life, she resists the insult of the commander, and scorns alike his prayers and threatenings; her gallant conduct charmed me, her stern devotion awed me into virtue, and lo! inspired by the virtue of the patriot's wife, I go to join the patriot's cause."

Rolofski heard the noble conduct of his wife with exultation;—his lips quivered, and the tear started to his eyelid, while the soldier recapitulated his story, and pressing his hand fervently, he enquired, what means he could take to rescue his beloved? "Simply this," exclaimed the soldier, "exchange clothes with me, and take my station in the guard-house; my flight will not then be discovered, nor in the hurry and business of the moment will the substitution. You will soon be ordered to guard the chamber wherein the lady is confined; you are bold and resolute, and to a spirit such as yours—"

"The rescue's certain!" interrupted the husband, and delighted at the anticipated result of his expedition, he hastily made the projected change of attire, and then, directing the soldier to the rendezvous of the patriots he had just quitted, the latter undertook to protect the boy until Rolofski's return, as his appearance in the guard-house might hazard detection,

and produce the worst results. Rolofski thanked the guard for the suggestion, and also for his kind promise to protect the child: he feared to trust him, however, with a stranger. But the latter immediately assured the patriot of his integrity, and also of the danger that would attend his project if the boy went with him; the child, too, requested his father to proceed alone, as he was sure the stranger would not harm him, and he might be serviceable in directing his passage to the patriot's retreat; moreover, that the safety of his mother depended solely upon his caution, and he intreated, therefore, to be allowed to conduct their friend. The father, unable to resist such arguments, kissed the forehead of his boy, and commending him to the care of heaven, and the safe protection of the stranger, allowed them to depart. He saw them descend the hill, and cross the narrow valley. The soldier quick in his movement, and the boy equally anxious to conduct his fellow traveller, until the turn of the road obscured them from his sight; the fond parent then turned towards his destination, and, with a burning heart, progressed rapidly towards the quarters of the Russian detachment.

Rolofski dreamed not that he was the victim of treachery, that the snares of the enemy had completely entrapped him, and that he now hastened to his doom! The friend whom he had just quitted, and to whose protection he had resigned his child, was a spy of Wrelschoff's, and immediately he believed himself out of sight of his victim, he secured the boy, and hastened by a shorter path back to the Russian quarters. Rolofski had gained his destination, and mingled with the other soldiers in the guard-house; he had thus far succeeded in his project, and beheld, in his imagination, the speedy rescue of his beloved wife, and the termination of his anxious fears.

Christine was confined in an apartment, from which escape was altogether impracticable; massy iron bars secured the only window that admitted light, and a sentinel was ever present to watch her conduct. Wrelschoff had expressed himself determined upon her detention, maddened by the reflection that the rival whom he had imagined so securely in his power, had eluded his vengeance, and deprived him thereby of an exquisite revenge. Christine, however, had been secured, and the idol of his passion was his beyond the possibility of assistance or of rescue; the boy, too, had now become his prisoner, and he exultingly discovered Rolofski again within his toils. Immediate orders were given for the arrest of the latter, who, at the moment he was projecting the release of Christine from her confinement, was secured by the guard, and conducted to the same prison from which he had so lately escaped. The patriot instantly discerned the treachery, and in the anguish of the moment raved in incoherent terms, and requested tidings of his poor boy, but the lips of the guard were sealed, and he obtained no reply.

"Madam, your child!" exclaimed Wrelschoff, as he entered the apartment of Christine with the boy. The mother shrieked at the sight of her darling, and springing towards him, clasped her white arms around his little form, and pressing him to her maternal bosom, mingled her tears with his.

"Madam," continued Wrelschoff, "the child again is mine."

"And its father?" enquired Christine, in a burst of agony.

"Is my prisoner!"

"Gracious heaven forbid!" she cried, and pressing her boy more passionately to her throbbing heart, gave vent to her agony in tears.

"Fortune has favoured me, Christine," exclaimed the officer, "and led within my power those beings that have produced such anguish in my heart, such madness in my bosom. Vengeance, Christine, will be satisfied, your husband dies!"

"Oh no, you cannot be so very, very cruel, Wreleschoff."

"There is no cruelty, Christine, in a most dear *revenge*."

"Revenge is monstrous, Wreleschoff; more fit for demons than for men."

"Then men should not provoke it," said the officer, in a decisive tone; "the die is cast, and Christine seals her husband's doom."

"I!" exclaimed the agonized mother.

"You know the means by which he may be saved."

"Oh yes," rejoined Christine, and kissing the white forehead of her boy, she pressed him fondly to her bosom, and exclaimed, "I know, too, that Nicholas Rolofski would rather yield his life upon the scaffold, or at the cannon's mouth, than that Christine should render herself unworthy the distinction of a Polish wife!"

"You have resolved?" enquired Wreleschoff, and his eyes flashed fire as he spoke.

"I have," was the calm and dignified reply.

"Then be it so," cried Wreleschoff, snatching the boy from his mother's arms, and delivering him instantly to the guard—"Let it be as I have ordered!" and the guard withdrew with the child.

"Monster, what is it you would do?—give me back my child!" cried the trembling mother, as the door closed upon them.

"Aye, aye," replied Wreleschoff, "by-and-bye the boy shall return; he has first a deed to execute,—to serve his country and his king."

"What is it you mean?"

"There is a traitor to be shot to-day, and it is resolved that the boy's hand shall be tried upon the firing of the cannon;—that, madam, is all!"

"Ah!" rejoined Christine, "my mind pictures a scene of horror. Wreleschoff, your looks confirm my fears; who, tell me, who is the boy to shoot?"

"The traitor, Nicholas Rolofski!"

"On no, oh no, you cannot be so monstrous!" shrieked Christine. "Recal those words, tell me they are false,—are but to try me; say you would cheat me to dishonour, and let me picture such a scene no more."

"Christine, it is resolved on; but the father's face will be concealed, and he will not know whose hand it is that fires the instrument of death,—neither will the boy be aware of the individual who receives destruction. Behold!" continued he, unfastening an iron window that overlooked the parade, "behold the preparations for the execution."

Christine gazed from the window, and beheld the soldiers drawn up in military array, preparatory to the scene of death that was to ensue; the cannon that was to destroy her husband was fixed, and her boy, her darling boy, was by its side, holding the lighted match that was to fire the fearful instrument, wholly unconscious of the being whom he would destroy: guards were over him to direct the child's hand, and every thing appeared ready for the last ceremony. Christine instantly averted her glance, and fell at the feet of the author of this scene of horror.

"For the love of God!" cried she, "by the hope of heaven, stop these dreadful preparations,—recal the sentence, or with-

draw my innocent child;—let not his father's blood be on the poor boy's head!"

"It is Christine," murmured Wreleschoff, "that has caused these preparations;—it is Christine that has placed her child with a lighted match at the cannon's head, and gives the signal for the destruction of Rolofski!"

"Monster, monster," exclaimed she, "how can you force me to this state of suffering?"

"One word, Christine, and your husband's saved.—Behold!"

The procession was now seen advancing towards the scene of death. Rolofski, apparently resigned to his impending fate, received the religious consolation of the holy men that attended him, with composure and placidity, and beheld the engine of destruction without the least emotion or dismay.

"He does not fear to die!" energetically exclaimed Christine. "He falls as a Polish patriot should fall, and heaven will receive his soul! But my boy——"

"One moment longer, Christine, and your resolve is of no avail;—say, must he perish?"

"Not by the hand of his child;—you will not, dare not be so barbarous!"

"He dies!" cried the officer, and hastily quitted the apartment.

Christine shrieked as she saw him depart; she followed him to the door, but it was closed, fast and firm; she heard the bolts jar in the iron clasps, and she turned away disconsolate. The guard was her only companion, but he was mute and sullen. Reflection overpowered her, and she sank upon her seat motionless, gazing upon vacancy, her thoughts too great for utterance, too violent for tears. The trumpet announcing the arrival of the commanding officer upon the scene of death awakened her from her stupor; she shrieked, and turning to the window from whence Wreleschoff had directed her attention to the preparations for the execution, discovered that it had not been closed; in the impulse of the moment, the distracted mother sprung towards the casement, and, before the guard could withhold her, leaped from her confinement, and with the speed of lightning rushed towards the spot where her darling boy held the match ready to destroy his father!

The alarm was instantly spread, but the action of Christine was too swift for prevention; and ere her progress could be arrested, she struck the lighted match from her child's hand, and, in a frantic tone, exclaimed, "*Boy, boy, it is your father you would kill!*" Rolofski recognized the voice, and the fearful words it breathed; and starting from his kneeling posture, rushed towards the spot from whence it proceeded, and, in a moment, clasped to his despairing heart, the wife and child so dear to him. Wreleschoff furiously ordered their instant separation, and the destruction of his rival; but a sudden tumult from the rear excited his attention, and, before he could collect his thoughts, a vast body of the patriot troops were upon him; and so quiet and unperceived had been their progress, that the Russian soldiers were surprised and defeated, ere they could well imagine the cause of the alarm. Rolofski headed a party of his brave associates, and beneath his arm the villain Wreleschoff fell in the first assault. Short, but desperate, was the contest, and it ended in favour of the patriot troops. Rolofski was saved, and he clasped to his bosom his faithful wife, and their darling boy; whilst the patriot troops planted the sacred banner of freedom upon the head-quarters of the Russian army, amidst the shouts of Victory and Liberty!

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

"Mark me—there is a prophecy in dreams."

SHEIL'S *Apostate*.

She dreamed that the treasures of earth and of sea,
Gold and jewels around her were lying;
She dreamed that from boughs and the leaves of each tree,
The soft notes of music were sighing.

She dreamed that the flowers around her were bright,
As bright as earth's flowers could be;
She dreamed that the skies poured a flood of sun-light,
And sparkled the foam of the sea.

She dreamed that the vessel, aye that too was there,
To bear her away from the shore;
Dancing light on the waters so brilliant and fair,
And Hope's aspect each flowing wave wore.

And oh! at that moment, a gush of delight,
Pervaded her innocent heart;
She dreamed,—all her dreaming was happy and bright,
Joy-tears from her dark eye-lash start:

For she viewed once again the dear land of her birth,
She pictured her childhood's glad home;
The parents endearing that loved spot of earth,
The friends that to greet her would come.

And she dwelt on the thought, for 'twas bliss thus to dwell,
And 'twas blissful to gaze on the scene;
For the vessel was there on the waves sparkling swell,
And the sea and the sky were serene.

Then she dreamed that her lover, she dreamed that he came,
Disguised, and in silence, alone;
He bore her away from the fierce tyrant's power,
And swam with her through the white foam.

But alas, ere the light-bounding bark they could reach,
Clouds and darkness o'erspread the blue sky;
And thunders were heard, and the clouds shot their fires,
And they heard, loud, the seaman's cry!

She heard too the shouting,—she saw the frail boat,
Engulphed in the broad-bursting wave;
She saw it close o'er them, and heard the last shriek,
And the sea was the mariners' grave!

And she screamed as she felt her own true-one sink too,
Life's powers exhausted and broke;
She screamed, and sleep fled from her eyelids again,
She trembling and tearful awoke.

"Ah Juan," she cried, "this dreaming foretels
What has e'er been the cause of my fears;
Thou hast given me pearls too, bright pearls for my hair,
And pearls are the emblems of tears!"

'Twas the moment resolved on, and young Juan came,
Warm and glowing, and fixed on success;
His lips press her cold cheek, her motionless eyes,
But no impulse returns the caress.

"Ah Clara, dear Clara, why thus cold and chill,
This hour when all should be fair?

Come, banish thy sorrows, away love with me,
And affection shall chase away care.

The boat too is waiting upon the blue wave,
The bark too is on the blue sea;
I have hastened my own one, my Clara to save,
Then Clara, love, come love with me."

She trembled as through the thick foliage they passed,
She sighed, and reclined on his arm,
Not daring one last, parting look back to cast,—
The leaves were all fraught with alarm.

Those fears were not idle, not vain was her dream,
For ere they could reach to the shore,
Red torch-lights swift shot through the grove their broad
gleam,—

'Twas her tyrants the torches that bore!

"Ah, infidels!" cried the infuriate band,
As they rushed on the innocent pair;
"Apostates to honour, bear infamy's brand,
And die in thy soul's worst despair!"

Then perished the youth and the maid,
On the green shore their blood thus was spilled;
Their flight had been seen and betrayed,
And the dream of the maiden fulfilled!

April 16, 1831.

LAURA PERCY.

THE FIERY SWORD.

A TRADITION OF HUNGARY.—(FROM THE GERMAN.)

(Concluded from page 93.)

Shuddering at the unexpected sight which presented itself, Gottschalk sat down on one of the fallen rafters. He thought of his friend and his fate; was he become a victim to the rapacious fury of those suspicious looking men? Were they incendiaries too? Lost in such melancholy conjectures, he then turned to his own situation: should he pass the night among the burnt ruins, or plunge still deeper into the forest, to avoid the danger of their vicinity? Before he could form any decision, he heard, very near him, the barking of dogs. He rose immediately; but the noise increased; and then he heard likewise the voices and steps of men approaching towards him. His immediate thought was of flight; but at the first movement, large dogs sprung on him from all sides, and threatened to tear him in pieces; he saw himself surrounded, and compelled to await his destiny.

The men quickened their steps; and called to him in Hungarian, which they spoke but imperfectly, to surrender himself; at the same time pointing their muskets threateningly towards him.

Resistance was useless against a number of men furnished with fire-arms; he suffered himself to be taken and disarmed; and when the men desired him to follow them to their watch-fire he silently obeyed.

Arrived, with his unwished-for companions, he saw lying around the large fire, about ten men. One of their number, who appeared to be their Captain, put some questions to Gottschalk's conductor, in the Wallachian tongue, which were answered in the same. Their captive understood nothing of this conversation; but presently the robber Captain addressed him. "Lad," said he, (in half Hungarian, half German,) "What did you seek in those ruins?"

"I wished," answered he, "to see the person who formerly lived there."

"O ho!" said the robber, "you knew the rich surveyor! you were sent here by him."

"Nay, said Gottschalk," had I seen him lately I should have known that his house was burnt; and should not have come into the forest to pass the night under his roof."

"Hear him now!" exclaimed the robber, (half rising and twisting his fingers in the long mustachios which adorned his upper lip,) "he speaks as if he knew nothing of what we have said—as if he understood not my question. But friend, our business is not to be so shortly concluded;—you must give us more speech."

Gottschalk was silent; for, in truth, he did not comprehend what they meant. The robber, after a while, spoke again.

"Since you are silent, I will tell you for what you came. The Surveyor sent you to fetch away the jar of gold and silver money, which he buried near the old house: *that* is your business here. Is it likely that you would sneak by night to a place so dangerous, to have the pleasure of seeing that ferret-eyed old fellow? We have more wit than to believe you. Eight days we have made this our resting place, watching for him who should raise the treasure. Say then, where lies it?"

Gottschalk perceived into what hands he had fallen. He knew that the Surveyor was well off; but where his money was kept, or buried, was entirely unknown to him. He protested his ignorance of the treasure and its concealment, adding, that he came from a distant place, and had not seen his friend for a long time.

"Lies! nothing but lies!" replied the robber. "Were you a stranger, you would not so easily have found the wild path and lonely house by night. Decide then;—confess where is the treasure. We have searched the ruins in vain; and if you assist us truly, you shall go in safety and have two gold pieces for yourself."

The unfortunate youth only repeated his assurance, that he had not the slightest knowledge of the treasure. Upon this the robber captain sprang on his feet in a rage: his eyes shot fire, and he made a sudden movement towards his defenceless captive! but recovering himself, he said, scornfully, "we have means which make the silent not only speak, but cry out. Comrades! make ready the fiery sword."

At this command, one of them brought forth an ancient, long, horseman's sword, with a broad wooden handle, such as may still be seen in many armouries; and the blade was pushed into the fire, all but a short space from the handle.

Two of the band then seized Gottschalk, stripped him to the waist, and fastened him with outstretched hands to the trunk of a tree. The Captain meanwhile had returned to his seat by the fire, and was coolly smoking a long pipe. When the blade began to glow, he turned again to Gottschalk, and said, "The fiery sword is prepared, with which we make perverse tongues tractable: look to yourself before you suffer harm! Where is the treasure?"

"I know not," answered he, "as I have before told you. For the unchristian martyrdom you would make me suffer, you will be rewarded with the torments of hell: my blood be upon you!"

The commander winked to his serjeant, who drew the glowing sparkling blade from the fire, and approached the tree to which Gottschalk was bound. The almost powerless captive already heard the hot iron quenched in his blood; and in the fearful anguish which he suffered, it occurred that he might

yet defer for a time the horrid death prepared for him, by pretending a knowledge of the treasure and his willingness to discover it; hoping by that delay to find some means of escape. With a quivering lip he was about to make known his resolution to the captain, when a mighty voice which rung through the forest like deep-rolling thunder, cried "hold!"

The serjeant who was brandishing the fiery sword, dropped it; and it sunk hissing in the dewy grass. The most extraordinary confusion suddenly prevailed throughout the band: they shouted "the Berggraf! the Berggraf!"* and both captain and companions betook themselves to flight. Gottschalk, confined to the spot where he stood, looked around, and though delivered from the most imminent danger, felt confused and alarmed by the sudden terror which was manifested. He now perceived a tall man, dressed in the fashion of the old German knights, who stretched towards the flying robbers his right hand; in which gleamed a sword, exactly similar to that which the banditti called their "fiery sword." As soon as they had fled into the deep thickets of the forest, the knight held out his left hand to Gottschalk, inviting him to approach. The cords which bound him fell loosened to the ground; and he stood free from all restraint, yet fearing to approach too nearly, a being who seemed of a superior order. The knight, therefore, said in a gentle tone, "Fear not, my son, thou seest my approach hath already protected thee; and believe me, I will never harm thee:—Follow me with a confident heart, whithersoever I shall lead thee." The knight returned his sword to the scabbard and walked a long way into the wood; his glancing arms spreading around a marvellous light, which Gottschalk followed as a pole star through the tangled thicket, and over a rough and rocky foot-way. After they had proceeded thus for some time, the knight, who had not spoken again, entered a small cave. Within which, the rocky wall seemed to give way at his approach, and to whichever side he turned, afforded him a passage. The path led evidently downward, and had not Gottschalk been saved from the most imminent peril by the knight, he would not have followed so singular a guide into so strange a place, without fear and awe; but situated as he had been, to exhibit distrust, would have appeared to him ungrateful and absurd. With this conviction, he followed his guide into a spacious, lofty, and well-lighted hall; where a numerous company sat round a large stone table. Before the guests stood pitchers of wine and large drinking horns; and on the walls, ancient arms were suspended. Although these subterranean beings were by no means still, though they poured out wine, drank, and appeared to speak to each other, yet all was so perfectly silent, that the flight of an insect might have been heard. Gottschalk was still more surprised when he distinguished a countenance not unknown to him. He resembled both in features and deportment, as well as dress, the aged Hungarian who accosted him in the morning on the frontier: and the old man convinced him of his identity, for he arose to meet him, and welcomed him cordially. He spoke with a clear voice, and in the same old-fashioned warm-hearted manner as before; so that Gottschalk took courage, and requested him to say where he was, and who was his mysterious conductor? "Follow me without scruple," said he, and led him to the table. "You are here as safe as in your father's

* Graf is a Count or Earl. Berggraf may be translated "Mountain Lord, or Lord of the Mountains."

house; for you are sheltered by the protector of the Zipser Germans, the heroic Count Raynold."

Before Gottschalk could reply, he was placed at the table, and a horn of wine set before him; which he recognized by its golden colour and fragrant scent to be the produce of the vineyards on the heights of Oedenburg and Eisenspadt.

I will now satisfy your curiosity, said his aged companion, since I see that you recollect me and our former meeting. The song with which you greeted your home, attracted my attention; invisible I passed by, heard you, and felt an affection for you. I therefore assumed my visible appearance, spoke to you, and was yet more interested, when I found with what veneration you mentioned our Lord Count Raynold, to whom I belong."

Gottschalk had perceived from the first, that he was among beings who had only the outward appearance of living men: yet he could not forbear from exclaiming, "How! say you that you know Count Raynold, and belong to his company? Then must my knightly conductor be the heroic Count himself."

"You have guessed the truth," replied the old Zipser, good naturedly: your deliverer *has been* Count Raynold, as I will explain to you. You are here in the interior of the well-known Schauberg, to which you came by the Drachenhöle.* Know, that this hero and we, his companions, awaken from our long death sleep, whenever our beloved country, Zips, is in trouble or danger; and unfurling our invisible banners, we watch over the safety of the present inhabitants. Since the sad times which Stephen Botskay and George Rakoczy brought upon the land, we have slumbered, until Count Tokily's enterprize called us forth. But his downfall is near; and we see centuries of undisturbed peace approaching."

When this antient personage had concluded, Count Raynold beckoned to him and he left the apartment; the silence seemed to Gottschalk still more awful; but he shortly returned, holding in his hand a small hazel branch, "The Count," said he, "who is well pleased with you, sends by me this present. This forked twig of hazel, insignificant as it looks, can, if you are prudent, put you in possession of great riches. It is what you are accustomed, on earth, to call a divining rod. If you hold it as I do now, towards the earth, and pay attention to the vibration of the two ends, you can, with little trouble, discover any hidden treasure. You receive it, empowered with this wondrous virtue, as a compensation for the anxiety and danger you have suffered on account of an unknown, and perhaps pretended treasure. In the depths of the Tensterworld, gold has for ages lain deeply buried in many spots. This will inform you, where to dig for it. Be circumspect, vigilant, and mindful of my instructions, and those earthly wants which may be averted by gold, will never visit you."

Gottschalk received the hazel wand, and would have expressed his thanks, but suddenly an irresistible desire to sleep overcame him: his head sunk senseless on his arms, which stretched on the stone table became his pillow, and the noiseless company disturbed him not.

When he awoke, and looked around him, and saw the blue sky and bright sun shining above him, the subterranean hall, and mysterious company all were vanished: he lay on a green hillock in a pleasant country: and beheld the pinnacles

* Dragon's cave.

and towers of Kasmark before him. He would have thought he had only dreamed of Count Raynold, the robbers, and the fiery sword; but the hazel twig was in his hand. So he arose, and returned in safety to his father's house. He saw the benevolent spirit no more; but a prudent use of his gift, rendered him a rich man in his old age, according to the most authentic historians of Zips.

GRIEF OF HEART.

" ——— There are griefs
That hunt like hounds our happiness away!"
L. E. L.

Full well I remember the moments so gay,
When time flew unheeded and swiftly away;
And I fondly imagined there never could be,
In existence, a being more happy than me.
How delightful to picture a long scene of joy,
Of bliss and of rapture that never could cloy!
Reversed is that prospect for ever, and past
Is the vision of fancy, too brilliant to last.
It has faded like fairy dreams,—with it depart
Every hope of my soul, every wish of my heart,
Now cheerless must pass the remains of my youth,
For the lov'd one is false to her vows and her truth;
Those vows which she plighted, that truth which she swore,
Are broken, neglected, and heeded no more.
She is false! and creation can only appear
A cold blank.—Ah, what now can the lone world endear?
Though the sun darts refulgent his brilliant beam,
Though the moon sheds her soft placid light on the stream,
'Tis mock'ry to me,—the abandon'd,—forlorn;—
To my feelings more welcome the blast and the storm;
For the zephyrs of summer, soft, cheering, and mild,
Give the whirlwind of winter, dark, piercing, and wild!
But hold,—I am maddening!—Oh, heavens that pain,
It shoots through my bosom,—ascends to my brain!—
'Tis accomplished,—'tis over,—I sink on the earth,
More happy this moment than that of my birth;
My sorrows are ending,—my course nearly run,
Come ingrate and view what thy falsehood hath done.
Shall I curse thee?—Oh no,—in the last gasp of breath,
I must bless thee, thou dear one, lov'd even in death!

TO THE FORSAKEN.

Thy lover has proved false and cold,
Has yielded, too, thy love for gold;
And like the gloomy, earth-hid gnome,
Enjoyed a radiant, gilded, home:
Disdain him then, and not repine,
He is not worth that heart of thine

Believe me, raptures soon will fly,
Like wreathing clouds across the sky;
And the time will come when the joys which are,
Shall be lost in regret for those that were:
And remembrance shall poison the trembling bliss,
When his faithless lips meet thy rival's kiss

HOSPITALITY OF AN ARAB.

In the year 1785, a party of troops belonging to the Bey of Tunis were pursued by the Arabs; the chief of these troops lost his way, and was benighted near the enemy's camp. Passing the door of a tent, he stopped his horse, and implored assistance, being almost overcome and exhausted with fatigue and thirst. The warlike Arab bade him enter with confidence, and treated him with all the hospitality and respect for which his people are so famous. The highest among them, like the patriarchs of old, wait on their guest. A man of rank, when visited by a stranger, quickly fetches a lamb and kills it; and his wife superintends the dressing it in the best manner. With some of the Arabs the primitive custom of washing the feet is yet adopted, and this compliment is performed by the head of the family. Their supper was the best part of the fatted lamb roasted; their desert, dates and dried fruits: and the lady of the tent, to honour more particularly her husband's guest, set before him a dish of *beseen* of her own making. This was of flour and water kneaded into a paste, and left on a cloth to rise while the fire was lighted; then throwing it on the embers, and turning it often, it was taken off half baked, broke into pieces, and kneaded again with new milk, oil, and salt, made into the shape of a pudding, and garnished with *maded*, which is small bits of mutton, dried and salted in the highest manner.

Though the two chiefs were opposed in war, they talked with candour and friendship to each other, recounting the achievements of themselves and their ancestors, when a sudden paleness overspread the countenance of the host. He started from his seat and retired; and in a few moments afterwards sent word to his guest that his bed was prepared, and all things ready for his repose;—that he was not well himself, and could not attend to finish the repast;—that he had examined the Moor's horse, and found it too much exhausted to bear him through a hard journey the next day, but that, before sun-rise, an able horse, with every accommodation, would be ready at the door of the tent, where he would meet him, and expect him to depart with all expedition. The stranger, not able to account farther for the conduct of his host, retired to rest.

An Arab waked him in time to take refreshment before his departure, which was ready prepared for him; but he saw none of the family, till he perceived, on reaching the door of the tent, the master of it holding the bridle of his horse, and supporting his stirrups for him to mount, which is done among the Arabs as the last office of friendship. No sooner was the stranger mounted, than his host announced to him, that through the whole of the enemy's camp, he had not so great an enemy to dread as himself. "Last night," said he, "in the exploits of your ancestors, you discovered to me the murderer of my father. There lie all the clothes he was slain in," (they were at that moment brought to the door of the tent) "over which, in the presence of my family, I have many times sworn to revenge his death, and to seek the blood of his murderer from sun-rise to sun-set. The sun has not yet risen,—the sun will be no more than risen when I pursue you, after you have in safety quitted my tent; where, fortunately for you, it is against our religion to molest you, after your having sought my protection, and found refuge there; but all my obligations cease as soon as we part, and from that moment you must consider me as one determined on your

destruction, in whatever part, or at whatever distance we may meet again. You have mounted a horse not inferior to the one that stands ready for myself; on its swiftness, surpassing that of mine, depends one or both of our lives." After saying this, he shook his adversary by the hand, and parted from him. The Moor, profiting by the few moments he had in advance, reached the Bey's army in time to escape his pursuer, who followed him closely, as near to the enemy's camp as he could with safety.

AN INCIDENT.

"Behold that lovely girl!" cried young Sir Paul, To gay Sir Charles, at Lady Chassé's ball,—
"I danced with her just now, and never knew
Such thrills of rapture as then o'er me flew;
She is so beautiful, and such fine grace
Pervades each feature of her smiling face,
I should be more or less than man to fly
From such delightful heart's bewitchery:
Words are too poor to paint my soul's desires,
Though love's pure spirit now my words inspires;
Suffice it, Charles, I'm deep, eye deep in love,
My only hope's my charmer kind will prove:
My life will be a burthen,—cares combine
To make me wretched, if she'll not be mine!
Who is she?—Tell me, Charles."—Sir Charles look'd aly,
And paused before he made reply;
Then cried, in accents terrible and slow,
"That lady, Paul, I married not two months ago!" *.*

THE HISTORY OF A NOSE.

I am descended from an ancient and royal house in Tartary, which had held the sovereignty of a country, more than two thousand square leagues in extent. My grandfather, however, bartered his savage territory for the place of chamberlain to Peter the Great. The queen, my grandmother, was a Kam-schatdale, and a perfect beauty, so that she attracted the attention of the Emperor, who paid his compliments so gallantly, and with so much *empressment*, that it became a common saying among the Polonese, (when I was born) that my face was like a map of the world, in which might be traced, an Asiatic gulf, two small Tartary bays, and a Muscovite promontory. My grandfather was flat-nosed, and my grandmother's nose turned up; the prominent part of my father's visage which I inherited, always appeared to have something about it, that a little too much savoured of majesty.

My father acquired some considerable property in Poland through the valuable influence of his courtly situation; but it must be owned that he was wrong to meddle so much as he did in the affairs of that unfortunate kingdom; and when Warsaw was captured, they carried things to such extremities, that they exacted the forfeiture of his right hand. This offending member, then, being cut off, was pickled, and sent to St. Petersburg, where it was presented to the Empress by an officer belonging to her private apartments, who, it was said, used to assist her in the study of philosophy. My father continued to reside in Poland with his remaining *left-hand*, and sent me to finish my literary career at St. Petersburg.

At that period there were a great number of young Poles

at the college, and there was no possibility of hindering us from meddling a little in the politics of our devoted country. Paul (the second of his name) hearing of the part I took, sent for me into his presence; he received me with particular kindness, listened attentively to my discourse, and then put an end to the audience, by telling me that he should translate me to Siberia, to finish the course of my studies there, according to the usual plan of exiles. When I saw that there was no alternative but to submit, or *lose my nose and ears*, I defended this little property with all my might, and stuck out for my title to this hereditary and incommunicable fee-simple. I, therefore, made my case known to a lady belonging to the imperial ward-robe, from whom I had received some of those important lessons it is so necessary to learn, when one makes his entrance into the world. That lady spoke to another belonging to the *costly* department, and *she* to a lady attendant, who spoke in her turn to one of the maids of honour, and she communicated it to a lady belonging to the Empress's private rooms; so that, from *lady to lady*, my request at last reached the imperial ear; and when that was effected, I slept soundly in possession of *mine*.

My ears in safety, a lively apprehension disquieted me about *the tip of my nose*. "Where could I put it," I said to myself, "to save it from the disgrace with which it was menaced?" It was absolutely requisite to place it for that purpose under the protection of the Greek patriarch; it was a *christian nose*, and where could it be better placed than under evangelical shelter? But I deceived myself greatly in this arrangement. It was in vain that the patriarch, the archbishops and the bishops, the high and low clergy, the great and small almoners, sought all to defend me; it was ineffectual: and when news of the mortification to which I was condemned reached me, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Why did I not place it under the protecting care of an *under-petticoat*! It is only by that means business can go on at court."

I then gave another turn to my solicitations. I addressed myself to the grand chancellor of the empire; I proved to him, that *my nose* was an *imperial-born nose*.—that the proof was to be found in its structure, which was entirely regal,—and also by a letter, full of gallantry and allusion, from Peter the Great to my grandmother! I thought it best to produce *both these articles* to the chancellor; and then, having caused a genealogical tree to be drawn out, it remained on evidence that *my nose* was the great uncle to the reigning emperor's, and that the legal attachment against it was infallibly and *bona fide*—regidical!!

That is a crime, however, which is considered trifling in Russia,—they have no scruples there about the guilt of it; but the Emperor ordered that I should be indemnified for my distress and trouble, and also that the court goldsmith should take the model of *the nose* of Peter the Great on the statue made by Falconnet, in order to make me one like it; and it was to be adjusted so perfectly to my visage, that no person should in future have a moment's doubt of my alliance with the imperial family of Russia.

AN ADVENTURE AT A BATHING PLACE.

The clock from the village church had just struck six, and it was a long time since those who were gathering in the harvest were hastening to forward their work, in order to

repose themselves a little during the more sultry part of the day. The country was all in motion, but the youthful Fanny had not yet appeared. However, as the clock completed the striking of the sixth hour, she awoke, raised her head, and with some surprise, looked around her, and recollected, that the evening before she had arrived at the little town where her aunt resided; and on whose account, she had given up, for a few days, London and all its pleasures, all that homage which is paid to a young female, especially if she is rich and handsome, "I must, however, get up," said she, with a sigh; and Fanny was not long occupied in the duties of the toilet, for it was six o'clock, and she was at a little country town.

The fresh morning air dispersed the gloom which hung over her brow. She went out, and soon arrived at a bathing-house, lately established by some ladies in the neighbourhood: as she waited for every thing to be got ready, she took a walk in a piece of ground, dignified by the name of a garden; there were no antique statues, no gravelled walks; no exotic flowers were there cultivated. Fanny sighed again; "Ah! dear London!" said she. She wandered, however, mechanically along a path, which was separated from a nursery of fruit-trees, and led her to a shade of poplars which bordered a brook: on the other side was an extensive field, over which were scattered numerous flocks, who were feeding on this rich pasture. In the horizon was seen an elevated mountain; the sun, half concealed by it, still darted forth a few bright rays. This picture struck the young female; she paused, she listened to the song of the young shepherd, and the murmuring brook was retarded in its course by a stone which served as a bridge whereby to cross over it. Fanny considered attentively all these objects with which she was surrounded; her heart was deeply moved, and the prejudices of her mind seemed as if destroyed; she found a peculiar charm in giving herself up to her present feelings, and approved all that the moment before she had viewed with contempt. She gathered one of those indigenous flowers, that require not the culture of the professed gardener; but it was a rose: a delicious odour perfumed the air; it was that of the clematis. This plant had entwined itself round the branches of a cherry-tree, but its numerous filaments had injured what had served for its support. The cherry-tree withered, and died by its oppressor: what caused its ornament was its destruction. Alas! thought Fanny, many of us are like that tree, we are surrounded by an incense which we inhale till it intoxicates: our hearts imbibe that delicious poison of which we soon taste all the bitterness, but it is often too late, and the heart becomes withered like this tree despoiled of its leaves. She heaved a deep sigh; and her eyes as they wandered round, fell on some letters engraven on the bark of a poplar, and she read the following sentence: "I shall love thee for ever!"—"Ah! said Fanny, every day that these letters grow out of this bark, so will this vow be effaced from the heart, which dictated it, and perhaps the sentiments of that heart will have changed before the season which may renew the leaves of the tree." Lost in reverie, Fanny forgot herself till some one came to tell her that the bath was ready. Through the thin partition which separated the rooms, she distinguished the voice of a man; she thought she heard somebody declaiming, she became all attention: the person was repeating some verses; and in a feigned kind of voice, he said,

"Tell me no more that Chloe's false."

Fanny listened, and smiled to herself, when on a sudden she

heard a noise that was alarming: the house seemed to fall to pieces; a beam, which was just above her head gave way; the young female gave a piercing shriek, leaped out of the bath, opened the door, and hastened into the garden. But her delicate feet could not carry her to any great distance. As soon as she was out of danger she stopped, and found that her sole covering was only a wrapping gown: her attendant brought her another garment, and she waited till the first tumult had subsided.

The most lamentable cries were now heard, they came from the apartment next that which Fanny had occupied: the door was choked up by pieces of timber, and the rafters of the upper story; one part of the wall that had fallen in formed a barricade which could not be got over, and from whence was seen a pale disfigured face: it was the head of him who had been declaiming; fear had made him forget that he had yet his spectacles on. Fanny looked at this singular countenance, she thought of his declamation, and his quotation, and she burst into a fit of laughter. However, the most speedy succour was afforded, and the declaimer set free. Fanny thought of her whimsical costume, and ran home to dress herself: when she arrived there, she reflected that in a little country town it is possible to experience some tender emotions; that in an uncultivated garden, that is, according to the rules of modern horticulture, there may be found subjects fitted to inspire either moral or melancholy sentiments: and the remembrance of the declaimer, made her acknowledge that original characters are every where to be found; and that in the country the various scenes of life may give as much amusement as the theatres of the metropolis.

THE ORIGIN OF CHIMNIES.

Notwithstanding all the magnificence of the Greek and Roman architecture, which we yet behold with admiration amongst the ruins which remain as records of their talents and genius, we are yet to learn whether or no they had chimnies in their dwellings.

In the mean time, it is difficult to imagine that the Romans, who taught us how to build, were not possessed of some means of preserving their elegant mansions from smoke; mansions in which every refinement in luxury was to be found. How can we possibly believe that they, the slaves of pleasure, could suffer their apartments to be choked up by suffocating vapour? Could the major-domo's of their houses prepare in smoky dwellings those exquisite and sumptuous dishes which so often loaded their Epicurean tables?

It is not, certainly, amongst the imperfect ruins of city walls, temples, amphitheatres, baths, aqueducts, and bridges, that we may expect to find chimnies; but at Herculaneum, for example, private dwellings have been discovered. However, there have not been found any traces of chimnies. Paintings and pieces of sculpture, which have escaped the ravages of time, throw no light whatever on this subject; there is nothing to be seen which has the least resemblance to what we call a chimney.

If chimnies existed in the time of the Romans, Vitruvius would not, certainly, have failed to describe the manner in which they were constructed; he says not a word concerning them; neither does Julius Pollux, who has collected together, with the most scrupulous care, the Greek names given to every part of their dwellings; nor Gradulpus, who, in his

time, (which was not so far back), has left a vocabulary of all the Latin terms made use of in architecture.

There were no chimnies in the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, which seems fully proved by the *car-few*-bell* of the English and the Romans. At the time of the middle ages, they made their fires in a kind of furnace, which was obliged to be covered at the time of going to rest. Towards that period, it was ordered that every fire should be extinguished at a certain hour in the evening.

The first mention of chimnies was in 1347, a period in which Venice experienced the shock of an earthquake, which threw down a great many. Gataris says, in his History of Padua, that Francesco de Gararera, lord of Padua, came to Rome in 1308; and that, not finding a chimney in the inn where he lodged, he was obliged to have one constructed by masons and carpenters, whom he caused to be sent for, from the neighbourhood where he resided. These were the first chimnies ever seen at Rome, and the arms of the nobleman was placed above them to commemorate so great an event.

BACHELORS.

(FROM THE LEICESTER CHRONICLE.)

As lone clouds in Autumn eves,
As a tree without its leaves,
As a shirt without its sleeves,
Such are bachelors.

As syllabubs without a head,
As jokes not laugh'd at when they're said,
As cucumbers without a bed,
Such are bachelors.

As creatures of another sphere,
As things that have no business here,
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,
Such are bachelors.

When lo! as souls in fabled bowers,
As beings born for happier hours,
As butterflies on favour'd flowers,
Such are married men.

These perform their functions high;
They bear their fruit, and then they die,
And little fruits come by and by,
So die married men.

But ah! as thistles on the blast
From every garden-bed are cast,
And fade on dreary wastes at last,
So die bachelors.

Then, Thomas, change that grub-like skin,
Your butterfly career begin,
And fly, and swear that 'tis a sin
To be a bachelor.

* Not originally of the English, but introduced by William the Conqueror; not, as has been unjustly asserted of him, that he feared the plots of the English, but it was an ancient Norman custom: and the bell, still called *Cowre-few*, in spite of the revolution, even now rings or tolls at about nine o'clock in several towns in Normandy to warn against fire, &c.



PAGANINI.

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THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A CORRECT LIKENESS OF PAGANINI.

PLATE THE SECOND.—TWO WALKING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—A MORNING DRESS, A WALKING DRESS, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—SIXTEEN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—A WALKING DRESS, OR PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS, A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS, A PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, A RIDING DRESS, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

NICOLÒ PAGANINI.

"Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the—single string!
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire."—DRYDEN.

Desirous of presenting our distinguished readers with pictorial representations of every subject of interest and importance, engraved in a manner suitable to that high meed of patronage we have the honour to enjoy, we, this month, offer an accurate and beautifully engraved likeness of NICOLÒ PAGANINI, whose extraordinary performances upon the violin, engross, at the present moment, the whole attention of the Fashionable World.

Various and conflicting are the statements that have been circulated respecting the biography of this surprising musician: crimes have been alleged, at the bare mention of which, humanity shudders, but which have not only been denied in the most explicit manner, but proofs are adduced, that may be said to establish his innocence. General report, indeed, speaks of him as a quiet and inoffensive man, passionately devoted to study, and relaxing only to display the most honourable and praiseworthy traits of character. His almost incredible powers were so extraordinary, as not to be accounted for in any other way, than by ascribing them to have originated from some dungeon seclusion, and a Polish violinist, at the same time, having been imprisoned at Milan, for some offence with him, PAGANINI was confounded. Rumour rose upon rumour, and the poor slandered musician found himself, at length, charged with the most appalling crimes, and the celebrity of his guilt spreading over every part of Europe. Unfortunately, PAGANINI himself was the last to hear of the slander, and it was not until he had reached Vienna, in 1828, that the alarming rumours first burst upon him, with all their withering power: indignant therewith, he instantly set about redeeming his fame, and a manifesto, signed by himself, was published in all the leading journals, both in Italian and German, utterly denying every action that had been ascribed to him, and appealing to the magistracies of the different states, under whose protection he had till then lived in the public exercise of his profession, for the

truth of his contradiction. Corroborative of this statement, a gentleman who travelled with the musician during the months of June and July last, expresses the highest opinion of his moral character, and also contradicts, in the most unqualified terms, the absurd rumours that are in circulation. He utterly denies that he is given to extravagance, or any dissipated habits, on the contrary, stating that he is rather of a parsimonious turn, and must have accumulated a considerable deal of money.* At the commencement of June last, his savings were reckoned at 160,000 florins, and the eleven concerts which he gave during the above-mentioned two months tour in Germany, produced ten thousand rix-dollars more (about 1300*l.*) †

In his demeanour, PAGANINI is modest and unassuming; in his disposition, liberal and generous to a fault: like most artists, he is ardent and enthusiastic in his temperament, and in his actions very much a creature of impulse. He was in his younger days rather addicted to gallantry and gaiety, and many whimsical anecdotes are related of his adventures, which, from remaining uncontradicted, we may reasonably give credit to. Among others, we find, that travelling upon one occasion in a diligence, with a very rich, but not a very bright fellow passenger, he amused himself by passing as a notorious brigand, whose name at that time spread consternation through all Romagna. The alarm of the traveller may be easily imagined, and the musician enjoyed the evident suffering of the horror-stricken companion, to the end of the journey.

From the third year of his life, PAGANINI has been before the public, and his studies have been pursued with unwearied assiduity; by his devotion and perseverance, he is enabled to exercise the most singular flexibility of fingers, and can easily throw his thumb flat upon the back of his left

* We understand, that he is exemplary in the discharge of his filial duties, amply providing for the comforts of an aged mother, and generous in his disbursements towards his more necessitous relations and friends.

† A curious enquirer, calculating the profits of one of PAGANINI'S concerts in Paris, states that for each bar of music he played, he cleared 12 francs, for a *natural* note 6 fr. for *flats* and *sharps* 3 fr. each, for a *quarer* 1½ fr. for a *semi-quaver* 15 sous, for a *demi-semi-quaver* 7½ sous,—and even after this division, 120 francs remain over and above!

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hand: his fingers and thumb, indeed, appear like machinery, so rapid and flexible are their motion. The appearance of the musician is by no means prepossessing, his figure being thin, gaunt, and his features strongly marked; his hair is black and flowing, and his figure is altogether romantic, and as extraordinary as his musical powers. We believe that he is the martyr of physical debility, never being entirely free from a distressing illness, which often deprives him of all capability of action. By one of those eccentricities of nature, which at times develop themselves, if, however, he can once grapple the violin, and strike the bow upon the chord, his powers return to his command, and he is able to execute the most difficult composition in his finest style. His hands are beyond the ordinary size, dry, firm, and muscular: his habits partake of all that eccentricity which we frequently find attached to genius, and he evinces his utter disregard of every thing beyond what is connected with his darling pursuit, to which comfort, and even convenience are sacrificed. His apartments are always in disorder; he studies in his bed-chamber, amidst an accumulation of clothes, ornaments, furniture, music and other articles, scattered promiscuously about.

His extraordinary command of the back string of his instrument, which has excited so much attention, PAGANINI himself explains to have originated from his connection with the theatre at Lucca, where he became enamoured with one of the ladies of the Court, and by whom his passion was returned. One day he promised to surprise his mistress with a musical *jeu d'esprit*, which he announced as a "love scene." Much curiosity was excited respecting the nature of this performance, and when PAGANINI appeared with his violin, it was found that the two middle strings were wanting. He then commenced "a dialogue" upon those that remained, one string representing the gentleman, and the other the lady: he in this manner delineated the capricious quarrels and reconciliations of lovers, at one time scolding each other, at another, sighing and making tender advances, finally winding up the scene in the utmost good humour and delight, the united pair leading off a *pas de deux*, and concluding with a grand *finale*. This singular performance excited universal admiration, and PAGANINI was requested, as he had achieved such a triumph upon two strings, to try his powers upon a single one. To this he assented, and a few weeks afterwards, produced his sonata "*Napoleon*," which he performed upon the G string, before the whole Court, with the most surprising success; he then played the compositions of other masters in a similar manner, and with the like effect. "This," says PAGANINI, "is the first and true cause of my partiality for the G string, and as they were always desiring to hear more of it, one day taught another, until at last my proficiency in this department was completely established."

He has a son who always travels with him, a child about seven years of age, whose mother (Signora ANTONIA BIANCHI, a singer at Palermo) PAGANINI lived with a considerable time; but her violent temper was too much for the musician to bear, and they parted about three years ago.

To this boy he is passionately devoted, scarcely ever suffering him out of his sight, and personally acting the part of nurse towards him. He has instructed him, also, in the rudiments of the musical science, and, we understand, that he already evinces signs of great talent. He has the same delicate state of health as his father, who has often been heard to exclaim, that if his darling boy was to die, he should cer-

tainly expire himself! This boy is called by the romantic names of *Achilles Lyrus Alexander*, and the following description of the manner in which his father behaves to him, will be read with particular interest, as affording an interesting view of the private life of this extraordinary musician. Every thing was lying in its usual disorder, says an observer who visited PAGANINI:—here a violin, there another; one snuff-box upon the bed, another under one of the boy's playthings. Music, money, caps, letters, watches, and boots, were scattered about in the greatest profusion. The chairs, tables, and even the bed, had all been removed from their proper places. In the midst of the chaos sat PAGANINI, his black silk night-cap covering his still blacker hair; a yellow handkerchief tied carelessly round his neck, and a chocolate coloured jacket hanging loose over his shoulders. On his knees he held Achillino his little son of four years of age, at that time in very bad humour because he had allowed his hands to be washed. Let the boy be ever so troublesome, he never gets angry, but merely turns round, and observes to those present, "the poor child is wearied, I do not know what I shall do. I have been fighting with him all the morning, I have carried him about, made him chocolate, I do not know what more to do." PAGANINI had now finished the dressing of his Achillino, but was himself still in dishabille, and now arose the great difficulty, how to accomplish his own toilette;—where to find his neckcloth, boots and coat,—all were hid by Achillino. The urchin laughed when he saw his father pacing with long strides through the apartments, his searching looks glancing in all directions: the boots, at length, were found hid under the trunk, the handkerchief in one of the boots, the coat in the box, and the waistcoat in the drawer of the table. Every time that PAGANINI had found one of his things, he drew it out in triumph, took a great pinch of snuff, and went with new zeal to search for the remaining articles.

In this manner the time of PAGANINI is spent, when unoccupied by study, or his professional duties; simple, unassuming, and unostentatious; he leaves rings and watches carelessly about; and no idea of the insecurity of his property ever seems to enter his head.

When his first work was published, it met with little notice, and less support; it was too difficult for amateurs, and the profession considered it in no other light than that of the production of a talented man, capable of producing an ingenious mystification, but not able, even himself, to execute the music that he had composed. Time, however, has shewn that he can not only execute those extraordinary works, but in a style as brilliant as the finest master can throw off the lightest composition. We are inclined to characterize PAGANINI as a very bold, a *daring* man, one who sought after seeming impossibilities,—to achieve something that no other individual would dream practicable, and by the dint of ardour and enthusiasm, ultimately effecting the object to which his devotions were addressed. The correctness and delicacy of his ear are as surprising as his execution, he can play upon an *untuned* instrument, and correct every defect in the harmony; hence, although he is particularly careful in his choice of strings, and makes a considerable shew of mounting and tuning his violin, he can play as finely upon one from which no other musician could produce any thing but discord. His performance upon a *single string*, is, perhaps, the most wonderful of the whole,—nothing can be more pure, more forcible, nor more correct than the harmony which he produces,

whether the composition be of a plaintive, or of a striking nature; he threads the intricacies of the music with a volubility and delicacy that amazes the hearer.

Madame MALIBRAN, having been heard to express her regret that PAGANINI could not perform a *cantabile*, the musician immediately communicated to her his readiness to wait upon her before any musical audience, when she might produce any song she pleased, and he would instantly cut three strings of his violin, and upon the remaining *one*, perform while she sung,—the superiority to be judged by the persons present. Madame MALIBRAN did not accept the challenge, but a few days afterwards, PAGANINI having a concert at the Italian opera house, introduced a *cantabile* of his own composition, which he executed upon two strings, in the most beautiful and powerful style. He concluded his triumph with his celebrated performance of the *Prayer of Moses*, upon the fourth string, which has obtained unanimous admiration.

The ridiculous stories that were in circulation in Paris, induced PAGANINI before he left that capital, to publish a letter in one of the musical periodicals, contradicting them entirely. He observes, that if it were true that he had assassinated a successful rival, it must have been before he was three years of age, as since that period, he has been immediately before the world, and every incident in his career from that time can be traced in the public journals:—He therefore denies having been imprisoned, and complains very justly of being caricatured in silk handkerchiefs, representing him in prison, behind a grated window, playing upon a violin with a single string! Handkerchiefs which are publicly exhibited for sale in the shops of Paris.

Whether the talents of PAGANINI *deserve* to be paid for in the extravagant manner which he desires, is a matter of speculation which we leave to the consideration of our readers. Talent no doubt should be rewarded, but the reward should be proportionate, and though we are called upon to do justice to an extraordinary individual, we should be careful that no ridiculous *rage* for the ephemeral *lion* of the day, hurries us beyond the bounds of prudence and propriety. Because the *Parisians* are extravagant, it is no reason that we should follow their example; because *they* choose to be fiddled out of their senses, we see no reason that we should put on a similar cap and bells, and endeavour to emulate *their* absurdity. PAGANINI is the fashion, but we trust, that the fashion will not become a *monstrosity*.

LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

"If e'en the actions of the humblest give
A colour to their life, all then must hold
Those of the rulers of a mighty land.
If only by example's force, shall prove
Vast influence on the people. Let us see
What they have been which fed the latest hour."

STUART.

It is the habit with many shallow minded folk to imagine that *Royalty* has no cares. To fancy that it is only required of *Kings* to sit in ermined state, and through their Ministers and Satellites to promulgate decrees, to dictate commands, and thus to move the whole machine of Government. But WILLIAM THE FOURTH and his QUEEN continue to evince by their actions that they do not live for themselves alone; and that they are fully sensible how much the welfare of a people

depends upon a participation in their wishes, an enquiry into their wants, and a knowledge of their habits, on the part of those who wear the crown, and possess that blessing (according as it is justly or correctly used) of masterdom and sovereignty.

In writing this, we mean to state that THEIR MAJESTIES, although Windsor has been their principal residence till towards the conclusion of the month, have frequently come to town for the purpose of holding those assemblies of state which are absolutely necessary to the support, the existence of our home manufactures and native industry. Every Wednesday, true as the dial plate to its hour, a *levee* (at each of which there have been numerous presentations, and some offices or badges of dignity conferred) has been held at St. James's. But we must not forget to particularize the splendid Ball given by HER MAJESTY on Monday, May the 9th, at the Palace, and which, when the company (consisting of nearly the whole of the *great world* within the vortex of its influences) were assembled presented a scene of grandeur and imposing effect which no other Court could have exhibited. The arrangements were on a scale of costly magnificence, and we have rarely seen, though

"We have waltzed and quadrilled it
In hundreds of ball-rooms,"

more appropriate emblems of royalty than those which were, in variegated hues, traced upon the floors of the spacious dancing rooms. It has, however, been wisely said, because we hope the remark will, in *this* respect, lead to *reform*, that the draperies of the throne-room, and the gold fringe of the state canopy are not only heavy, but wear a very dingy appearance, quite inconsistent, and altogether opposed to the elegance of the other portion of the apartments. Surely when it is considered that in this very room the *entré* is given to all the ambassadors, functionaries, and representatives of the civilized world, a few pounds, (and there would be no occasion to pray an act of Parliament to raise them,) in re-embellishing this State-Chamber, would not only be usefully but most consistently expended. Let those to whom the duty devolves look to it. Upon the splendid occasion to which we are alluding, HIS MAJESTY was attired in the uniform of a British Admiral—that character which carries with it the world's wonder and respect—wore a few orders, and smiled welcome to all. The QUEEN of the *fête*, as well as of her admiring nation, again set the example of patriotic humanity and benign consistency, justice and prudence, by appearing in robes of English manufacture, tastefully arranged and fashioned by English skill. Her white *British* satin dress, blond silver lama lappets, and beautiful head-dress of rose-wreath and brilliants well became the form of one who owns a crown, and reproved more severely than frowns or even words, the obstinate adhesiveness of some—(thanks to the influence of royalty and good sense, in number they are decreasing, and in respectability retrograding)—to foreign finery and exotic decoration. Then on May the 12th came the *Drawing Room*, with reference to which we have little more to add to those observations we have deemed it fitting to make upon the preceding Ball. The splendours were equal, with the exception that the one was a morning display, the other

"A Regal show, to shame the scarf of night
With gorgeous blazonry, and cheat the hour
With banquets luscious, as the fabled feasts
Olympus' monarch graced."

ON DITS OF FASHION, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE BEAU MONDE.

We are always happy to have it in our power to contradict the slander that has been circulated to the prejudice of high and worthy individuals, and more especially, when *woman* is the object of the unmerited obloquy. At the present moment we are called upon to do justice to the reputation of a noble lady, of high and honourable connections, lately entered into the hymeneal state, the happiness of which, some unprincipled persons have sought to transform into utter misery, by the propagation of the most deadly slander, to destroy for ever the joy of the husband, and to blight, for ever, the felicity of the young and noble bride. Truly happy are we, however, to be able to deny, unequivocally deny, the whole of this unprincipled insinuation, and also to state, that Lady C. N. *has not* left the house of her husband, nor was such an occurrence ever for a moment contemplated. It is a complete fabrication altogether. The name of the Countess of WARWICK has been introduced into the story, and it is, probably, fortunate for the amiable object of the slander, that it has been, since it is an undoubted fact, that Lady WARWICK *could never sanction, under her roof, any individual who had been guilty of the least act of impropriety.* Lady WARWICK and Lady C. N., previous to the nuptials of the latter, were almost inseparable friends, and the same friendship subsists, and has subsisted, between them, up to the present moment.

The exaltation of the worthy son of our beloved Monarch to the peerage, which *we* were the *first* to predict, some months ago, has at length taken place, and Colonel GEORGE FITZCLARENCE is now distinguished by the hitherto royal title of Earl of MUNSTER. No elevation has ever given greater satisfaction to the country, and, probably, no individual ever better merited the distinction. True nobility of character, undoubted bravery, honour, integrity, and every gentlemanly feeling, must entitle the possessor to fame and high distinction. We regret to hear, however, that the Earl is about to quit England, and only the consideration of the benefits likely to accrue to this country, by his superintendence of the affairs of India, can reconcile us to his departure.

It is supposed that PAGANINI will have a great number of rivals. Mr. T. COOKE, we understand, will be the first in the field,—and we know, that a gentleman of the name of Ketch, who sojourns occasionally in the vicinity of the Old Bailey, has asserted his superiority of *execution* upon a *single string*!

Lady L—complained to ALVANLEY the other day, of the want of *amenity* in the pew-openers at the Chapel Royal. "Very likely," exclaimed the noble wit, "the whole of the *amenity* is engrossed by the clerk!"

It is known that the pretty and accomplished Miss E—, has two *adorateurs* at her shrine. Lord D. rallied her upon the circumstance; but the lady, smiling at his observations, assured his lordship that she preferred *two strings to her bow*. "Indeed, madam," sarcastically rejoined Lord D. "it shows *how many* you can attract." "By no means, my lord, I could have *half a dozen beaux* if I chose." "It seems, however, that you prefer the *long bow*!" replied the nobleman, with an arch and cutting smile. "If I do, my lord," rejoined the indignant lady, awakened to the insult, "I never shoot with *poisoned arrows*!" His lordship turned away in silence, and was heard no more during the evening.

We are given to understand, that a number of foreign adventurers are upon their way to this country, where, assuming titles and distinctions, they expect to impose upon the credulity of English families, and make their fortunes by *matrimonial alliances*. Some of these adventurers have already been successful in their stratagems, and we would point out, at the present moment, a *few* that are engaged upon a similar scheme, and with every probability of similar success. It is our duty to make our distinguished readers aware of this circumstance, and to guard them against the influx of foreign *noblemen*, that will shortly endeavour to gain a place by their firesides, and repay their hospitality by running away with their marriageable daughters.*

A musical duchess is endeavouring to provide a treat for her distinguished friends,—she wishes to outvie all contemporaneous *soirées*, by a perfect constellation of talent. Nothing short of Pasta, Lablache, Taglioni, and Paganini, will satisfy the ambition of the Duchess!

NOBLE CON.—"Why are the people that patronize the new musical phenomenon," inquired the Duke of DEVONSHIRE at his last party, "like the fiddler himself?"—"Because they are a *pack o' ninnies*!"

THE GENTLEMEN in *Green Veils*!—Our fair friends have really cause to complain of the *gentlemen*, for the adoption by them, of their own *peculiar* and appropriate articles of dress. We did not think that *dandyism* had progressed so far as to abstract the veils from ladies' wardrobes, much less that the use of them was becoming general,—but we found, upon our visit to Epsom, that a great portion of our male companions were thus singularly arrayed. On previous occasions, the use of such *interesting* appendages had been very restricted, but *now* they have become almost universal, and have the most ludicrous and singular effect imaginable. The ostensible cause of the custom, is to keep the dust from the gentlemen's faces, and to prevent *sun spots*, we suppose, on their delicate complexions;—really, we should advise the adoption of *parasols* as well,—and what do our friends think of *shawls*, to arrest the progress of the dirt in its way to the spoliation of their embroidered waistcoats, and to prevent the cold evening air affecting their chests and lungs? Those articles might be found particularly serviceable to the *gentlemen*, and as they have already adopted *ladies veils*, they surely need not stick at trifles!

* These fellows have been encouraged in their *honourable* pursuit, no doubt, by the eagerness of certain ladies, who are accustomed to visit the continent for the express purpose of marrying their daughters to *noblemen*. We have often noticed, personally, the misguided endeavours of those individuals, which we cannot too deeply regret; as the results, if successful, must be disappointment and despair.—A contemporary writer, on a similar subject, observes, that such noblemen are generally swindlers, without a sixpence, without a character, and with another wife or half dozen! But the grand object is gained, the charming young worshipper of whiskers and *soirées*, is entitled *Madame la Marquise de Vaurion*, or the *Baroness Von Tondertronck*. The happy mother exults in being the *Madame Mere* of the swindler and his *belle Anglaise*, and, in six months, the *Marchioness* is returned upon her hands, with "*les trois chemises sur le dos*," in plain English, stripped of purse, wardrobe, and whatever else she brought with her,—and is a *Marchioness*—Heaven save the mark!—for life!

Lady JERSEY enquired, why the candidates at the late elections, whose effigies had been burnt by the populace, were like one of Sir WALTER SCOTT's heroes? An ingenious wit replied—"Because they are 'County Guys'."

PAGANINI has a most particular regard for *sovereigns*: his loyalty is so very great, his patriotism is so remarkably strong, that people must actually put before his musical eyes an abundance of pictures of the king of the country in which he may be, before he will consent to display his powers. It is said, that he accumulated twenty thousand of these goodly pictures in Paris, and that at Dunkirk, where he was assisted by various *amateurs*, he made each of them produce the ordinary contribution, before they were suffered to enter his doors! And he expected to make such fools of the English—!

"Nay, *Signor*, we have not come to that!"

LORD CASTLEREAGH has convinced the world that there is more within than they imagine; his coat lining having cost upwards of eighty guineas!

On the great "Derby" day; among other highly distinguished ladies, we noticed the amiable Marchioness of STAFFORD, apparently enjoying the best health and spirits, though her Ladyship must have been much annoyed by the ill-favoured looking fellow that climbed upon her carriage wheels, and almost obstructed her view of the race. The Marchioness wore the yellow bonnet that we have been accustomed to see her in for the last six months!

ITALY.—A new illustrated Road Book, of the route from London to Naples, containing twenty-four highly finished Views, from original drawings, by Praat, Stanfield, and Brockendon; engraved by William and Edward Finden.—Part the first, containing the route from London to Paris, it is our duty as well as pleasure to notice.

The continental traveller will find this work admirably adapted to illustrate the scenes through which he is progressing, or, in the words of the Editor (the highly talented Mr. Brockendon), "will assist to recal the scenes of his journey, and remove the serious objections which have been raised by former tourists against the numerous mis-statements which have arisen in similar works from mere compilation." Imperial quarto proofs, on India paper, 16s.: on inferior paper, to as low as 6s.; and a few sets of the first proofs, on Columbian quarto, 21s. This interesting work is published by J. Murray, and sold by Rodwell, New Bond-street.

The foregoing Itinerary is written in a very comprehensive style, and includes the mention of every possible requisite that an English traveller stands in need of,—in particular, the following friendly hint is justifiably extracted. "The comfort with which an Englishman who understands the world better than any other, is likely to enjoy in an excursion in-land, where the language, manners, and customs are so different from his own, will greatly depend upon his carrying with him a ready stock of good temper and forbearance, which have a more certain currency *than gold* in the purchase of civilities and efforts to please. A man will see more, enjoy more, and learn more, by carrying with him his head and heart in good travelling trim, than can be obtained by having his pockets full of letters of credit, without this necessary state of mind and feeling."

Having given our readers the above extract, which contains a most valuable piece of advice to the generality of tourists, we shall conclude with a hearty recommendation of the work, for the *boudoir of the beauty*, or the *librairie of the beau*.

EPSOM RACES.

There are certain holidays, or anniversarial amusements, which every body goes to see. Yes, every body, from the coroneted peer to the ragged beggar; from the Duke who flourishes his whip-cord upon the sleek thin-coated four that draw his *imitative stage-coach*, fast as the evolutions of the wheels will permit, to the belabourer of a single donkey on the crowded road; yea, from the Duchess of St. Alban's—heaven preserve her Grace! to Daniel and Deborah Dowlas, or their shopmen, of the city. We mean *Epsom Races*, whereat are decided not only the great stakes termed the "Derby" and the "Oaks," (so christened from the venerable Earl of the former name and his mansion,) but the hopes, fears, profits, and losses of thousands, not to mention the crisp gaieties of new city bonnets, silken spencers, and the culinary productions of a fortnight's preparation.

The races we need not, since in the company of ladies, describe with the *technicalities* of a horse-jockey or professed turfite. Let it suffice, then, that no less than *twenty-three* were mounted and ridden for the *Great Derby Stakes* (the amount of 3000*l.* entitles them to be called so, does it not, Lord Lowther?) of 1831, and that, except with a few who backed "the field," (that is, ladies, those horses not so popular, it was imagined, as to *pace* as others,) because *the field* was not yet won,—*Riddlesworth*, nothing but *Riddlesworth*, was the cry. Not Marmion of old, nor the call for the "bill" in our day, could be more in people's mouths.

"But who can look into the seeds of time

And tell which seed will grow, and which will not?"

no one; second-sightedness, the spirit of prophecy, belong not to the cunning of the present age. Cassandra is dead; the oracle of Delphos was a dream; Moore's Almanack is an old Woman's story, and the theory of dreams remain yet in mystery. In other words, the horses started, *Hæmus* did all he could as a good horse for Lord Exeter, *Bras de Fer* the same for the Marquis of Sligo, *Ciudad Rodrigo*, not altogether belying his name, held out as long as nature would allow for his good Grace of Richmond; *Incubus* galloped lustily for Mr. Cooke, and *Riddlesworth*, the hero of the season at Newmarket, obeyed Henry Edwards's rein and spur as long as his powers served, but they were taxed too highly, all would not do; little *Spaniel* (honouring his descent from the *whale-bones*, always an *elastic, breakless* race), Wheatley and Lord Lowther were victorious, the favourite was beaten by nearly his length, and the *Lonsdales* received compensation for their defeat in Cumberland, by their triumph in Surrey. It was nearly the same on the day following, viz. Friday, the 20th, when the "Oaks' Stakes" was the allurements of the day. For this prize, upwards of twenty-five hundred pounds, twenty-one horses sated, Mr. Houldsworth's *Circassian*, an importation from the "North Countree," greatly the favourite. Off, and without a false start, (would it were always so) off they went, Sadler's *Delight* in front making strong "*play*," which John Day, upon the Duke of Grafton's *Oxygen*, soon turned into *work* by going the *pace*:—this at the "corner," that, to many fatal old Tottenham corner, placed the majority *hors de combat*, a beaten and panting rear-guard. Lord Exeter's and Lord Lowther's fillies made a strong struggle for it, kept well up, but could never "collar" nor catch the Duke's; and *Oxygen* John Day, and the scarlet jacket came in, the latter colour shaking in the wind, first and triumphant. The judge placed the other two

we have just mentioned, and *Circassian*, besides the leader. It was, from first to last, a beautiful and fair run race.

Thus ended *Epsom Races*; and what will half the people who attended remember of them, but that their pocket money was spent, their counters neglected, their new millinery spoiled for next Sunday's "jaunt" to Richmond in a "*wherry*," their dozen of "gooseberry" swallowed, their dishes demolished, and the cost of carriage, postillions, and turnpikes perfectly "*oudachus*." Yes, they may remember *beings* with trowsers like their grandmother's bed-curtains, waist-coats as if cut from their ancestor's shawls, and spurs ever and anon warring against the wearer's shins; and they may bear in mind, *creatures* wearing man's attire, but covering their countenances with *green veils*, lest the winds of heaven,—heaven save the mark! visit their faces, their pretty, pretty faces! (*q?*) too roughly. These *things*, these *vanities*, these *noities* of men, these *ephemera*, which, like Macbeth's switches should be *women*, if nature had deemed them worthy of being made any thing half so admirable and excellent may be remembered. But were we to ask Mrs. Deborah, or her red armed daughter, which horse won the Derby? it is fifty to one (*the odds which the real winner defeated*), we are told it was Mr. Beardworth's *Coloick* from "*Brummagem*" (or something as monstrous,) which happened to be, loudly as he was trumpeted, the *very last horse* in the race!

Thus it is for some people to go to Epsom Races; as for ourselves and our distinguished patrons, we are satisfied to judge as we list, and enjoy, as we laugh at folly and eccentricity.

The next *Great Races* that take place are *Ascot*, commencing on Tuesday the 31st, which his MAJESTY will support by entertaining large parties of the Nobility, &c. at Windsor Castle. *Hampton Court* follows the Tuesday after, and promises excellent performances. *Manchester* is also next week, so that those who support, or attend the amusement of the *Turf*, will have but

"To mount their steeds, or rattle down in state,
To where the racer starts off for the plate."

THE EXHIBITIONS.

[It is our intention to visit, personally, every exhibition of novelty and interest that may appear in the metropolis, and present our readers with an article devoted exclusively to the subject,—which will not only afford a comprehensive view of whatever is worthy of patronage, but, also, afford a vivid picture of the novelties of the day.]

MODEL OF THE CITY OF LONDON. *Western Exchange*.—This exhibition is not calculated to excite so much admiration at the first glance, as its closer examination must inspire; the objects are necessarily very minute, but they are so neatly executed, and with such particular correctness, that the observer must be fastidious indeed, who is not highly delighted with them. The model comprehends the whole of the city of London; every street, and every house in which, is clearly shewn, and may be immediately discovered. The cathedral of St. Paul's is a prominent object, and very cleverly is the miniature model executed. The squares, and principal buildings, only, of the western portion of the metropolis, are represented, but we are informed, that the whole of it is in rapid progress, and will be added to the exhibition, when completed. The Thames, represented by glass, studded with

boats and barges, with the splendid bridges, &c. has a remarkably lively and pleasant appearance. It is altogether an exhibition that reflects the highest credit upon the ingenuity of the artist, and well deserving of fashionable patronage. There are two rejected models exhibited in the same room, one for the New Post Office, and the other for the Law Institution,—the designs of which are clever, though not equal to the approved ones.

MR. HOLLIN'S SCULPTURE. *Old Bond Street*.—We cannot commend these classical performances too highly; Mr. Hollins is a perfect master of his art,—and his present achievements are some of the finest figures that we ever remember to have seen. The principal groupe, represents *The Massacre of the Innocents*,—a man is holding an innocent child in his grasp, and about to sacrifice it, whilst the boy's mother is supplicating for her darling's life. The stern and savage features of the destroyer, are finely contrasted by the agony of the woman's countenance, while the face of the unconscious boy is as beautifully characterized. The figures are nobly executed, and there is an air of grandeur about them, which exalts them to the highest rank of modern art. The second groupe, however, *Zephyrus and Aurora*, is our favourite; it is one of the sweetest things that ever emanated from the chisel of any artist; replete with nature, truth, and poetry; the sternest critic must unbend his brow in contemplating the lovely figures, and even envy must own them faultless. The next two figures *Conrad and Medora*, illustrative of Byron's poem, have much merit,—though we dislike the *womanly* appearance of the neck of the *Corsair*; with that exception we have no fault to find with the figures. Close to these, is a sweet bust, a *posthumous* one, of a *Miss Rhodes* of Birmingham; the visitor will perceive a *flower* represented as placed in the bosom, an introduction which has, perhaps, never before been seen in a bust, and which, upon this occasion, originated in the love of a fond parent. The flower, which had blossomed extremely early in the season, had been plucked by the dying girl, a few days before her decease, and placed in her bosom;—by the desire of her father, its resemblance was also pictured in the marble. What a train of tender feelings does the contemplation of this interesting subject inspire! Some other minor pieces of sculpture, a fine bust of Mr. LLOYD,—a whole length of the *Marquis of Anglessea*, &c. are also exhibited in the same apartment, which no admirer of the fine arts, should miss the opportunity of visiting.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS: *Illustrative of Burns' Poem. Regent's Quadrant*.—These are eight figures in stone, executed by GREENSHIELDS, a self-taught Scottish artist, who displays talent for the humorous, equal to that of HOGARTH himself. Nos. 1 and 2, are the least happy of the whole, indeed to have a just view of the former, the beholder must stand close against the left-hand wall, otherwise he will not be able to catch the true expression of the woman's countenance. No. 2 is rather too stiff for the subject, but the remaining figures are pre-eminently characteristic and excellent. The poor terrified fiddler, and his revengeful rival, with his "*rusty rapier*," are so good, that we could remain for half an hour laughing at them;—whilst the ballad singer and his "*two Deborahs*," are equally mirth-moving and ludicrous. The most scrupulous regard has been paid by Mr. GREENSHIELD'S to the minutest details of his figures,—the tattered waistcoat, broken buttons, patched and mended garments, and the other peculiarities of costume, of the class from whence the cha-

acters are drawn, are described with the most amusing fidelity. Two figures,—his late Majesty, and the late Duke of York, which are also shewn, are interesting, as being the *first productions* of Mr. GREENSHIELDS, who, though he may be a *self-taught artist*, is one of the cleverest of the present day.

The COLLOSSEUM enjoys a great share of fashionable patronage, and deservedly so; it is one of the most perfect and elegant exhibitions in the metropolis, every portion of it deserving of the highest encomiums that we can bestow.

A Bavarian of the name of Vernon, has given a private musical performance of a very singular nature, at the Argyll Rooms. He imitates, with his voice, a variety of instruments; also birds, fowls, and, above all, a fat lap-dog that is scarce able to breathe by reason of its own obesity; this imitation is the most laughable, and the best of the whole; but the performance in general, is highly creditable to the talents of the gentleman. We may, perhaps, pay him another visit, when his *public* performances commence, and will then give more detailed remarks than our present limits will allow.

PARTIES AND BALLS.

Another triumph of the English court was achieved on the 9th ult. when her Majesty gave her second State Ball, and the glory of the British nation were revealed in all its powerful splendour, placing contemporary efforts at a distance, and standing like the moon in the heavens, shewing with surpassing majesty, amidst the myriad stars! There we beheld the rich train of beauty adorned with all the refinement of art; the combination of wealth and splendour,—the banquet,—the music,—the young and the beautiful moving through the fantastic mazes of the dance, and associating in our imagination, only with those fanciful triumphs of oriental splendour, which exist but in the pages of romance. The QUEEN danced one set of quadrilles, and also waltzed with the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

There was but one reflection that sullied the enjoyment, the consciousness that of all the money that had been expended by royal and noble ladies in the production of this effect, very little indeed had found its way to our own country people,—on the contrary, that it had been bestowed upon unworthy *foreigners*! We must again respectfully suggest to individuals of distinction, that it is extremely *cruel* to patronize people of other lands, when their work can be done *quite as well*, by Englishwomen, whose interests are indeed suffering most severely, by the encouragement which foreigners continue to receive. Those high personages, who owe their birth to a foreign soil, should still consider, that in allying themselves with the DIRECTORS of *English Interests*, they adopt England as their country, and, virtually, pledge themselves to support the English people, that people naturally look up to them for support, and how agonizing must be their feeling, to find themselves deserted, and, as it were, *despised*, while their foreign rivals exult in the triumph, and the ill-advised conduct of their supporters. The Duchess of CUMBERLAND should consider the injury that she inflicts upon the interests of English people, of a country, *of which her husband's brother is the King*! There are other highly distinguished ladies to whom similar observations might with propriety be addressed, and to whom, we trust, our appeal will not be made in vain.

The Queen's Juvenile Ball, on the 24th, was characterized with a similar degree of spirit; it was lively, animated, and interesting.

Our limits this month prevent our giving more than a general opinion of the merits of the entertainments that have been held at the mansions of the nobility. We may mention in high terms of commendation, the well attended dinner parties of the Duchess of KENT, Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Marquis of STAFFORD, Lord CAWDOR, Countess of JERSEY, and Mrs. W. CAMAC, and the splendid balls of Lady FARQUHAR, Lady WROTTESELEY, Lady HAMILTON, Mrs. ELLIS, Mrs. ADAMS, and Mrs. RUNDALL TODD; also the excellent arrangements of the musical party of Mrs. TURNER.

The Duchess of ST. ALBANS' *dejeuné*, on the 14th, was attended by the *élite of ton*; Mr. PHILLIPS and Madame STROCKHAUSEN, were the chief vocalists, and Sir GEORGE SMART presided at the pianoforte. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE's concert and ball, was a brilliant affair, conducted with spirit, and productive of great effect: at a subsequent evening party, upwards of thirteen hundred distinguished persons were entertained by his grace.

The grand entertainment given by Prince LEOPOLD, was characterized with much stateliness and *etiquette*. It would have had greater claim upon our admiration, had a smaller number of *foreigners* been engaged. *There was not a single English vocalist in the rooms!*

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

" Ah, 'tis a mournful thought,
To think the verdure of life's lingering day
Is but with ruin fraught,
The pledge and prelude of its sure decay!"
BERNARD BARTON.

May, "the month of love," has indeed witnessed many happy results of that divine affection; upon its very commencement we find at the sacred altar, the lovely and highly-accomplished GEORGIANA ANNE, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Lieut.-Col. CARLETON, and sister of the present Lord DORCHESTER, there receiving the sacred symbol from the hands of ROBERT KING, Esq. a gentleman of worth and fortune. At St. James's Church, also, we find the Lady ARABELLA VANE, daughter to the Marquis of CLEVELAND, uniting her fortunes and fate, with those of the Hon. R. P. ARDEN, of Pepper-Hall, in the county of Yorkshire: and the bridal favours are still young, that were worn upon the occasion of the happily-assorted union of the graceful and truly beautiful LAURA GEORGIANA ELLIS, daughter of Capt. ELLIS, of Imy Dey Park, Monmouthshire, with WILLIAM COOPER COOPER, of Park House, Middlesex, celebrated by the Lord Bishop of BANGOR.

Still the voice of sorrow will creep in amidst our rejoicings, and we have, in consequence, to mourn for the loss of that valuable officer Admiral Sir JOSEPH SYDNEY YORKE, K.C.B. who with his friends, Captains BRADY and YOUNG, perished by the upsetting of an open boat at the mouth of the Southampton river. We have, also, to condole with the noble family of WILTON, for the untimely loss of the infant daughter of the Earl, Lady MARGARET GROSVENOR WILTON. Intense must be the grief of the noble Earl and Countess, for they have beheld three successive children, just as they arrived at the most interesting period of childhood, snatched from them by the destroying hand of death.

We had, in our last number, to record the melancholy

decease of the lady of our great military chieftain,—we have now to chronicle the loss of the widow of the immortal NELSON, who expired at her house in Harley Street, on the 4th ult. in the sixty-ninth year of her age.

But again the notes of gladness are sounding, and the merry bells are ringing, to celebrate the hymeneal happiness of the amiable FRANCES RICHARDSON, and R. DALY, Esq. of his Majesty's 14th regiment.

"The maiden was fair as maiden could be,
Her cheek was as fresh as the rose on the tree;
And she looked her blandest and brightest to-day,
For she wore the white robe like a Queen of the May!"

Another nuptial solemnity has been celebrated at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Hon. CHARLOTTE WELLSLEY, daughter of Lord COWLEY, and niece to the Duke of WELLINGTON, and the Right Hon. ROBERT GROSVENOR, son of Earl GROSVENOR. The happy pair are abiding at Strathfieldsay, during the honeymoon. At the same altar, on the 18th, the lovely GEORGIANA MARIA STRATTON, of Farthingal Lodge, Northampton, gave her hand to the eldest son of Sir WILLIAM CURTIS, Bart.

THE DRAMA.

"Now to the drama, and its scenes we turn,
And now with Cato, and with *Alfred* burn;—
Now laugh with sprightly Rosalind!"—

THE ROSCIAD.

THE OPERA. Signor and Madame RUBINI have made respective obeisances to a London audience, since our last notice; the talents of the former, are of the highest order; his voice being one of great power, exceedingly flexible, and possessing much sweetness of tone; his performance of the hero of *Il Pirata* has been eminently successful. Madame RUBINI is not competent to fill the leading characters of the opera; she has some talent, but it is of too mediocre a nature to justify her assumption of *Imogen*. Madame PASTA has returned to us after a long absence, and been greeted with all that warmth of feeling which ever celebrates the re-appearance of an established favorite. Her *Medea* is a splendid performance,—noble, and truly great;—we can compare this great vocalist only with our SIDMONS, for who is there else, that, could pourtray so finely the raging emotions that alternately swell the bosom of the hapless *Medea*. Every scene of the character is beautifully sustained, and the tone in which she exclaims to Jason,

"Barbaro! oh Dio! minore
Si fece sol per te."

haunts our memory still. RUBINI is a powerful *Egeo*, he introduces a sweet air by RAIMONDI, which he sings delightfully. CURIONI and LABACHE are excellent in *Giasone* and *Creonti*. TAGLIONI leaves in a few days.

At DRURY LANE, Mr. KNOWLE's tragedy of *Alfred the Great*, has been produced in a very splendid manner, and supported by the principal strength of the company. In order to impart additional interest to the subject, the author has introduced a love incident, detailing the adventures of two rivals, *Edrie* and *Oswith*, both Saxons, each of whom have been subdued by the daughter of the Danish monarch. *Oswith*, however, is the favored lover, and his adventures afford a very interesting relief to the heavier portions of the play. The old story of *Alfred* and the oaten cakes, is represented, and also the scenes in the camp of the Danes, wherein *Al-*

fred appears in a minstrel's disguise. Mr. MACREADY has added another wreath to the laurels of his fame, by his admirable performance of the hero. Miss HUDDART, Miss PHILLIPS, COOPER, H. WALLACK, and YOUNGE, also play with great spirit and effect. The drama has been eminently successful.

ONSLow's opera of *Le Colporteur*, adapted to the English stage by Mr. LIVIUS, under the title of *The Emissary*, has met with very little support,—the performance is remarkably heavy, and the vocal talent of PHILLIPS, SINCLAIR, Miss PEARSON, and Miss BRUCE, is not sufficient to drive away the ennui which is inspired by the nature of the scenes. The chorusses are very good. The old worn out melo-drama of *Timour the Tartar*, has been revived here, with the additional advantages of the beautiful stud of horses belonging to Mr. COOKE. We believe that the revival of this piece, is to be ascribed to the excitement which it was expected the novelty at the other house would occasion,—and upon this account alone we will pardon the error of its production. Such pieces are only fit for the amphitheatre, where they are not only shewn to much greater advantage, but are absolutely better played, by reason of that establishment being expressly devoted to them, and the incessant practice which the performers, in consequence, have.

MADLE. LEONTINE FAY, has appeared at the HAYMARKET THEATRE; her serious performances are interesting, and her comic personations spirited and clever; but still Madlle. FAY is not equal to our own delightful FANNY KELLY.

COVENT GARDEN. The new comedy of the *Exquisites*, is a very humorous and spirited production; we cannot enter into a detail of the plot, and can only offer a general opinion of the acting, which is admirable throughout. CHARLES KEMBLE's *Lord Castleton*, is exquisite indeed, and KEELEY, as his pupil, the bumpkin squire, is irresistibly droll. Mr. ABBOT, also, plays with great ability, and we have again to express our highest admiration of the genuine talent of Miss ELLEN TREE; her performance is chaste, elegant, and effective, and could not at present be excelled by any lady sent upon the metropolitan stage.

The much talked of entertainment of the adventures of *Napoleon Buonaparte*, from the period when he came into public notice, at the siege of Toulon, until his death at St. Helena, has at length been produced, with much splendour. It is to be lamented, that the managers of a national theatre, have found it necessary to resort to such an expedient, in order to draw an audience,—to adopt a species of entertainment that has hitherto been sacred to the minor theatres, which have also been the victims of their persecution. Has FANNY KEMBLE lost her attraction?—Will not Miss INVERRARITY fill a house? If such is the case, we cannot too deeply lament it, if it is not, the conduct of the managers in depriving us of such high intellectual gratifications, by the substitution of a medley patchwork mass of incongruity, cannot be too severely reprobated. Mr. WARDE plays the part of *Napoleon* with much credit, but the language he has to deliver is very common place. Messrs. BARTLEY, BENNET, WRENCH, and KEELEY, also support their respective characters, in a powerful style. Miss TAYLOR acquits herself to admiration. The spectacle is too long, even in its present abbreviated state.

At ASTLEYS, another version of the *Life of Napoleon* has been produced; it has been got up with much spirit, and being *shorter*, is more effective than the Covent Garden affair.



*Newest Fashions for June 1831.
Morning & Walking-Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for June, 1831.
Walking Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for June, 1831.
Fashionable Head Dresses*

NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1831.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Royal Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

PLATE THE SECOND.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of *foulard du Bengale*, of a large showy pattern, finished round the border with two rouleaux; *corsage uni*, and sleeve *à la Medicis*. *Canzou en cœur*, composed of Indian muslin; it is trimmed round the throat with a full *riche*, and a row of points which descend on the bust. The *mancherons* are large, and the ends, which descend nearly to the knee, are rounded: it is very richly embroidered. The bonnet is French Grey *gros de Naples*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and a large cockade of blond lace.

SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A *gros de Naples* pelisse-dress, the colour is a new shade of green. *Corsage en cœur*, the *cœur* formed by folds of the material of the dress. The upper part of the sleeve is very large, it terminates in a row of ornaments of the same material, which fall over the elbow; the lower part is quite tight. Blond lace ruff. White *gros de Naples* hat, trimmed with an intermixture of blond lace, and ornaments composed of ends of ribbon.

THIRD WALKING DRESS.

A dress of printed *mousseline de laine*, the colours are blue and green; it is trimmed round the border with a band of the same material cut in dents, which are edged with lilac satin; *corsage à revers*; sleeve of the usual form. The hat is *paille de riz*, trimmed under the brim with *palmettes* of lilac ribbon, the strings correspond: a bouquet of lilac ostrich feathers adorn the crown. White China crape scarf.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 1. A back view of the first walking dress.

No. 2. A front view of a *capote Anglaise*, composed of rice straw, trimmed under the brim with *coques* of green ribbon, and at the crown by a full rosette of blond lace, in the centre of which is a bouquet of roses. The curtain at the back is white *gros de Naples*.

No. 3. A back view of No. 2.

No. 4. A back view of the third walking dress.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of printed muslin, a Persian pattern on a white ground. The *corsage à mille plis*, made up to the throat, the sleeves are *à l'imbecile* of plain white muslin. A mantilla pellerine of a perfectly novel form, and partially open at the bust, is fastened by a knot of tea-green and brown gauze ribbon. *Collerette* of English lace. The *ceinture* tied at

the side in bows and long ends, corresponds with the knot of the pelerine. The cap is composed of English lace, and trimmed with tea-green and brown gauze ribbon.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of *mousseline de laine*, striped alternately in white, rose, and green, and lightly figured in a running pattern. Plain high *corsage*, and sleeves of the usual form. *Canzou* of India muslin, embroidered in a light pattern, and with *mancherons à trois rangs*. Bonnet of white watered *gros de Naples*, trimmed under the brim with *rouleaux* and blond lace; the crown is adorned with *aigrettes* and knots of rose-coloured gauze ribbon.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

Fig. 1.—*Evening Dress*. A white crape dress, *corsage à revers*, the upper part cut square, plain at top, but with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, the *revers* which forms also *mancherons*, is cut in points on the shoulder, and trimmed with broad blond lace. Head-dress, a white lace scarf, arranged in the drapery style at the back of the head, and a wreath of gold berries with green foliage placed in front. Necklace, &c. emeralds and topazes.

Fig. 2.—*Second Evening Dress*. A dress of white *gaze de laine*, *corsage en cœur*, the *cœur* part formed by a lappel, which as well as the upper part of the bust, is trimmed by a *rouleau* of gauze ribbon, edged by narrow blond lace. *Biset* sleeves, finished to correspond with the bust, *biset* of rose-coloured crape, trimmed with *aigrettes* of short rose-coloured plumes mingled with ribbon. Pearl necklace and ear-rings; gold bracelets with emerald clasps.

Fig. 3.—A back view of the walking dress.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

Fig. 1.—A *capote Anglaise*, of blue *moire*, lined with white satin; it is trimmed under the brim on the left side *en palmettes* of blue gauze ribbon, the crown is adorned with blond lace draperies, and with foliage composed of cut ribbon.

Fig. 2.—A back view of Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.—A *capote* of rice-straw, trimmed inside of the brim with blue gauze ribbons and blond lace; the crown is adorned with sprigs of foliage and knots of ribbon.

Fig. 4.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

Fig. 5.—*Capote à la Modeste* of green *moire*, lined with white, trimmed next the face, on the inside, with a full puffing of ribbon; the brim is drawn perpendicularly, and the crown horizontally. The latter is trimmed with tulip *nacude* of gauze ribbon to correspond.

FIG. 6.—A back-view of Fig. 5.

FIG. 7.—A *capote à la reine* of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with crape to correspond, and the brim lined with green satin, and trimmed underneath with ribbon in two shades of green; the crown is trimmed with a crape drapery which falls over the brim; a rosette and *barbes* of crape and fancy flowers.

FIG. 8.—A back view of Fig. 7.

FIG. 9.—A blond lace dress-cap, trimmed in front with a wreath of full-blown roses, which partially turns back to the caul; the latter is *à la Chevalière*, adorned with *rouleaux*, and trimmed with *nœuds* of rose-coloured gauze ribbon.

FIG. 10.—A back view of Fig. 9.

FIG. 11.—A half-dress cap of white *tulle*, very lightly embroidered, and trimmed with tulip *nœuds* of Canary-coloured gauze ribbon.

FIG. 12.—A back-view of the preceding head-dress.

FIG. 13.—A half-dress hat, of a moderate size, composed of white *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with green gauze ribbon and fancy flowers.

FIG. 14.—A back view of Fig. 13.

FIG. 15.—*Capote de paquebot*. It is composed of French grey crape; the shape is that of a small sized English cottage bonnet, with a square brim, trimmed on the inside, next the face, with blond and ribbon in the cap style; two bands of ribbon encircle the crown, which is trimmed beside with two long ostrich feathers to correspond.

FIG. 16.—A side-view of the preceding head-dress.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of light green *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is made in the *redingote* stile; the skirt is finished with a lozenge trimming of the same material. Bonnet of rice straw, trimmed with a curtain veil of blond lace, light sprigs of fancy flowers, and grey gauze ribbon.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

An opera pelisse of gold coloured *gros de Naples*, over a richly embroidered white muslin dress. The pelisse has a double falling collar, and broad lappels. The sleeve is of the usual form, the fronts are trimmed in a most novel stile, with the same material. The bonnet is a *capote Anglaise* of French grey *gros de Naples*, trimmed with gold coloured gauze ribbon, and ostrich feathers.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

A rose-coloured *gros de Naples* frock, *corsage à revers* before and behind. Cambric pantaloons. English cottage bonnet of French grey *gros de Naples*, lined with white, and trimmed with grey gauze ribbons.

SECOND PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A pelisse of Swedish blue *gros de Naples*. The *pelerine* and front of the dress is trimmed in a singularly novel stile, with *brandebourghs* to correspond. Hat of the new material *syvestrine*, trimmed with blond gauze ribbons, and *aigrettes*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the walking dress.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the first public promenade dress.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the hat of the second public promenade dress.

FIG. 2.—An evening head-dress of hair, adorned with a gold comb and flowers.

FIG. 3.—A back view of the preceding head-dress.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, with a *pelerine en mantille*, of the same material. The *corsage* of the dress is made plain: the upper part of the sleeve of the usual form; the lower part *à la Chevalière*. Head-dress, a *capote Anglaise*, to correspond with the dress, trimmed with *nœuds*, composed of ends of green gauze ribbon.

RIDING DRESS.

A habit of *terre d'Egypt* cloth, the *corsage* is trimmed *en cœur*, with silk buttons to correspond; the collar made in the *pelerine* style, and cut in points on the shoulders, is of black *velours épinglé*. Cravat of black silk. Black beaver hat and green gauze veil.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A dress of citron *foulard de laine*; the *corsage* is made *en demi cœur* in front, and displays a *chemisette* of white *tulle*; it is trimmed, as is also the sleeve, with wreaths of ribbon, a shade darker than the dress. *Nœuds*, from which light sprigs of ribbon issue, are placed in a bias direction, at regular distances round the border of the dress. The head-dress is a blond lace cap, profusely trimmed with light sprigs of blue flowers and gauze ribbons.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1. A back view of the first morning dress.

FIG. 2. A back view of the riding dress.

FIG. 3. A back view of the morning visiting dress.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1831.

"Graceful and becoming, simply elegant rather than novel mode, shall distinguish my lovely lieges next month," said our gracious sovereign FASHION, when she, as usual, assembled her council to deliberate on the important changes which every month renders it necessary to make in the toilettes of modish *belles*. "Let their attire be simple and unstudied, of elegant but not glittering materials. Let the waving plume, and the jewelled bandeau, give place to the light sprig of flowers, and the plaited tress of hair, unadorned, save by its native beauty. In a word, let simplicity and taste be their tire-women, and they shall chain more captives to their car in their unadorned summer costume than in all the towering pride of winter splendour."

She spoke, and we, her faithful ministers, hasten to record her decrees; and to point out to her fair votaries, the costumes most proper to second the benevolent desires of our Queen, whose wishes were never more perfectly understood or fulfilled, than they are at this moment in her chosen temple, at No. 3, Cleveland-row, St. James's.



*Newest Fashions for June, 1831.
Promenade Dresses.*



*Newest Fashions for June 1831
Morning Dresses.*

HATS AND BONNETS.—The *capotes Anglaises* have lost none of their attractions since last month, but some slight changes have taken place both in their form and ornaments. Some have the crown in the shape of a Roman helmet, with others it is a long oval, but always low. We see also several, the crowns of which are adorned with blond lace draperies. The brims are a little smaller, and generally speaking, more open on the forehead; those made square at the ears are also less in favour.

Bonnets are generally trimmed with an enormous cockade, composed of six rows; three of tulle and three of ribbon. A *fichu* of gauze ribbons, disposed *en marmotte*, crosses the top of the crown, and forms the *brides*. Those of fancy straw are trimmed with a sprig of foliage, a bouquet of green, or ripe corn, or a half wreath of field-flowers. A few *gros de Naples* bonnets are still trimmed with ribbons only, arranged with variety and taste. Among those trimmed with a mixture of ribbons and flowers, the most elegant have a long sprig of acacia, placed in front of the crown, and waving over the brim.

Bonnets are most prevalent in carriage dress: the few hats that are worn, are generally trimmed with feathers; some have a large bouquet of white feathers, tipped with the colour of the hat, others are trimmed with two long feathers to correspond with the hat, inserted at the bottom of the crown, or placed in a bias direction, and half lying on the brim.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Simplicity is the order of the day; some of the most novel pelisses are made open in front, with a plain tight corsage, and without any trimming, they are worn over jaconot muslin dresses, beautifully embroidered. This very plain style is not, however, universally adopted for pelisses, those that we described last month being still worn by some of our most distinguished *élégantes*. Pelerines are little worn with pelisses, but a *ruche* of tulle, sustained round the throat by a very broad gauze ribbon, which forms a large rosette in front, is very generally adopted.

LINGERIE.—Among the new articles of *lingerie* which Mrs. BELL has just imported from Paris, are *capotes* of embroidered muslin, lined with rose or straw coloured taffetas; the crown is lightly ornamented with gauze ribbon to correspond with the lining. These *capotes* are expected to be very fashionable for the sea-side.

The most novel *chemisettes* have a double square falling collar, composed of muslin or tulle, embroidered round the border, and down the fronts in light waves, which are edged with lace.

Make and Materials of Morning Dress.—Muslin dresses of chintz patterns, made in the *peignoir* style, and worn over cambric petticoats, either embroidered, or tucked round the border, are coming much into favour; but they are not upon the whole so *distingué* as dresses of jaconot muslin, [made open in front, with a corsage à schall, the corsage and fronts of the dress richly embroidered.

Morning caps are composed of English lace, and are trimmed with ribbons only; some are a good deal ornamented both with bows and cut ends, others are trimmed very sparingly with the latter; this last style seems most in favour.

Make and Materials of Half-Dress.—Although the materials mentioned last month still continue fashionable, they are not so exclusively; for muslins, both white and printed, are

coming very much into favour; some of the latter have green, chamois-yellow, and blue grounds, printed in flowers of very vivid colours; others, which have a very striking appearance, have a dust-coloured ground painted in bouquets of eight or ten different flowers, of almost all colours; these latter are much admired, but, in our opinion, are too showy to be elegant.

Capotes Anglaises are still the rage in half-dress; one of the most beautiful is composed of India muslin, embroidered in large bouquets, and lined with deep rose-coloured *gros de Naples*; the curtain is also embroidered; it is trimmed on the right side by a cockade, formed of three rows of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, separated by three bands of embroidered muslin, scalloped, festooned, and set on full.

Many of those of crape, or of watered *gros de Naples*, are trimmed with a bouquet of eight or nine ranunculas, of different colours. Instead of the *bonnet poupard*, which is now exploded, the inside of the brim is trimmed with a simple *colinette*, and a cockade of narrow satin ribbon placed over the temples, either on the right or left side.

Some of the new ginghamms are flowered in large white bouquets on rose, blue, or lilac grounds; others are brown and white striped, *à mille raies*; and several are striped in very broad stripes *chînées*. If the dress is not made as a *redingote*, it is worn either with a black or white lace *fichu*, of the pelerine form, or else with a *canezou* of embroidered muslin.

Trimmings are very little worn; if there is any, it consists of two or three rows of festoons not much broader than an inch each, and of colours to correspond with those of the dress.

If the dress is not worn with a pelerine of the same material. A *canezou* of lace, tulle, or muslin, is generally adopted; they are principally distinguished for the extreme richness of their embroidery, which sometimes makes those of muslin rival lace ones in price.

Coiffures in demi, toilette capotes à l'Anglaise, and à la Française, and hats, are all worn in half-dress; but the latter are still most fashionable. Those *à la Française* have the brims deeper and wider, they are drawn perpendicularly in six or eight compartments, the crown is low, and shaped like a globe, it is drawn horizontally in four or five places in front, which is something higher than the hind part.

Make and Materials of Evening Dress.—White watered silk, white and coloured crapes, and *palmyrens* are all in favour. Open dresses, of the tunic kind, of either crape or gauze, over an under dress of *gros de Naples* to correspond, are very fashionable; they are edged with a few narrow folds of satin, or a very narrow silk fringe.

Several round dresses, composed of crape, are made with short sleeves, ornamented in the centre with rosettes of ribbon, so placed as to throw the fulness of the sleeve out to the right and the left.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES.—Flowers are very much in favour; light bouquets, formed of sprigs, and small *chaperons*, are preferred. Hats and *bérets* are also fashionable; the latter are now made with great simplicity, and are smaller than they have been for some time past. The former continue to be made small, but the brim wide across the forehead. Blond lace and flowers are very generally mingled in the trimming of hats, or if they are not ornamented with blond lace, the ribbons are usually those that imitate it.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Tuscan straw bonnets are coming much into vogue; they are always of the *capote Anglaise* shape; in general, the brim is lined either with satin or watered silk; the latter, of the colour of the hat, is most fashionable; a small bouquet, *à la jardinière*, is placed on the right, near the top of the crown, in the centre of a *rose trémière* of rich ribbon, or of a cockade of gauze ribbon.

Capotes Anglaises continue still the most in favour; they have, however, suffered some variations; the brims are a little shorter, and we see a greater number square at the ears. We see, also, even in walking dress, a good many ornamented with feathers, but ribbons are much more generally adopted; and those trimmed with flowers and ribbons are almost as much worn for the promenade as they are in half-dress. We must except, however, morning bonnets, which are always trimmed with ribbons only, arranged either *en chou*, in a cockade, or more frequently in a simple band and strings. A favourite ornament for those hats that are trimmed with flowers and ribbons, consists of a light knot, resembling a tulip, in which is placed a *bouquet* of different field flowers.

The new materials, *pagne* and *Sylvestrine*, are much in favour, both for hats and bonnets, but particularly for the latter. The first is worn plain, in a variety of colours; there are some also of large diamond patterns, blue or white, or rose on citron; the most fashionable colour for plain bonnets is that of unbleached cambric; sea-green is next in favour. *Sylvestrine*, a material manufactured from wood, but which imitates perfectly different kinds of silk, is in general striped in two different colours.

Hats are mostly trimmed with flowers, but we see also a good many adorned with ribbons only; those latter have on the summit of the crown, in front, a very broad gauze ribbon arranged in five or six large bows, or else they have a *chou* in ribbon of *gaze dentelée*, in the centre of which a large *camelia blanc rose* is placed near the top of the crown before, and forms the only trimming.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—We still see a good many *redingotes* of *gros de Naples*, *gros d'été*, and closed in front; they are fastened with acorns of wrought silk. Some of these *redingotes* are worn with lace or *tulle collerettes*, fastened at the throat with a knot of ribbon; others have a *pelerine en mantille* of the material of the dress; it is made with long ends and a falling collar. A blond lace, or *tulle-riche* round the throat, is always worn with these *pelerines*.

Dresses of printed muslins and ginghams are also coming into favour; the most novel among the former have a jacconot ground, with thick corded stripes, also white bouquets of flowers of the most vivid and brilliant colours are strewn over the ground.

MATERIALS AND FORM OF DEMI-TOILETTE.—In addition to the materials we described last month, which still continue in favour, we have observed several new kinds of printed muslin, and a half-transparent woollen material, called *gaze polonaise*. *Corsages* are made half high, square at the top; some are *en guimpe*, others draped horizontally. Dresses have in general a *pelerine* to correspond; they fall very low

upon the shoulders, are rounded behind, and sometimes form a full point in front which fastens under the *ceinture*.

The fulness of the sleeves in general reaches only to the elbow; they are either quite tight from thence to the wrist, or else are encircled by different narrow bands, which retain in plaits the fulness of the sleeve.

Rice straw hats are trimmed under the brim with blond gauze ribbons, gathered in the form of a fan; long bands of rice straw, cut in various ways round the edge, lined with rose-colour, or blue watered *gros de Naples*, and edged with blond ribbons, go round the crown, and advance upon the brim. Tulips, *panachées*, convolvulus, or *roses noisettes*, are the flowers used to complete the trimming.

The blond lace caps worn in half-dress are remarkable only for the extreme lightness, both of the blond and the ornaments, which are flowers mingled with ribbons, but the latter are very sparingly used.

EVENING DRESS.—There is at this moment little or no difference between evening dress and half-dress; in fact, the materials of both are frequently the same; as for example, *châty* printed *gros de Naples* and English muslins; some of the prettiest of the last are in diamond patterns, thick and thin alternately; the former are ornamented with small bouquets, embroidered in coloured silks.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—We select some of the head-dresses most admired at a late splendid *fête*: one of the most striking was a wreath of ostrich feathers, white and rose-colour alternately, separated by small grapes and leaves of silver; it incircled the bows of hair which were brought very forward.

JEWELLERY.—Fancy ornaments, set in gold, are now the most fashionable. We see also many ladies in bracelets of wrought silk, fastened by a long narrow buckle of *or bruni*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The most fashionable gloves for ladies, as well as gentlemen, are of knit Scotch thread, so clear that not only the rings, but the colour of the hand is seen through them.

The *brodequins* of an *élégante* must be always of the same colour and of the same material as her dress, if that is of silk.

The upper leather of an *élégante's* slippers is of *peau bronzée*, but the quarters are embroidered in gold or silver.

The Public (especially the Ladies) are requested to notice the following.
To MESSRS. C. & A. OLDRIDGE, 1, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

SIRS,—I take the liberty of addressing my thanks to you for the great benefit received by my daughter from the application of your truly valuable *Balm of Columbia*. The hair of my youngest girl completely came off different parts of the head, and there was also a total loss of hair from the eyebrows. She was induced, at the instance of a friend, to try your Balm, and after using two bottles the effects were most surprising, for in a very short space of time, the hair grew in a regular healthy state. I think it but justice to yourselves and the Public to add my testimony to the virtues of your truly inestimable Balm, and you have my full permission to give this letter that publicity which you think proper.
Pen Street, Boston,
Lincolnshire. June 1, 1899.

Oldridge's Balm prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of Certificates of the first respectability are shown by the Proprietors, C. & A. OLDRIDGE, 1, WELLINGTON-STREET, STRAND, where the Balm is sold, and by all respectable Perfumers and Medicine Vendors. Price 3s. 6d. 6s. & 11s. per bottle.

(Signed) HENRY HAWKES.



